EX MVSÆO
ANI NON
MVS RES
HVTHII

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ANI NON
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HVTHII

THE ACADEMY OF COMPLEMENTS.

WHEREIN,

Ladies, Gentlewomen, Schollers, and Strangers, may accommodate their Courtly practice with gentile Ceremonies, Complementall amorous high expressions, and Forms of speaking or writing of Letters most in Fashion.

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With an addition of a new School of Love, and a Present of excellent Similitudes, Comparisons, Fancies, and Devices.

The last Edition, with two Tables; the one expounding the most hard English words: the other resolving the most delightfull Fictions of the Heathen Poets.

London, Printed for *Humphrey Moseley*, at the *Prince's Arms* in *St. Pauls* Church-yard. 1658.

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TO THE *Ladies* and *Gentlewomen* OF ENGLAND.

IF Cuſtome did not force a Complement of Dedication; yet this Book would deſire to inſinuate into the affection of Ladies and Gentlewomen; ſince it can arrive at no greater perfection of happineſs then your favour which is moſt earneſtly deſired. Let other works covet their patrons & Mæcenaſſes, to derive from them a golden ſprinkling of their bounty; whilſt this ſhall expreſs an ingenuity beyond ſuch vulgar intents, and in a brave and free manner ſacrifice its ſelf to your acceptance & ſervice, deſiring onely that you would grace it with the influence of your propitious ſmiles, which carry in them a ſecret power, not only to cheriſh and advance the object whereon they reflect, but alſo to endear it unto others opinions, and make it precious in their eſtimations. In requital of this your favour, it ſhall be alwaies ready to furniſh you with the beſt expreſſions of choiſe and Complemental language; for though by nature and cuſtome, you can deliver your minds in a ſmooth and graceſull manner; yet from hence, without ſtudy, or premeditation, you may command neceſſary Ceremonies. Beſides, your Ladyſhips Chamber-maids and waiting-Gentlewomen are to be pittied; who; having by their good carriage compaſſed Suitors, are often conſtrained to bluſh in ignorance for want of Complement, wherewith to anſwer them. Let therefore this one inſtance, inſtead of more which might be inſerted, perſwade your intelligible, generous diſpoſitions, to receive this book now exactly perfected, as your devoted ſervant, and to honour it with your favour; which I ſhall eſteem as an exaltation to the ſupreameſt ſublunary felicity, and the righteſt Terreſtriall happineſs.

The

The Authors Preface to the Reader.

THere is no queſtion but Eloquence is a principall part in a well qualified man; for to ſee a ſubtle and quick wit foyled in this which is the onely quality that is eminent, and adorns a man as uſefull in all occaſions, it were to be juſt like *Prometheus* Statute, fair in appearance, but without motion, wanting true Celeſtiall fire: It is Eloquence which adorns our diſcourſe, gives a grace and life to our actions, opens us the gates and door to the beſt company, and puts us in ſuch eſteem as well-born ſpirits ought to arrive to; without this we reſemble walking Rocks, all our actions being dull and heavy, our words without affect, our conceits without fruit, and our lives diſguſted with thoſe, with whom we ordinarily aſſociate our ſelves: To this purpoſe, in this little volume, feaſt thy fancy with variety of moſt eloquent expreſſions and forms of delivering thy mind to all, from the King to perſons of the moſt inferiour rank and quality; for in this laſt Edition let me tell thee, that thou haſt a Cabinet wherein the richeſt Jewels of our language are lock'd up First, thou haſt choiſe and ſelect complements ſet thee down in a form, which upon any occaſion offered, thou maiſt imitate, or with a little alteration make uſe of: or thou haſt in the next place variety of ſubjects, with expreſſion to the height of Eloquence penn'd to quicken thy mind upon the like Objects, preſented to view or fancy; thou haſt witty diſputes, amorous diſcourſes, with an addition of moſt excellent loves Poems; Songs, complementall and moſt ſweetly harmonious, with a new ſchool of love, and other fancies fitted to the taſts of *Cupids* Gueſts: thou haſt exquiſite letters, ſuch as contain the Quinteſſence of that ſweetneſſe our Engliſh tongue affords at this day, as it is now refined: Then thou haſt Dedications, Superſcriptions fitted to thy owne deſires, for

thy use upon any sudden occasion: Lastly, thou hast a Table of the hardest English words, with the derivations of the hardest words most requisite, with a Key to the Poeticall Fictions: In some, both Eloquence and Love, with their secrets and mysteries are made naked, and manifestly revealed to the weakest judgment; All these benefits are heaped upon thee by one, who is zealous for the honour of our Language; by one who bewails those weak Essayes that have been made by others to this purpose, and with griefe viewed the former hasty and surreptitious editions of this book, which now is purged and perfected to the Booksellers own content: Read it therefore with discretion and deliberative consideration, and endeavour to attain to the quality of such worth, that thou mayst learne from it to cure thy dumbnesse, to discourse confidently with thy freinds, and assuredly to render thy wit and service, to those thou shalt have occasion to acknowledge, especiallly in the Court, where neatnesse and curiosities of all sorts, & principally of speech, is to a syllable exactly studied: I will resolve thee (good reader) but a doubt or two, and detain thee no longer from thy pleasure; First, thou seest not the name of the Author; if thou knewest the gravity of his person, thou mightst well have him excused. Next for my Country objection; That downright dealing is best. I answer, thou maiest sometimes be too plain in the way of thy preferment; if thou namest the word dissimulation, thou errest the whole heaven: This worke relishes in respect of the subject, more of courtesie, unlesse it be abused by craft: Accept it then as beneficiall to thee, and take my wish with thee, that thou mayest injoy as much pleasure in the perusing of it, as I had to pen, perfect, and finish the structure of this beautifull and rarely built *Academy*. Adieu:

Thine, Philomusus.

The

The Authors Epistle to this new Edition.

Courteous Reader.

HAving added so much, and altered so many notions in this small Volume, (now so well filled) it cannot seem strange to thee, for to view another Epistle before such a labyrinth of new matter; wherein, at the first sight, without such a Clew of Thred to direct thee by, I might very well suppose that thou shouldest not only be amaz'd but transported (if not lost) with wonder so unexpectedly in these angry times to meet with such Novellaes from the Academy, or the Court. But recollect thy mind, and then smile upon my Charity; which hath endeavored the more to enlighten thy Genius, and shew my selfe to thee in consideration of our late losses, which these fallen distastreating times have occasioned, by bereaving us of so many excellent Poets; our Sands, Davenant, his Suckling, Carew, and our late Quarles: Lest the Garland of the Muses should altogether wither, I could not but present thee againe with this sprig, or rather more aptly composed Iliad of choicest Recreations, to employ thy wit and behaviour in: Receive it with washed hands, and without a prejudicate opinion: for whatsoever thy censure was of it before, it was then well approved of, as this twelfe Edition declares, which now carries so much state with it, as not to stoope to thy Censure, except it be for some incident Errata's: my occasions having made me a stranger to the City, all the time it was a Printing: but if thou wilt still be Criticall, be withall so serious, as to consider of the evill fate of those that have slighted this peece, which (when most imperfect) deserved better from their judgements: they have given themselves up to traditions, or to deal more plainely with thee, have been but the Apes of Balzac; of whose letters, one in a Manuscript de Morbo Gallico writes, that they are not to be touch't for feare of infection, no not with a paire of white gloves.

The other Idoll of these Gentlemen, which hath so transformed and made them strangers to themselves, is one de la Serre, the Secretary now out of fashion, a contemner of our tongue, and English method, one that hath writ little to the purpose: his Translator grew so arrogant, and was so swelled with such a Lullian expectation, that he thought surely that he could give his Reader the Philosophers stone; for he talkes of an Ars magna imò & ultima; yet must take notice, that it is but only of inditing letters. But to passe by these pictures in the Gallery, to draw a curtaine between them and their superstitious adorers, we have other Tracts and Pamphlets more alienate even in our English Commonwealth, to all Eloquence and Rhetorick, viz. our other Secretary of Tropes and Figures, a Packet that hath as much wit as the Post: Cupid with his blinder Messenger, and many other simpli-

chiefe of our owne tongue, strangely humorous and phantasticall, so that we need not to travell for any.

But to be briefe in my discovery, generous Reader, besides these collaterall opposers of my endeavors, I have met with other down right Delinquents, the first of them is bashfull, he is ashamed forsooth to step into the quaint edifice of our Academy; he will not buy it himself, but sends another to procure it for him, and playes least in sight: like a Wench that spreads her fingers wide before her face, that she may see, if it were possible, the object more modestly, which otherwise she must flee from. So this new eclips'd Gentleman that sees and will not seeme to see, reades this volume in his study more privately then his prayer book, and perhaps with more devotion, though he will not let the world know so much, for fear his phrases should grow common: it is his Diary, he looks oftner in it than on his watch: in a word, accounts of it as the Iewell of his practice, & the summ of his most refined conversation: This, Reader, is my publik Enemy, but my secret Friend.

A second, but of another forme, that will be displeased, is a pretender to Wit and Language, but that's all can be said of him; To him the fancies seem flat, the lines are not sublime enough, the work throughout not well disposed; he would have Chimeras in the expressions, Rodomontados in the stile: Tragical plots in the discourses, and such lofty things as he speakes when he frights Children. But, Reader, this man will not understand what he sates himself, much lesse suffer others to speak or write to be understood. Away with this Gregory Nonsense to the Colledg of fools.

My third and last opposer is one that takes very unkindly at my hands, that I should rob him of his Common prayer Booke: hee hangs downe his head, and bites his lip for indignation; and to write seriously, tis a plaine case, this Gallant is utterly undone, and sequestred of all, he persued his Mistresse with such Language, writ thus, song the same songs, used the same fancies, and was so happy as to win admiration from such set formes. Alas poore Gentleman! so Bates first learnt his Majesties Hocus Pocus tricks, and after printed them, and the man of Feats never appearing in his calling againe, there the Common wealth lost a good subject.

So be it known to thee, intelligent Reader, those of this silken Tribe must now of necessity be silent: For if any of their Marmalet Mistresses should catch them at their repetitions againe, they may now take this booke, and turne them to the very page and leafe. For my part, I tooke this taske in hand, not onely to benefit the lay people, that never met with these collections, but as my revenge ever lookt a squint upon these ingrossers of wit, that would cringe, talke, and sing for the whole company a weeke together, without any digested Method;

yet

yet ever still in their old Bias, troublesome and impertinent: whereas now there may be good use made of what they cast away upon every sleight occasion: howsoever, let them now looke quickly to it, for they are to begin the World againe, and in these times Wit is a rare commodity; If I had not conceived these Gallants to be more then angry, desperate too, I had set my name, and fixed my Picture to this new edition of additions, it being so neare finisht, that it wanted little more then rolling off from the Presse: but I conceived they would dwell with my shaddow: 'Tis honour enough for me to hold this booke in defiance of such undeservers. And, gentle Reader, since through the pikes of all these oppositions, I have got into a cleare field where I have found thee, give me leave to court thee to a studious perusall; more variety Fancy never dwelt upon, or art ever spread before thee. Open the leaves therefore, so as to cast a serious eye upon them, and then deliberate of what thou readest in thy minde; for I tell thee, thou mayest else soone surfit with delight. Be advised. Farewell.

Yours, *Philomusus.*

Courteous Reader, these Books following are Printed for *Humphrey Mosely*, at the *Prince's Armes* in St. *Pauls* Church-yard.

Various Histories with curious Discourses in humane Learning, &c.

1. HIstoricall relations of the united Provinces of *Flanders*, by Cardinall *Bentivoglio*: Englished by the Right Honourable *Henry* Earl of *Monmouth*. Fol.

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THE
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OR
Pearles of Eloquence;

SIR, Your conceptions are so strong, that they transcend my ordinary imaginations.

Sir, You honour me, as if you did erect me a thousand Statues.

Sir, You are above Fortune, which must stoop to your honours.

Sir, Your deserts draw admiration from your very enemies.

Sir, I shall ever as really as at this hour, remaine your creature.

You honour me so far, that I imagine my self to be some other thing, then I have been, which can be nothing else, but, your servant:

I do repute my self happy to be valued by a person who is able to give a true estimate of me.

Sir, Your judgment doth amaze vulgar wits, since in you alone all those perfections are found, which can be sought for on earth.

Lady, Your form doth so ravish beholders, that you seem a heavenly Creature, such divine gems sparkle about you.

Sir, If you proceed to be so profuse of your treasures, mines of Gold will not maintain your prodigall expences.

Good Sir, give me leave to fear leſt ſome ſiniſter ſtorms of fortune, ſtifle the earthly bloomings of my felicities.

Sir, the toyiſh conceits of your youth are unfit for the teſty cogitations of my age.

Sir, There is a confuſed Chaos of contrary conceits that whirls in my brains; and I am loſt in ſuch an endleſſe Labyrinth, that neither choice, nor chance can draw me out of it.

Give me leave Sir, to gain that from your experience, that otherwiſe all the treaſures of the earth cannot purchaſe.

Sir, Should you continue to be thus exceſſive in your actions, the whole world would take notice of you as the mirrour of an immoderate life.

Be not ſo inconſtant in your affections, leſt in the concluſion you prove like the Marigold, to open at the Sunſhine of proſperity, and to ſhut at the leaſt appearance of the clouds of adverſity.

Leave me Sir, whileſt I learn to deſpiſe ſuch *Gruthes*, and beat off ſuch flattering Curs with the whip of my defyance.

Theſeus, fair one, did never move triumph at his deliverance from the perilous Labyrinth, then I from the pernicious bondage of ſuch cruell beauty.

Fortune and fate, place thee in the palaces of their earthly felicities.

So [illegible]rely accompliſht, that it was hard to know, whether vertue or beauty held ſupremacy in ſo rare a ſtructure.

Sir, being incenſed by your ſingular commendations, I am perſwaded, to her onely to commit the chiefeſt treaſures of my life and fortunes.

Pardon my rudeneſſe, fair creature, ſince neither love nor fortune delighteth, nor careth for them that are daſtards.

Madam,

Madam, You are the Saint, to whose shrine I daily offer up my scalding sighes.

For your beauty, Mistriss, I may name you *Venus*, for your comlinesse, *Pallas*, for your port and honour, *Iuno*.

If I want an apologie, fair creature, let love and necessity plead for me, since they are tyed within no bounds.

Madam, You are an object beautified with the richest gifts of nature, polisht with more then terrene perfections.

'Tis you alone, fair one, that have made a breach into the Bulwark of my breast, where, like a gorgeous goddess, you command all my powers.

Fear not, Sir, love and fortune favour those that are bold.

Sir, To grant you this one position, is to admit of innumerable absurdities.

Madam, It is the perfection of your exquisite person, Majestick features, and rare beauty, that kindles my desires.

Mistriss, Deceive, me not, lest while I think to embrace you for *Iuno*, I catch a cloud.

Madam, Take heed of using *Cupid* so crabbedly; for though he forgive and forget, *Venus* is a woman, and will seek revenge.

Sir, It is impossible that her heavenly beauty should be eclipsed with such cruelty.

Madam, Though I have fought never so valiantly under the flag of affections, yet, except you crown my endeavours with a voluntary yeilding, I can never prevail.

Mistriss, If you take me for frantick, blame love, which as it comes from you as the cause, so it consumes without reason.

Who can degenerate, faireſt of women, or dare to entertain baſe thoughts, when he viewes ſo glorious an object ?

Sir, I am deſirous to be ſuſpitious of thoſe felicities, I fear I ſhall no longer injoy.

I am out of love with my ſelfe, that I may admire your vertues.

The charms of Magitians are frivolous to me, in reſpect of the power of your preſence.

I cannot look upon your face but I am perſwaded to reſign my ſelfe up to you, as a wreath of victory.

That which blacks the *Moor*, and burns *Libya*, hath not ſo powerful a luſtre as the beams of your beauty, which gives a brightneſſe to deſire, and raiſes flames of love, pure and chaſte.

Halfe the court is ingaged to your expreſſions; and thoſe whom you beſiege with your Language muſt needs acknowledge you for victorious, and yeild up the Fort.

Miſtriſs, your breath is as ſweet, as if you fed onely on Pinks and perfumes.

Sir, I cannot degenerate ſo far from mine own happineſſe, as to forget you, to whoſe deſire alone the event of all things are ſutable.

Let me beg of you to take notice of thoſe advantages are beſtowed upon you above the reſt of men, which intitle you to that you ſo much ſeem to honour.

Sir, If in your imagination I am worthy to be eſteemed of, it muſt be your wiſdom onely which can ſet a value upon my defects.

Sir, your favour is the foundation of all my fortunes, on which I hope to rear a building ſhall magnifie the founders bounty.

Sir, It is your preſence can onely diſſipate the clouds of my blackeſt melancholy.

Sir, In the midſt of all my felicities I ſhal have need

of

of you to make me happy, for without you, I shall ever esteem my selfe absolutely miserable.

Sir, I will rather put my reputation to the adventure, then refuse to act any thing you shall command me.

Sir, I have ever reflected on you, as an extraordinary person, and have ever passionately remain'd yours

Sir, I am so taken with you, that I am even sick at the relation of your indisposition.

Sir, I shall not be backwards in the expression of your merits, since they do so exact an acknowledgement of all.

Sir, You shall never be able to accuse this Tenent as erroneous, since *I* have never falsified my selfe to you; but have ever thought my self perfectly happy, to be reputed yours.

Be careful, fair one, lest being led Captive by security, your mind float in the surging seas of idle conceits, whilest the gales of voluptuous pleasures, or the stifling stormes of unbridled fancy, with raiging blasts, make a shipwrack of your beauty.

Sir, I will endeavour hereafter to encounter your graces and courtesies with an unwearied constancy in the waies of vertue.

Sir, I will endeavour to countervail much pains with a princely liberty.

Sir, The trumpet of your royall fame hath moved us, who are but subjects of your generous liberality, with all humility to entertain such noble and heroick favours cast upon us, poor creatures, most unworthy of the least of such benefits.

Madam, There is no object can so allure my wavering eyes, as your *Venus*-like beauty.

Madam, The force of your beauty hath overpowred the weakness of my fancy, since the exquisite perfection of your vertues are charactered in my breast.

Madam,

Madam, Were you as wise as *Minerva*, or as gorgeous as *Iuno*, yet the accounts of your beauty being cast up, the gains of his affection might be put in the eyes of your lover.

Coy one, what happinesse insued the chastity of *Penelope*, nay rather what miseries persued not the vertues of a *Lucretia*? how wretched are they then that deal with *Venus* or *Diana*, that can so easily transform men into beasts?

Blame me not, fair one, though my fixed fancies, once abused, turn into a fury.

By those smiles of your beauty, your creature that before was plunged into perplexity, is now placed in the highth of earthly felicities.

Mistris, Pardon my rudenesse for troubling thus rashly your musing meditations.

Certainly, Madam, if the gods, as Poets say, made beauty, they skipt beyond their skill, since they framed it of greater force then they themselves were able to resist.

Fair one, let the showers of your mercy mitigate the fires of my fancy.

Cruel one, if love be only remedied by love, if fancy by mutuall affection, give me leave at least to appeal to your grace and favour, and at the barr of your beauty, suffer your servant to lift up his hands in an expectation of mercy, though his life by your rigor be sentenced to death.

Fairest, it is impossible to perswade me to break the league I made with my fancies

Sir, I am a mortall foe to affection, and now to vow my service to *Venus*, is impossible, since I have already addicted my self to *Diana*.

Sir, whosoever readeth the records of the faithlesse protestations of men, their perjured promises, & feigned loves, cannot but view a poor *Ariadne* abused, a

Medea

Medea mockt, and a *Dido* deceived.

Fair one, your vertue and beauty by a ſtronger power then that of fate or fortune is deeply ſhrined in my heart.

Be pleaſed at laſt, fair beauty, to accept me for your ſlave and ſervant; and to admit me into your favour, and that I may freely enjoy the ſight of your ſweet face, and feed my fancy in the contemplation of your perfections.

Faireſt, if my deed deſire merit no more from you, then I have no other choice but to die deſperately, or live miſerably.

Madam, There is a civill aſſault within me, by which I feel a certain reſtraint of my owne liberty and affections.

It is impoſſible, faireſt of women, for any one to view your features, and not be fettered with the power of your vertuous qualities.

Miſtriſs, I feel ſuch an alienation of my ſenſes, ſuch a metamorphoſis of my mind; that it is impoſſible for me to become any other, then a ſervile ſlave to fancy.

How can I fear to enter into a parley with *Cupids* faireſt creature, ſince there is ſuch hopes left of victory by the happy preſage of your auſpicious ſmiles, at the beginning of our loves conflict?

Sir, If I may continue to ſhare in your favours, there ſhall not any under the Canopy of Heaven be more proud of their fortunes then my ſelfe, who really am your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Sir, It is for the good of the world that you enjoy your vigorous health, ſince you are ordained for the ſervice of Kings, and conduct of People.

Sir, I will reſerve to ſpeak of virtue, till your great workes come to light.

Sir, That which others call vertue, is the naturall habitude of your worthy perſon.

Sup-

Suppoſe not, I uſe the Court language, when I aſſure you I am more then any man living, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant.

Sir, when I forget to confeſs my ſelfe yours, you may juſtly ſuppoſe I ſuffer a perpetuall ſilence, ſince whilſt I have a tongue, I proteſt my ſelf to be your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I will make uſe of all occaſions, to teſtifie how paſſionately I am yours.

Sir, There is no other thing remaining for me, but onely the glory of humility and obedience.

I ſhould ſhew my ſelf inſenſible of rarities, were I not amazed with the curioſity of your beauty.

Sir, Your Heroicall qualities ſhine forth in you, as bright as day.

Madam, They that do undervalue the comlineſſe of your perſon, dare rob Nature, and bereave Lillies of their beauty, as the Chryſtal of his clearneſſe.

Sir, The vertues of our fore-fathers are to be eſteemed as vices in compariſon of yours.

Extremities are in other things reproveable, in this laudable, ſince they force me to confeſſe my ſelf yours.

Sir, You are never ſo excellent a poet, as when you ſpeak of me, ſince you have art to invent new fables.

Sir, Thoſe fine words, and quaint diſcourſes, with which your Ladies are delighted, iſſue from their mouthes, as a pure and innocent breath perfumed with kiſſes.

Sir, You go through all imployment with as good fortune, as noble reſolutions; neither can there be any thing above your ſpirit, ſince all things ſtoop to do you honour.

Who can diſtill ſleep in the eyes of Lovers, whoſe cares break forth with the morning light?

Love, art thou but a vain name, and no eſſentiall thing, that haſt thu left thy profeſſed ſervant when he

hath

hath moſt need of thy reviving preſence: what is Muſick to me, but a doleſull voice, accompanied with the various diſcord of my ſighes?

O love, Wilt thou now at laſt, offer me Phyſick, which art my only poyſon? wilt thou do me ſervice, which long ſince haſt brought me into eternall ſlavery?

How long ſhall my languiſhing ſickneſſe wait upon the triumphs of my paſſions?

At laſt, O fair one, caſt the eyes of thy reſplendent preſence on thy abject creature, that, by the brightneſs of thoſe raies, his baſeneſſe may be turned into a moſt high, and, through thy perfections, a moſt happy preferment; for being thus diſconſolate, by the frowns of thy rigour, how ſoon maiſt thou raze down that Temple, which at firſt was built by the refulgent ſmiles of thy beauty?

From whence can theſe neceſſities proceed, that love hath laid upon me, moſt incomparable *Lady*? are they by your commandement? or is it by a power from your excellency, that *Cupid*, hath ſuch a command over mortals? of a certain it is from you, whoſe fair aſpect, accompanied with ſo imperious a Majeſty, vanquiſhed me, by him, ſo far to reſign the happineſs of my former liberty, as that I muſt now confeſſe my ſelfe to be your ſlave, if you think me unworthy of the name of your priſoner.

Cruell one, how long can I make an oſtentation of my felicity, when the concluſion, even the laſt Scene of my Tragedy, with horrour preſents it ſelfe to thine eyes? Can death and diſſimulation meet at the inſtant when I leave the world, and my dying proteſtations with thee; that for thee alone I forſook this earth, to be more kindly uſed there, where I ſhall certainly be eaſed of theſe ſorrowes? if there be a *Leander*, a *Piramus*, or a ſociety of abuſed Lovers.

It thou art fair, is it to preſent thee too cruell? If thou canſt command affections, wilt thou therefore captivate them? To be beautifull and yet terrible, are things incompatible, things that imply contradiction; yet even againſt the laws of Nature thou deſtroyeſt Nature; and where thou maiſt raiſe the ſtructures to thy perpetuall honours, thou ruin'ſt them.

Moſt certaine it is, fair Creature, thy love may make me ſacrifice my life at thy feet, and I may puniſh that body which hath ſo unjuſtly wounded my once free and ſerene mind: But alas, wherein canſt thou glory? Not in thy beauty, for that will vaile it ſelfe at ſo black an act: Not in my ruines, for they will purſue thee with ſome direfull revenge. Bluſh then, thou fair one, ſince to be coy is to be cruell; to be cruell, is to alter the property of what thou art, beautifull.

Faireſt, be no longer ſo great an enemy to my deſires, as to impriſon them in ſilence.

I cannot expreſſe the leaſt diſobedience to your commands, but rather hope my paſt diſpleaſures may deſerve pitty, if not my future ſervices a reward.

Ponder my merits in the balance of your mercy, that the unworthineſſe of my deſerts, by the fair ſufferance of your goodneſſe, may procure your gracious reſpects in my behalfe.

It is a ſin to ſuſpect ſuch vertue which glories to arme it ſelfe againſt all deceits.

Fair one, you have a wit which delights not to judge it ſelfe, and a beauty that glories to condemn others: reconcile your beauty to your wit, that the uſe of the one may reſtraine the abuſe of the other, whilſt we your ſervants live to admire your perfections, and you your ſelf ſurvive to perfect your vertues.

Faire one, what unremoveable luiter eclipſes your affection, from ſhining on your devoted, and moſt conſtant ſervant?

Per-

Perfection of my desires, with one determinate answer, blesse me with happinesse; or silence my so long continued suit.

That my desires to enjoy you, are more then to live, proceeds from the effects of my affection, the efficient cause being your excessive beauty.

Madam, The eyes of a raviſhed Love, cannot but have vertues aid so ready in himselfe as alwaies to bewaile the losse of a vertuous constancy in others, since such a losse by his own affections, is ever placed in the very face of his memory.

By the memory of our fore-past affections, by the oaths of our yet continued love, by whatsoever is vetuous, credit me.

Can you, Sir, wear a *Mars's* heart in a *Cupid's* body, since the eyes of all spectators, judge you fitter for the pleasures of the Court, than the tents of War?

In him, it seems, Nature was not mistaken, since whatsoever was in mankind, was in him to the uttermost.

Sir, it is a degree above humanity, and therefore requires the admiration of your friends, that your wit should so far out-goe your age.

Is it not strange, O thou cruellest of women, that those eyes of thine should strike him with terrour, who stands unmoved with the sight of the most horrible countenance of death;

Sir, I am most infinitely bound to you, for this so rare and noble a courtesie.

It is you and none but you, which I am bound to love; and therefore, though I am presented with a likenesse of your beauty, yet likenesse of another cannot make the same essence of your person: much lesse can dissolve your commandements of my service.

The very image of your countenance, and outward expressions of your behaviour, are suitable to the ver-

tuous reſolutions of your mind.

Faireſt, Grant me this happineſſe, to have my poor affections raiſed to the honour of waiting upon your commands.

Violence of love leads me into this diſcourſe, in which I am not ſo unfortunate as full of deſires to be more happy.

Armies of objections riſe up againſt my accepted opinion.

Sir, Though I were to paſſe through all the ſplendors of the world, and frame them all to blazon forth your worth, my pen could never reach you.

Sir, Nature in you hath laid deep foundations, in reſpect of your qualities, both of mind and body, in both which ſhe hath made no promiſe of any mediocrity; by the diſtribution of which rare perfections ſhe hath rendred you lovely to the world, and fit for the ſervice of the greateſt Monarch.

Sir, your imagination, which you ſpeake in ſuch high terms, cannot but move me to believe great improbabilities.

Sir, How happy ſhould I account my ſelfe, were the Characters of your vertues imprinted in my breaſt, by a more continued acquaintance.

Sir, No imaginary jealouſies ſhall deliver me from mine inclination to that goodneſſe, to which I have alwaies had an extraordinary propenſion, by your royall example.

Sir, I have an intereſt in your proſperitie, ſo farre that I will not complain of Fortune, ſo you have an occaſion to commend her.

Worthy Sir, You know your ſelfe too well, to ſuſpect me of flattery.

Vertue and eloquence are beſtowed upon you, to make you be amongſt men as immortall.

Sir, I could not have the ambition to ſuppoſe that there

there could be any room left for you to entertain a man of ſo many imperfections as my ſelfe.

The contemplation of your vertues amazeth me.

Sir, I Find in you whatſoever may give reputation to the Courts of Princes.

Sir, I am reſerved for your ſake, that nothing might be wanting to your glory.

Sir, you are the man whom the neceſſities of the State require.

Opportunities would wax old, ſhould I neglect this preſent to ſerve you.

All ſpirits will prove favorable unto you, ſince you have convinced them by your merits.

Your generous diſpoſition hath permitted me a longer audience then your affaires could well permit.

Worthy Sir, Reflect upon your creature with the bright beams of your generous diſpoſition.

I cannot allot more moderat limits to my ambition, or to wiſh my ſelfe a greater happineſſe then to doe you ſervice.

Your heroick acts ſucceeding Hiſtorians ſhall crown with Lawrels.

Sir, For your ſake I will undergoe the infelicities of cruell fortune,

Sir, there is no happyneſſe on earth, but is included in your ſelfe or in what concernes you.

Sir, your goodneſſe doth bereave me of a voyce to expreſſe your vertues.

You cannot blame me though I hate ingratitude, ſince even beaſts are capable of acknowledgment.

Sir, If you withdraw from me your preſence, you overthrow all the honour you have hitherto acquired for me.

Sir I ſhall fall ſick, for want of a capacity to digeſt your favours,

Sir, whatſoever you undertake, permit nothing to

your ſpirit which may wound your reputation.

Sir, Of all men I dare free you from this crime, of violating the chaſtity of language.

Sir, I owe too much honour, to the memory of our fore-paſt acquaintance, to diſpleaſe you:

Sir, For your ſake, at the ſame time, I both enjoy pleaſure, and endure paine.

Sir, I muſt beg of you hereafter, to have a greater care of my modeſty, ſince you inforce me, either to loſe it, or not to beleeve you.

Sir, The whole Court is ſenſible of ſuffering your name to fall to the ground.

Sir, I am ſo far from hideing my owne defects, that I acknowledge there is none ſo imperfect as my ſelfe: neither can any man arrive to perfection, except he be adorned with thoſe abilities, whereof I am utterly ignorant.

Sir, I have neither power nor ability left me, but onely to expreſſe, I am yours.

Sir, you have anticipated me of all Rhetorick, either of being complementall, or returning you commend tion for your worthy favours

Sir, inſtead of requitall of thoſe vowes you offer me, I am put to a ſtand what to anſwer you.

Miſtris, I deſire to paſſe my life in the pleaſing dreams of your perfections.

Your Courtly voice is like an Oracle, either to approve or condemn me.

Sir, I am none of thoſe, who ſlight the benefits are ſhowred upon them.

Sir, I cannot light upon that accent, wherewith I might authorize my own follies.

All my thoughts are your reall inſpirations.

I have no ſervile dependency, but upon your conceptions: I move by your directions.

In maters of Eloquence you ſeek out ſingularities, hitherto unknown to any.

From

From the first minute of my acquaintance, I made haste, as I shall ever, to acknowledge my selfe your most humble servant.

Sir, I entertain these passions, to the end that you may appease them.

Madam, If you still persevere to dote thus on your beauty, the time will come when your face will scare you more then a Judge doth a Felon.

Sir, I have quitted all complacency, and there is no meanes shall make me silent.

Fairest, There is no part of the world so remote, whither my curiosity in your search shall not carry me.

Lady, The morall of my affection is to instruct you, to make use of your youth; and to gather Nose-gayes before the Roses wither: For, be confident, when you have no further attractions than an eloquent tongue, no man will seek for them in the furrowes of your face; and you shall onely be left to bewaile the ruines of your beauty.

Sir, suffer your selfe to be convinced by reason, since you cannot resist the same, but to your disadvantage.

Sir, You must excuse me, since I know not in what manner to suffer so wounding a displeasure.

Sir, All the water in the Sea can never purify me from this offence.

Lady, You have no more beauty then will serve to excuse you from being extream ugly.

Sir, If you grant me this favour, you shall elevate me to a more soveraign Fortune than the state of Kings.

Sir, It were as great a crime to be ignorant of the diversions that attend you, as not to be acquainted with the great affluence of Noble company daily repairing to visit you.

Mistris, in my most solitary walkes it shall be my

ambition to presume onely to revolve you in my most secret cogitations.

Sir, In you alone I must commend the commencements of all vertue.

In all shapes, and under the most dreadfull aspects that can appeare, I am yours.

To returne you complements for such excellent favours, were to undervalue their worth, since my language is too poor, and unable to lend me wherewith to pay you.

I feare I shall be indebted to you all my life, for the favours I have received of you.

It is the height of my desires to be passionately, as I am, your most faithfull servant.

My passions cannot so far transport me, but that I shall remain as I have ever been, yours.

Sir, I intend not to commence any reall War against you, for I acknowledge my choler to be artificiall, which I am ready to lay down at your pleasure.

Fair Creature, Painters and stage-players are not guilty of those murthers which the darts of your eyes do most cruelly commit.

I am not so curious as to condemne the whole multitude, which have lost themselves in the admiration of your vertues.

I will dilate my selfe no further in my expressions, lest I dishonour your goodnesse, with my undervaluing praises.

Sir, Mine eloquence will come too late, since there is no precept in all humane wisdome, which hath not presented it selfe to your view.

Sir, The consolation I have, next to the assurance I have of my innocency, is, the liberty I enjoy to professe my selfe yours.

The principall object of my intentions, hath ever been the glory of your name.

Sir

Sir, I do profeſſe my ſelf yours, with all thoſe proteſtations, which are able to make the truth appear inviolable.

Sir, I proſtrate all my preſumption at your feet, and ſhall diſpaire of being happy, if not reputed yours.

Sir, I can no longer conceale my thoughts, ſince you have an intereſt both in me and them.

I never gave you viſit which cured me not of ſome paſſion.

How often with your golden Eloquency, have you taken me out of my ſelfe?

You alone conduct me to the higheſt pitch of accidentall perfection.

The beames of your eminent vertues have diſcovered to me mine owne imperfections.

In ſtead of all thoſe high expreſſions you have beſtowed upon me, I muſt only anſwer you,

That I am your humble ſervant.

Sir, There can be no acknowledgement that I can make, can be anſwerable to the obligations I owe to your honour.

Sir, You miſtake my diſpoſition, if you ſuppoſe I affect praiſes, with the like intemperance, as I doe perfumes.

Sir, Should I forfeit ſuch occaſions, my friendſhip would never appeare, but remain as a Reeluſe.

Sir, The world would end, and Nature prove imperfect, if there were no ſuch men to maintaine her honours.

Continue to expreſſe your ſelfe what you are, that your vertue may be its owne recorder.

Faireſt, My thoughts are not ſo often here, as where you are.

Time which perſcribes limits to all things, pre-

ſerve your beauty to the world's end.

The Phyſitians have not ſo far exhauſted me, but that there are ſome drops of blood left, to beſtow in part of your honours ſervice.

Madam, put on thoſe rayes of your beauty, that it may bud again with the next Roſes.

I confeſſe I was never more aſtonished, then to find ſuch an equipage of ſorrow about you.

Sir, you are adorned with all the excelent qualities that Art and Nature can beſtow, for the commanding of men.

Sir, There is not one part of your body, whereof another is not Maſter.

Sir, It is not in my power to diſpoſe of one ſingle haire, ſince I am all yours.

Madam, you draw the eyes of all to admire you ſince you are as a faire proſpect, adorned with all pleaſures, to allure the beholders.

You are the Cabinet, in which nature hath lock't all her miracles.

Though I receive injuries from you, it ſhall be my humility not to take notice of them.

Sir, I would viſit thoſe parts of the world which avarice it ſelfe hath not yet found out, rather than loſe your ſociety.

Sir, it is impoſſible for me to conceale my ſenſibilities.

Sir, What violence ſoever I offer to my anger I can no longer containe it.

Sir, you do ſo heape your favours on me, that you will not ſo much as ſuffer me to ſee me miſerable.

Sir, your innocent actions carry their warrant with them.

Sir, you doe not ſo much expreſſe your wit, as your Tyranny, in inflicting ſuch torments on me.

Sir, Be not confident, leſt he whom you have ſo often

ten injured, do at laſt grow weary of his ſufferings.

You are the man, with whom alone I deſire to paſſe the moſt pleaſant houres of my life.

Sir, If you pretend excuſes for ſo poor a trifle; know, I am no longer your affectionate ſervant.

Sir, I ſhall hold my eloquence as pernicious as the perfections of a Curtezan, ſhould it prove any cauſe of your quarrells.

You uſurp a more abſolute authority over wits, than is lawfull or reaſonable.

You ſmell too much of your Musk and Amber, to expreſſe your ſelfe ſerious in the weight of affairs.

Sir, My conceptions are popular, and to be intelligible among women.

Your conceits are too far fetch'd, and they tranſcend the ſubject on which you beſtow them.

Faireſt, let me raviſh a kiſſe from your hand.

Sir, My affections ſpring not from the diſeaſes and diſtempers of my ſoul; ſince my inclinations to ſerve you, have their originall from immortall reaſon.

Miſtreſſe, You have a power to infuſe love and fidelity into the hearts of Barbarians.

You cannot beſtow favours amiſſe on him, who hath ſearcht the ſecrets of nature, and the depth of Philoſophy, that he might not appeare to be ungratefull.

Sir, You muſt give me leave to admire your judgement, which appeares to be far more excellent than your Fortunes.

Sir, Let me not ſeem to incurre a crime, ſince I am forced to extoll your generous liberality.

Sir, You vary your ſhape, and change your perfumes, according to the diverſity of the ſeaſons.

Let it pleaſe you out of your nobleneſſe, to afford me to be your Grace's moſt obedient and faithfull ſervant.

Sir,

Sir, You have all thoſe excellent qualities that are neceſſary in a Prince.

Sir, I meaſure the neceſſities and fatalities of this world by your contentments or diſcomforts.

Sir, In this exigence of my fortunes I am forc'd to admire your Vertues; ſince you ſtill ſet ſo high a value on your creature, who is loſt to all men but your ſelfe.

Sir, your goodneſſe is as unlimitable, as the deſire I have to ſerve you.

Sir, in you are comprehended all the riches that Nature beſtowes on her moſt glorious creatures.

Sir, I ſpeak this ſeriouſly with my beſt ſenſe; you may reduce me to any form.

All, who have either eyes or ſpirits, muſt place them on ſo deſerving an object.

Faireſt, Caſt one glance of pitty on me, leſt you deprive me of all conceits of mercy, with the terrible aſpect of your eyes; which are to me the Ambaſſadors of life or death.

Sir, you are the embleme of terrour, and your furious lookes are able to conſume a woman.

Lift me not ſo high with your favours, leſt you do but fit me for a precipice, and I behold my deſcent with a greater terrour.

Faireſt, let not your heavenly beauty, ſeated in its royall Majeſty, draw forth the ſword of diſdaine to the ruine of your creature.

Faireſt Creature, Since I am the pattern of all ill fortunes by the force of your affection, free me from all the miſeries that oppreſſe me.

You hit my inclinations, ſince to recompence ſuch vertues, were a work moſt worthy of all generous ſpirits.

Sir, Your refuſall to the title of Eloquent, proves your modeſty to be moſt unjuſt; ſince your tongue

long

long ſince did bereave you of all excuſes.

Sir, I dare not enter the liſt with you, 'in reſpect of your elegancies of ſpeech, for when I would become moſt perſwaſive in my language, I appear moſt barbarous in my expreſſions.

All your Rhetoricall arguments are but like blue flowers amongſt the corne; which though they may ſeem pleaſant to the eye, prove moſt unwholſome to the body.

Sir, I ſhall alwaies acknowledge the artificiall language to be like a Gentlewoman adorned with Rubies and Diamonds, which gliſter upon her garments, whilſt ſhe her ſelfe wants the eyes of her body, and of her mind.

Fair one, can I prevent the powers of the Planets, or reſiſt the force of the ſtarrs? you may then conclude, I can then repell theſe affections.

I am yours, Sir, and I will be yours in deſpight of Fates and Fortunes

Madam, Your excellent qualities, and exquiſite vertues have ſo aſſaulted the Fort of my fancy, that I muſt of neceſſity reſigne my ſelf up to you, as a trophy of your victories.

Miſtris, ſince *Cupid* doth ſo fitly favour the cauſe of his Clients, let us not ſlip ſo happy an opportunity.

Madam, If the wiſhes of a poor mortall may be heard above, I queſtion not but heaven with felicities will crown your royall deſerts.

Madam, Though I have not hitherto by dutifull ſervices made manifeſt the loyalty of my heart, yet ſince I firſt framed in my fancy, as in a mirrour, the ſhape of your ſurpaſſing beauty, with all humility I have caſt my ſelfe and fortunes at your Royall feet.

Faireſt,

Faireſt, there is none upon earth doth with a more loving duty, reverence your perſon and vertues, than I do.

Madam, In conſideration of my poor Fortunes, let my affection appear ſo much the more excuſable, ſince I ſo farre eſteem of your divine beauty and exquiſite vertue, as I would think my ſelfe moſt unworthy, though I were Prince of the World, to poſſeſſe your heavenly perfection, in reſpect of any of my own native honours.

Sir, I have learnt to know, that it is the Religion of Lovers, to ſwear and forſwear.

Madam, the parching heat of Summer makes the cool ſhades more pleaſant; and the frownes of Lovers make their ſmiles more delightfull and cheerfull.

Miſtreſſe, I muſt never hope ſo entirely to love, as with my affections to requite your loyalty.

Sir, She which builds her fancy upon fading ſubjects, ties her honour to the unconſtant wheel of Fortune.

Faireſt, as a pledge of my proteſtations, you ſhall have both my heart and hand to be yours in duſt and aſhes.

Sir, You have a heart as large as the Sea, which contains in it a capacity of all the ornaments that uſe to dignifie Princes.

Strive not, *Sir*, to bereave me of the reputation of my honour, leſt thoſe that ſhall ſucceed me hereafter, read my infamy upon my Tomb.

Madam, The beams of your Sun-like beauty, with their lively luſtre, and ſparkling flames, dazle the eyes of your amazed Lovers.

Madam, In the ſhady darkneſſe of this Arbour, you ſeem like a Heaven, enameled with an infinite number of Stars.

Having diſpoſed ſo many affections to do you ſervice,

vice, feare it not, faireſt, your ſervant muſt of neceſſity viſit you.

Fair one, whilſt mortalls enjoy your heavenly beauty, the luſter of your reſplendent eyes, ſhall as the day light ſerve them for the diſpatch of their affaires.

Sir, I cannot be inſenſible of your miſeries, ſince the web of your deſtinies hath paſſed us both through the like miſeryes.

Sir, I am reall, and uſe not to entertain my friends with dreams and illuſions.

Sir, This your inhumane uſage of your creature, ſhall never ſeeme ſtrange to me, ſince the moſt fervent affections of the world, oftentimes degenerate into the vehemenceſt enmities.

Sir, We equally ſhare of one anothers diſcontents, and diſſolve our hearts together, as one would melt one peece of wax into another.

Faireſt, thoſe eminent qualkies, which nature, as a dowry, hath beſtowed upon you, like flowers ſpread, themſelves forth by the rayes of your bright beauty cauſing thoſe courtſhips, ſervices, and admirations which ſo ſweetly adorne you.

Miſtriſs, Ladies of honour to expreſſe the ſincerity of their affections, have breathed forth their lives on the Tombs of their deceaſed Lovers.

Madam, If I am conſumed by the fires of *Cupid*, blame me not, ſince your eyes enkindled the flames of my affections.

Madam, Exerciſe not the extremity of your rigour upon him that ſuffers ſuch miſeries, under the falſe title and quality of an offender.

Know, faire creature that ſuch a bright day may at laſt enlighten my innocence, when revengefull lovers ſhall ſearch into my aſhes, to find our truth there buried.

Sir,

Sir, Theſe glorious progreſſions of your vertue will at laſt mount you to the higheſt pitch of admiration.

Madam, ſhut not up theſe eyes from the light of your beauty, leſt they be perpetually open'd to tears.

Madam, It is impoſſible you ſhould ever draw to you a reputation of honour, ſigned with the effuſion of my blood.

Madam, there are thoſe will deplore my aſhes and ſtrew ſome filly flowers on the place impreſſed with the prints of your puniſhments.

Faire one, When my ſoule ſhall be ſeperated from my body, it ſhall every where wait on your purified ſpirit, as the ſhadow of it.

Madam, If you ſhould pleaſe to condemne me to darkneſſe, by the eclipſing of the divine light of your beauty, yet I deſpaire not; but that at laſt from the ſphere of your ſplendors due to my merits, you will vouchſafe the rayes of your clemency, to inlighten the duskie nights of my miſeries and misfortunes.

Faire one, Though death may ſeperate our lives yet love ſhall unite our aſhes, and we ſhall preſerve the imortality of our affections, by the immortality of our ſoules.

Madam, Seated thus on your faire pavilion, you appeared like reſplendent day, in the atires of a Majeſty, abſolutely royall.

Madam, Your goodly nature, well proportioned body, the bright colour of your face, the lively port and grave carriage of your perſon, all theſe ſpeake you to be a reall branch, ſprung from ſome royall ſtemme.

Faire one, your haire negligently diſhevel'd, and careleſſe attire grace forth your beauty, which ſhines in the midſt of ſo many obſtacles, as the Sunne in a winters day.

Faireſt creature, Caſt not thoſe eyes downe, neither colour

colour your face with thoſe modeſt bluſhes, ſince it would appeare moſt admirable, that your vertues ſhould find fetters in a place where they expect Crownes.

Sir, I deſire to end my daies on the Theater of Kings in their glorious ſervices.

Madam, Heaven hath created me ſuch a one, as you ſee full of good will, though of ſlender fortunes and meanes.

Sir, We have continually lived together as one ſoul divided into two bodies, and ſince our amities have taken root in a mutuall temperance, and correſpondency of humors, we have maintained in us a continuall familiarity, which neither death nor hell can ever have power to ſeperate.

Faireſt, Our breaſts ſhall be ever interchangeably tranſparent.

Fair one, Diſſimulation or contradiction cannot approach the ſincerity of our loves.

Faireſt, let me embrace you with the openneſſe of my heart, and the profuſion of my love, that our ſouls may evaporate themſelves into one another.

Sir, Your favours create me again, and give me a new being.

Sir, I ſhall never pretend any right to any honour in the world, but onely to obey your commands.

Miſtris, The grace of ſpeech dwelleth on your fair lips.

Sir, hereafter ages ſhall take Palmes and Lawrels to crown the reliques of your honor'd aſhes.

Faireſt, Theſe eyes of mine, are but emblems of teares mixt with love.

Madam, Spread not that Cypreſs vaile o're your face, leſt you benight your beauty, and darken the bright raies of that which makes our day.

Madam, Your beauty is a divinity left on earth, to be known and beloved of mortalls.

Deſcription of Beauty.

BEauty is Natures Ivy-buſh.

It is her beauty onely creates her Queen; 'tis that which adds a commanding power to every ſyllable.

Glory not too much in the prerogative of Nature; ſeeing the hath made thee man, make not thy ſelfe a woman.

Your beauty is a Tyrant of a ſhort reigne, you cannot call it your owne; for you can neither give it, nor preſerve it long.

Beauty is the conquereſs of man, never to be ſatisfied with the raies of her cryſtall-painted eyes.

A Feature that excells all mortall ſenſe.

Such a one, that when ſhe lay naked, his eyes did carve him out a Feaſt of love.

Her body doth preſent thoſe Fields of peace that Poets ſing of in *Elizium*.

She lay like eclipſed *Cynthia*, ſweetly canopied with darkneſſe, till he drew the curtaines of Love.

Had *Paris* ſeen her naked, he had ſlighted his *Nell* of *Greece* for her.

Trimming her Beauty forth with bluſhing bravery, with the wonders of her Beauty, mortall eyes are never to be ſatisfied, as if ſhe were made onely for admiration, to be adored of men, or win grace from Heaven.

A complexion as clear as the Sky.

Beauty is the Image of the Creator, and the Rhetorick of Heaven.

THE Academy of Complements.

Choice and faire Flowers, selected out of the Garden of Eloquence, to adorne our Language with variety of expressions, upon severall occasions.

Upon his absence.

I shall no longer esteeme my selfe absent from you whilst I hold any room in your heart and memorie.

Let those dull clods of earth, not yet informed with true Promethean-fire, measure affections by their Miles of Acres; we, whose soules are cast in a more pure mould, by a most subtile penetration and transfusion of hearts, enjoy a secure freedome in one anothers wishes; and in the greatest distance, are cherished with a virtuall contiguity.

It is the brutish love, and wants the quickning fire of reason, that can by circumstances be intermitted; the more extracted flames of our affections shall, like more glorious Pyramides burne bright and cleare, and light our souls, though thus seemingly dis-joynted, to our daily mutuall imbracements.

Let not my remoteneſſe change your purposes, more then it shakes the resolution I have made, to live yours.

Protestations of Love

IT is as impossible for me not to love you, as it is for the Sun to forget his ordinary course.

So am I ravished with your beauty, that it will prove harder for me to forget you, than it would

prove difficult to reſolve for death: and know for a certaine, that I ſhall ſtill be rather content and diſpoſed to conſent to the hatred of my ſelfe, than to the love of any other object, but you.

Your ſight may be forbidden me, and you may hinder me from ſpeaking to you, but not to have the effigies of your divine beauty imprinted in my heart; and not to love and ſerve you, it is a thing not onely out of your power, but mine alſo: for I am to you as an accident, ſo inſeparable, that you cannot be without me.

Upon her beauty.

I Should have thought I had too much failed in ſo much duty, had I not directed it to ſo faire a marke; but the favour of your affections, is that to which I ſacrifice my beſt endeavors.

Vanquiſhed by your beauty, I have yeelded up the armes of my liberty and freedome, under your obedience.

Nothing ſhall take from my heart but death it ſelfe, the faire image of your divine beauty.

Death it ſelfe ſhall here ſtand vaſſall, and homage pay, to your more powerfull darts; when every quickning glance from you, ſhall add new life, as he deſtroyes the old.

In admiration of her goodneſſe.

IT is your goodneſſe that hath ſupplied my ſmall merit; which could not have dared to promiſe me the favours you can afford me.

The goodneſſe of your ſoul is ſo cleare and bright that ſinne dares not approach too neere, for feare of diſcovering its owne deformity.

You need not ſeeke for your inheritance, when the rich evidence of your vertue intitles you to heaven.

I wonder not to ſee ſo many bankrupts in goodneſs, when I find the ſtock of vertue reſts alone in you.

This

Theſe Noble favours may quicken my indeavours, but never create a deſert in me; they are ſo much beyond my All.

On her leaving him

LOvers in deſpite of abſence, loſe not the remembrance of their lovers: they are as the Flowers; which, though trod on, doe reſume their luſtre at the Suns approach.

Although thou goeſt away, yet wee cannot part. Here in my heart thou ſtill remaineſt, yet I muſt ſhed ſome tears, which like the morning dew, or as Aprill ſhowres, ſhall make the ſpring-tide of our love, (though by this winter cover'd) grow freſh and green againe.

To forſake me, when your company is deareſt to me, is no ſigne of true freindſhip, which parts not at death it ſelfe, ſince love remaines for ever.

Take pitty on all thoſe bloody ſorrowes, which the apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already ſo miſerably to feel.

To accuſe in a letter.

IT is better to love with ſeverity, then to deceive with ſweetneſſe.

I expected a Cordial, but I received a Corroſive; your bitter-ſweet was unequally tempered; and in your Pils, though ſugar'd over, I found an unwelcome operation. I received thy etter, but I muſt chide thee (ſweet,) another cloſe from thy fair hand, will make me ſurfeit; you froun'd when laſt we parted, and by that cloud you bid me expect a ſtorm; it is a double bliſs, thus ſweetly to be deceived: you frown indeed, but a thouſand *Cupids* lodge themſelves in every wrincle of your brow.

I would forbeare to write to you in this manner were it not that the affection I beare to you, doth force, and by its authority, draw all theſe words from my heart and mouth. Miſtriſs,

Mistriss, The Bees are not hated for their stings, no more should you hate me for the sharpnesse of my circumstances.

VVe must not praise our selves so being better then the worst, but rather blame our selves for being worse than the best; since then I faile in my merits, give me leave to mourne for my imperfections.

A Farewell.

I Must depart from you, yet shall not your service be deprived of mine obedience.

Adieu, faire Sun of my life, I leave you for this present, but be alwaies assured, that my minde, and my desires shall never depart from you,

Dear love, I know not which way to begin to bid you farewell, nor to finish this discourse; which once ended, our disconsolate departure follows.

VVoe is me, must I needs wander away from all my felicities at once, losing with the happinesse of your sight the most perfect object of beatitude?

Farewell, *Madam*, be alwais fortunate, whilst I shall languish unhappy, though most constant.

Expressions of Affections.

YOu can never doe so much for me, but that the affection wherewith I adore you, and the faith I have reposed in you, will prove far greater

Mistriss, You are the first, to whom my affectionate heart hath been offered; and shall (if you please) be the last that shall have the possession of it.

Doe but let me once discover my affections to you, and then comand me to perpetuall silence, if you please.

You are the eye of mine eyes, and thought of my thoughts, the perfecter of my defaults, the life of my love; the scope and end of all my desires and hopes.

Beare well in minde mine affection, that though I be removed from your faire eyes, I may not be so far from your favours.

The

The Lovers expreſſions of conſtancy.

I Shall in loving you, manifeſt ſuch an affectionate ſtability and ſtedfaſtneſſe, that my loyalty and my love ſhall inſeperably wait upon you.

My conſtancy may eaſily ſhew you, that I have as good an heart to dye for you, as I have a mind and deſire to live and love you.

I ſhall make it appeare to after times, that I am the man, who for your ſake have made my ſelfe an invincible rock of ſtedfaſtneſſe: for I ſhall ſtill hug my conſtancy, and never let it ſtir from me, till my laſt gaſp.

Upon her Affability and courteſie.

IT is your courteſie that lends me the favour which Heaven and Nature have denied me.

Your courteſie will force the moſt rigid *Cato* to turn your Proſelyte, and make the *Cynick* leave his Tub; enamoured with your urbanity.

Each part above you ſhines with a peculiar grace, but in your mild behaviour they all concenterate.

Upon your Brow, Beauty and Honour ſit enthron'd, whence in your ſtately carriage they diſpence their powerfull Lawes.

It is out of your generous diſpoſition you wiſh me well, as it is of duty that I honour you.

Upon a Lovers feare.

LOvers live alwaies in more feare then hope, and will ſooner conceive of their ſorrowes, then credit their joyes.

Lady, I have juſt cauſe to feare, leſt by placing my love upon an object either too violent, or too much diſtant, my ſenſe may be deceived; you far tranſcend my deſerts, but my deſires lye captive at your feet: one beame from your bright eye will kindle them anew, and adde a new vigour to me your languiſhing proſtrate.

The feare I have, leſt my ſlender merit ſhould take away

away your good mind to wiſh me well, doth in a ſort make all thoſe joyes imperfect, which my ſweeteſt thoughts made me judge ſo full and entire.

On her deſires.

FAireſt, Be but as deſirous of my content, as I am of your ſervice.

My deſires make me as carefull to pleaſe you, as I am bound by duty, and compelled by inclination to ſerve you.

I wiſh, Heaven that gave me the boldneſſe of deſire, had likewiſe graced me with deſert.

To give or preſent.

THis I dedicate, conſecrate, and offer up unto you with the ſame heart, wherewith I vowed you my ſervice.

Your bounty hath furniſhed me with power, and your example with will; accept therefore this ſmall preſent, gleaned from your plenteous Harveſt; which ſhall ever teſtifie to the ungratefull world, how much I glory, to proclaime aloud my wealths chiefe founder.

I ſhould be ignorant and ungratefull too, ſhould I preſume to think it worthy your acceptance; when every Jewell receives its Character of value from your eſteem

The maſs of all my wealth made up together, diſclaims the name of merit, and therefore here I freely give it all, and in the ſtrong indentures of loyalty I bind my ſelfe your Prentice.

I had rather preſent you with ſome ſmall thing, and ſo be reputed ignorant, than ungratefull.

Regard more the affection, than the merit of the gift; and ſo accept it, not as a thing of deſert, but as a teſtimony of my good will.

On the effects of their love.

YOu ſhall know one day in effect, what you now have but in imagination.

The conſtancy of my affection hath been ſuch that it hath overcome the worſt of difficulties: and the expectation of the harbour hath made the danger eaſie.

When amidſt the waves of your diſdain my half-ſhipwrack'd veſſell began to ſinck; each ſigh I fetch'd (I ſee at length) found a courteous gale, to bring me home to you, my bleſſed harbour.

One day you will come to know the concluſion of the irreproachable teſtimonies of my true and faithfull promiſes.

Upon her Eloquence.

YOur Eloquence is able to ſteal the ſoul out of ones heart, and carry it whither it would not goe.

O ſpeak again, 'twill make the Sphears lay by their warbling Lutes, and liſten to your tongue.

Each articulated ſyllable doth lay a powerfull charm upon my ſoul, and captivates my ſenſes.

One day is no more able to overcome you with good words, then with good actions.

The eloquence of your moſt ſweet words cloſes my lips, and binds them to a perpetuall ſilence.

Excuſes.

IN excuſing your unjuſt fear, you ſeem to accuſe my boldneſſe.

It is a mercy that you yet afford me, to let me plead mine own excuſe.

I preſume upon your pardon for my former ſuſpitious fears; and the rather, becauſe the goodneſſe of your nature ſtyles them, The individuall concomitants of love.

I pray you hear my reaſons patiently, and judge without paſſion of my Juſtification.

It is for great minds to excuſe great faults; upon the acknowledgment therefore of my late tranſgreſſion, you cannot find a fitter ſubject for your mercy.

Experience of a Lover and of a Friend.

I Have ſo much experience of your good will, that it only remains that you make triall of my deſire of acknowledgment.

I have had ſuch triall of your friendſhip and fidelity, that I hope you will not faile me in time of need.

Each meſſenger affords freſh Characters of your friendſhip, and every day I ſee the ſpring of your love breaking through new channels.

Upon his Face.

THe wonders of your Face made me their captive as ſoon as I ſaw them; and that rare grace of yours which makes you excell all others, retained me your priſoner.

As ſhee appeares, ſo day breaks, and with her beames diſperſes all my cloudes and miſts of diſcontent.

The Epitome of Nature is compriſed in her face, where ſhe hath freely given a taſt of all her pride and glory.

Upon his Favours.

IF you judge or deeme me worthy to favour you, hold that your merits are much more then my deſerts.

I am ignorant what ſervice might ſatisfie for the favours

favours I have received of you: if you pleaſe to increaſe my knowledge, in telling me how I may ſerve you again, I ſhall be doubly obliged.

I want opportunity dutifully to acknowledge this favourable proofe of your condition and honeſty.

Upon his Fortunes.

FOrtune ſtrives now, to make me pay the intereſt of thoſe pleaſures, ſhe formerly lent me.

Dame fortune is too covetous, and uſurious, in taking from me the intereſts of my proſperity.

I appear to you, juſt like an empty Veſſel that wants his lading, with full blown ſayles of Love: indeed 'tis true, I am bound for the *Indies*, and if my compaſſe fail me not, my Genius tells me, I ſhall ſoon arrive.

O! Withdraw not thoſe two Stars: by their bleſt light I ſteer my crazy Bark, and hope, to enjoy the wiſhed-for ſhore of happineſſe.

Upon her hatred.

I Do not thinke (though I ſhould give you occaſion to hate me) that your good nature can wiſh me an injury, ſince you are not compos'd of any thing but love.

Courteſie dwelt on your forehead, but malice reſided in your ſoul, and lay concealed in your mind.

On her inconſtancy.

YOu uſe your friends as one doth flowers, which pleaſe only when they are freſh and new.

I perceive that ardent affection, which was wont to keep me ſo alive in your thoughts, doth now no more raign in you.

In praiſe of her.

I Could not, without making my ſelf guilty of irreverence, ſpeak otherwiſe to you, then in a way of praiſe.

I value love in all, but, Madam, moſt in you, when I find it richly ſitting on the neck of honour.

Such is the galled condition of the age, that ſhould my feeble Encomiums preſume to touch a little at what your beauty in the largeſt manner merits, the faireſt title I ſhould gain for my true meaning would be *Paraſite.*

Madam, let others daub and flatter, I'le not give over to draw true lines; but mauger all their painting, will proclaim you aloud, *Vertuous* and *fair.*

Madam, To live with you, is to live with all the Graces; For Nature hath made you the example of her liberalities.

For her retention of him in her memory.

DO not that wrong to your true love, to let him ſlide out of your memory, the only monument where his felicity deſires to be inſhrined.

Keep me alive in your thoughts, as I hold you in the moſt ſenſible parts of my ſoul.

Of his merits.

I Could never do ſo great a thing but would be too ſmall for your merits and my deſires.

Your merits drive me to love you, my humour permits it, and my content will needs have me imploy my endeavours to ſerve you.

The praiſes you attribute unto me, proceed from your will, and not from any merit of mine.

The neceſſity of his affections.

THe neceſſity of love is moſt mighty in the world: for it overcomes all.

O how happy a thing is that neceſſity, that inforceth us to imbrace ſuch a deſired bleſſing as your ſelfe.

I was all frozen, untill the Sun-ſhine of your favour thawed my benummed ſpirits; but when you darted your quickning beames, the ſpring of my affections, budded forth in the moſt pleaſant blooms of love.

The Magnetick ſtone ſtarts not with ſuch naturall activity to the North-ſtars ſummons, as I when you command.

Proteſtations of obedience.

I Shall not, all the dayes of my life, have a wil which ſhall not obey yours.

You know the power you have over me, and that I am ſo much yours, as you can wiſh me.

To offer, and preſent ſervice.

ALL the honour and ambition I aſpire at, is, to ſee my ſelf employed in your ſervice.

Let all men judge whether your beauty alone is not ſufficient to command the affections I bear you.

All that is mine, is no leſs yours, then are your thoughts and words.

The moſt favourable gift you can offer me, is, your friendſhip, a Jewel I prefer before all other treaſures.

Wiſhes.

HEaven, which heares the vowes of the faithfull, bleſs and content your deſires.

I need not wiſh you more, but a continuance of thoſe graces you moſt eminently poſſeſs already.

May you meet with ſuch a Paramour, as may equall (for ſure out-go he cannot) your holier flames; may

the ſame ſhaft, with an undivided haſte, pierce both your hearts together; may both your loves bear the ſame date. And when we have made our ſelves unworthy of enjoying any longer ſuch a worthy pattern, and rich example of pure affection; after you have ſeen a ſecond Generation, may death gently tranſport you to that place of bliſs, where he himſelfe can never come.

God make you the happieſt woman that lives; even as he hath made you the faireſt, and moſt acompliſhed.

Heaven grant, that you may be as faithfull, as you are dear to me.

Bewailing of a Lover.

I Do ſo bewail our ſeparation, that nothing can ever touch my ſoul, like the grief I endure by it.

The greateſt griefe I carry along with me when I part from this place, is, to ſee how I am for ever deprived of your fair preſence.

To give thanks.

IF I have done you any acceptable ſervice, thinke it was but the ſhadow of what I deſire to ſhew you, by reall effects.

To tickle your ears with the breath of Complement or the air of ſome preſently contradicted newes, would be to imitate the, *What lack you*? To give you good words, and make your better deeds pay too dear for them.

I take this benefit from you, but as borrowed; I will pay you rent for it.

Though the ſervice I have done you, be but ſmall; yet, the deſire I had to acknowledge the honours I have received from you, are exceeding great.

On the deceits of Love.

YOur fair eyes, have too much Majeſty, to ſerve for baits, or allurements, of a diſſembling love.

Do

Doe not deceive him that will out-brave Death it ſelfe to inſure your life; and withſtand The frowns of Fortune, to protect your Honour.

On his Life.

MY Life is a Comedy, and therefore no matter how long it be, ſo that it be well acted: Sweeteſt! if the laſt Scene be Tragick, your cruelty muſt be the *Nemeſis*.

Our life without ſome pleaſantneſſe, is like a long journey without an Inne; or like a Bed of Roſes, where flowers are mixed with prickles. Lady, if you pleaſe, from your hoſpitable bounty, to refreſh my over wearied and ſolitary progreſſe, I ſhall conclude my time richly ſpent, having attained the end at which alwaies I aym'd; but you have hitherto clos'd up your fragrant ſweet, and amidſt the ſtearneſt bryers of diſcontent, have left me miſerably intangled.

One the luſtre of her eyes.

YOur eyes flaſh ſo much lightning, that, like the Sun they dazell the ſight of all ſuch as dare behold them.

Your ſouls bright luſtre ſparkles in your eye; and, like the Perſian, that only Sun I adore.

You have ſo eſtabliſhed your Soveraignty over my ſoule, that the leaſt twinkle of your eyes, diſpoſſeſſe me of the ſtate of my life.

Amorous Expreſſions.

THis kiſſe and thy white hand.

Her ſpring of beauty raiſed in him noble deſires, which ſoone broke forth in liberall ſtreams.

Let me rule, Lady, like a Plant, in the Orbe of your favour.

You haue a moſt imperious beauty, I muſt obey it.

Delight ſhall ſtreame into our boſome.

A faint lovers wiſhes cannot recall the hours.

I will imbrace thee as all wealth or honour.

Though ſhe were divided from me by armies, I would make way through death to gaine her.

O let me dwell an age upon thoſe lips.

She is a ſparkling delightfull piece of Nature.

She is the Queene and Goddeſſe of Beauty.

She is a mine of pleaſing joyes and ſweetneſſe.

The great commandreſſe of all hearts.

I canno ſpeak to thee, goe thy waies.

We'l ſtrive to make the example of Love an eaſie Law.

A white as Truth, as innocent as Vertue.

Take all your vowes againe, you are as free as the Aire.

The Cyprian Queen compared to thee, was but a Negro.

Whoſe love is the Exchequer of wealth.

A Spring of love iſſues from thy Soule.

I muſt waike in the dark and be benighted to all the world but thee.

Madam, I am a poore flye, burnt in the candle of your beauty.

A woman worthy of ſo compoſed a Man.

Crowne your ſervant, Miſtriſſe, with this favour.

A Miſcellaneous Preſent of Similitudes, Compariſons, and Examples, ſelected for the Reader's diſcreeter application.

Like to *Diana* in her Summer weed, girt with a Crimſon Robe of brighteſt Dye.

The rivolets of teares hang on her cheekes like drops of pearled dew upon the riches of *Flora*.

Her

Her Treſſes are like the coloured Hyacinth of *Arcadia.*

Her brows are like the mountain Snows, that lye on the hills.

Her eyes are like gliſtrings of *Titans* gorgeous mantle.

Her Alablaſter neck like the purer whiteneſſe of the flocks, and her face a border of Lillies, interwoven with Roſes.

Her bluſhing cheeks look like the ruddy gates of the morning.

Like fair *Aurora*, in the morning gray, deckt with the ruddy gliſter of her love.

Like *Thetis* in a calm day, when as her brightneſſe *Neptune*'s fancy moves.

Like herbs in *Syria*, that flouriſh in the morning, and fade before night.

As the Sea doth draw ebbes and tides from the Moon.

She ſits like *Juno*, when ſhe firſt watcht the fair Heifer on the Lincean downs.

Like *Narciſſus*, wrap not your face in a cloud of diſdain.

Her forme like the Sphear, whence ſome bright *Venus* vaunts her ſilver ſhrine.

As bright as ſilver *Phœbe*, mounted on the top of the the ruddy Element, painting the amorous affections of the Sun to his Hyacinth, and the relation of love bebetween him and the Marigold.

Like one of *Æſop's* Apes, that finding a Gloworm, took it for the Fire.

Her eyes are thoſe that did reform the Chaos.

Her breath is like the ſteam of Apple-pyes, her teeth like the tusks of fatteſt Swine, her ſpeech is like the thunder of the aire.

As the fineſt Gold hath its droſſe, pureſt Wine

its lees; the fineſt Roſe, its prickles; each ſweete, its fowre.

He that will hear ſuch *Syrens* ſing, muſt with *Ulyſſes* tie himſelf to the Maſt of the Ship.

Who means to be a Suitor to *Circes*, muſt take a preſervative, unleſſe he mean to be enchanted.

Like the moiſtned Torpedoes, that doe not onely charm the hand, but the heart.

As the ſweeteſt Muske is ſoure to be taſted, guilded Pills moſt bitter to be chewed.

As the fineſt flower ſeldome hath the beſt ſmell; as the glittering ſtone hath oftentimes the leaſt vertue.

As the Marigold, which, as long as the Sun ſhines, opens its leaves, but with the leaſt cloud, begins to cloſe.

Like certain Trees in the Deſarts of *Africa*, that flouriſh but whilſt the South-wind blowes.

As the Elephant delights at the ſight of a Roſe.

As the *Cockatrice* dieth, with beholding the *Chryſolite*.

Tarquin, and all his poſterity, were robbed of their regall dinity, for the Rape of *Lucretia*.

As he that is hurt by the *Scorpion*, ſeekes a ſalve from him that gave him the ſore.

As it is impoſſible for Iron to reſiſt the power of the Adamant, or the ſtraw the vertue of the ſucking Jeat.

Johnſon was never ſo trothleſs, as *Troilous* truſty; *Paris* was never ſo fickle, as *Pyramus* fruitfull; *Æneas* was never ſo light to *Dido*, as *Leander* was true to *Hero*.

As a Hound, which at the firſt default, giveth off the Chace, is called but a Cur.

As firme as the betrothed faith of *Eraſta*, to his *Perfida*. As is madneſſe to hop againſt a Hill, or ſtrive againſt a ſtream.

Like the greedy Kite, that leaveth the ſweet Fleſh, to prey upon the ſtinking Carrion.

As

As it is impoſſible for a man to ſleep by the Viper, and not be undaunted; to gaze on the Cockatrice, and not to be infected; to view *Meduſa's* head, and not to be transformed.

As the Baſilisk loſeth his ſenſes at the ſight of a naked man.

As the Porcupine ſtaring againſt the glimmering light, is taken by the Dogs.

Whileſt the Deer gazeth at the bow, he is ſtricken with the Bolt.

Whileſt the Leopard looking on the Panthers painted skin, he is taken for a prey.

As the moſt precious ſtone is choſen by the glittering hue, and perfect colour; the beſt fruits by the braveſt leaves.

He that is ſtricken by a Scorpion, if his wounds take wind, can never be healed.

To ſtop the ſtreame, is to make the Ford flow more fiercely; to repreſſe the fire, to make it flame the more furiouſly.

If the proud Centaur *Ixion* be bidden to the feaſt of the gods, no leſſe then *Juno* will ſerve his turne.

The love of a Woman is like the oyle of a flint, which being once congealed, will never be diſſolved again.

Will the ſilly Dove lay her Eggs in the Faulcons Neſt, or the Mouſe march under the Enſigne of the Cat?

As it is impoſſible to hatch a Swan in an Eagles Neſt, or temper Oyle and Pitch together in one veſſell, to mixe the bloud of a Lyon, and of a Wolfe together in own bowl.

The Dutcheſſe of *Malfy* choſe for her Husband her ſervant, but you are ſo addicted to the opinion of *Danae*, that unleſſe you turne *Jupiter* into your lap, with a golden ſhower he ſhall have the repulſe.

As the Bull by browſing on the back of a Juniper-Tree falls aſleep.

With *Venus* you let *Vulcan* enjoy the tree, and poſſeſſe the fruit.

The Eagle is ſo carefull of her young, that if by her fault any of them periſh, ſhe woundeth herſelfe with her beak.

The Lyon ſo loveth her Whelpes, that ſhe never taſteth of the prey, till they are fully ſatisfied.

Like the Apples of *Arabia* which begin to rot before they are halfe ripe.

As the wounds of the body by often rubbing, are ſometimes made incurable.

As the ſavour of the Panther ſeemeth ſweet to none but bruit beaſts.

As continued rain moiſtneth the earth, ſo that it cannot be tilled to bring forth fruit.

As a ſhip in the ſea without a guide, leaning now on one ſide, then one another, is often in great danger.

As Bees, when they ſtrive together, or ſtirred up by ſome violent motion, with ſtrowing of duſt are brought into order and appeaſed.

As Apothecaries doe cover their pills with ſome ſweet ſubſtance, to make them go down the pleaſanter.

As the ſucking of a child brings milke into the mothers breſts.

As there is no ſhelter, where there is no Sun

As a Gardner mingleth divers ſeeds together and caſts them into the ground, yet will they not be confounded together one with another, but every ſeed will have its proper herb.

As ſwallows, and Flies are dead in the Winter, but by vertue of the Sun, revive againe in Summer.

As the Goldſmith by his art, can ſever divers Metals one from another, and ſome men out of one Metall can draw another.

As

As the Sun and the Moon being of one ſubſtance, differ in dignity and excellency.

As *Prometh us* did make miraculous images, ſuch as none ever could make but himſelfe.

As continuall drops of water hollow the hard ſtone.

As thoſe men that live by the river *Nilus*, are made deafe by the continuall noiſe of the waters.

As the diſeaſe of a canker alwaies infects the next part that is nigh it.

As the Sea when it rageth, the waters thereof caſt up dirt and mire.

As in fining, the droſs is ſeperate from the Metals.

As there is a certain weakneſſe in the ſight, which cauſeth a party to think he ſees ſtraws, whereas hee ſees men.

As a thunderbolt caſt out of the clouds, ſpareth the matter that ſubmitteth it ſelfe to the force thereof, but breaketh to powder whatſoever reſiſteth.

As the morning Dew, ſoone after the riſing of the Sun languiſheth away.

As the Medicinall plaiſter cannot heale a wound, if there be any Iron ſticking in it.

As the Roſe, the moſt pleaſant of all Flowres, is gathered upon rough bryers.

Like the Ape, which with imbracings, doth well nigh kill her young one.

As the Moone hath ſo much the leſſe light, by how much the nearer it is to the Sun.

As the firſt ſtep to health, is to know the diſeaſe.

As by great ſhowers and ſtormes of raine, the aire is clenſed.

As in a Garland the beauty of the flowres, except they be orderly compoſed, are not halfe ſo glorious.

As the Moon is not eclipſed, nor loſeth her light till ſhe is at the full.

As

As they that dwell in low vallies are ſeldom hurt with lightning.

As the pure Corall will not alter the colour.

Like as the Silk-worme keepeth her body ſpare and empty, uſing to faſt two or three dayes together that ſhe may ſtretch out her ſelfe, and ſpin her thread the finer.

As a little ſpark many times ſetteth a whole houſe on fire.

As Owls and Night-crows ſee better in the night then in the day.

Like as out of a River or Fountaine troubled, there can be no water drawn but what is muddy.

As a ſtrong Corroſive laid to a ſore, eats out all the dead fleſh.

Like as when the body is diſtempered, and ſome members putrified, it is then beſt for the Patient to have his blood taken away from him.

As fire is never ſufficed with wood, and earth with water.

As they that are ſick of the Dropſie increaſe their thirſt by drinking.

As children are like to their naturall parents in favour, ſpeech, and laughter.

As the Libard, with a ſtrange kind of policy, to kill the Apes, lies down as if hee were ſtarke dead; which the Apes ſeeing, come altogether, and in delight skip upon him: That the Libard beares patiently, untill hee thinkes they have all wearied themſelves with ſporting; then ſuddenly he leapeth up, and catcheth one of them in his mouth.

As the Lamb is the more nimble and lively for ſhearing.

Like as the Pelican, which having brought forth her young ones dead, being ſtung or killed by Ser-

Serpents, ſhe picketh out her heart bloud to revive them.

Like the undiſtinct ſound of Muſick, which delighteth not.

As the rain maketh the new-mown graſs freſhly to ſpring again, and comforts the earth, that it yields forth fruit.

As the Eſtridge hath wings, yet flyeth not.

As ſweet ſents and perfumes comfort the brain and heart.

As the Sun in Winter, when it is fartheſt off from the Pole, is neereſt the Earth.

As lightning blaſts all it meets with, but the Lawrel Tree.

As the Chirurgion cuts and ſearches, before he heals the wound.

As in Muſick, if the harmony of ſtrings be not conſonant, the ſound is not ſweet, nor acceptable to the tunable eares.

As no man can behold the Sun, unleſſe it be covered with a little Cloud.

As the head gives ſenſe and motion to the members.

As from the Stock, ſap is derived to the Graft, that it may live and grow.

As a glaſs filled with an extream ſtrong liquor, cannot but burſt in ſunder, not becauſe of any antiparhy that is between them, but becauſe the glaſs is not of ſufficient ſtrength to contain the liquor.

As a Whore hath no more to doe with her Husband, nor any thing of his, becauſe of her breach of Wedlock.

As they that come out of the cleer Sun into the ſhadow, have their ſight darkned.

Like as when one looks on any thing in the aire, they appear in their proper formes and Colours,

as

as they are, but if they be lookt upon through a green glaſs, they all appear green.

As the ſoul doth ſo quicken the body, that notwithſtanding the members of the ſame in themſelves are but weake, yet they fall not quite to decay, as long as they have any participation with the ſoul.

As the light of the Sun yields him no pleaſure that is in a dark Dungeon.

As a woman brings forth children in ſorrow.

As the Ocean, which is but one, is divided into parts, according to Regions and Countries, againſt which it lyeth.

As the ſuperfluous humours in the veins, are no parts of the body.

As the moon is not alwayes viſible, being in her change.

As the hand, cut from the body, dyeth, and wanteth life.

As the vine or Garden decayeth, with overmuch heat or drought, except after the planting thereof, it be watered with ſhoures.

As men diſcern the Weather by the Wind.

As *Apelles* the Painter much lamented, if he miſt one day without ſome line or Picture.

As vines, without lopping, grow wilde and fruitleſſe.

As a Tree bringeth forth, firſt Leaves, then Bloſſoms, then Fruit.

As Water moderateth Wine.

As Fire is an inſtrument of Medicinall Arts.

As the Body without the Soul enjoyeth no life.

As Roſes and Lillies grow among Thorns.

As a Phyſician cures a man, by taking away his blood and ill humours, by cutting and ſearching the fleſh.

As

As the fire is known two waies, by the heat, and the flame.

As the ſoul of man united to the body, mounteth upwards becauſe it is a Spirit.

As the Sun and the light are conjoyned together, that they cannot be dis-joyned.

As the Clock muſt ſtill run, ſo long as the pieces or plummets hang thereat.

As a looking glaſſe, though it be moſt cleare and bright, by the foul breath of thoſe that locke therein, is obſcured and made dim.

As Corne, though never ſo cleane winnowed from Chaffe, when it is ſown, the ſame ſeed will be full of Chaffe againe.

As the plant thrives beſt in the ſoyle where it firſt grew.

As the little Bee gathers Honey out of the moſt bitter bloomes and flowres.

Venus is painted in ſilk, not rags; and *Cupid* treadeth on diſdain, when he reacheth at Crownes.

Pretious Diamonds are cut with the File, when deſpiſed pebles lye ſafe in the ſand.

Cedars are cruſhed with tempeſts, whereas low ſhrubs are not touched with the winde.

Will Eagles catch at flyes, or Cedars bow to Brambles?

As *Nilus* flowing more then twelve cubits, procureth a dearth.

Cupid is a child, and *Venus*. though old, is painted with freſh colours:

Starrs are to be lookt at with the eye, not reach'd at with the hand.

So the Eagle, the neerer he ſoareth to the Sun, the further he hovereth from his prey.

As the Salamander is moſt warm, when he lieth furtheſt from the fire.

So

So Birds ſing early when there hath been ſweet dew, and their morning Anthems ſhew their nights content.

So the ſtrongeſt Oak hath his Sap, and his Worms; and Ravens will breed in the faireſt Aſh.

As the Adamant is made ſoft with the fire.

Womens tongues are like cries of Lapwings, furtheſt from their thoughts.

Rhodope ſeemed coy to *Phanetias*, elſe had a Concubine never conquered a King.

Juno never frowned when *Jupiter* made his eſcape in a cloud, private pleaſures have never any pennances enjoyned them.

Like *Janus* bearing two Faces under one hood; wearing a Lawrell in her hand as deſirous of peace, and a ſword in her heart as wiſhing revenge.

As Poets uſed to decipher *Pallas* with a Helmet on her head, and a book in her hand, & drew her ſphears alwaies wreathed with Lawrell, ſignifying by that Embleme, that *Mars* and *Mercury* are of one brood.

As the wild bore not chafed, thou mayeſt chaſten him with a wand, but being once endammaged by Dogs, he is diſmall.

A Gentle woman is no longer then her honour; but that loſt, ſhe is like a Diamond with a cloud, which is caſt into the Goldſmiths duſt.

As the Phœnix never ſpreads her Wings, but when the Sun-beams ſh ines on her Neſt.

Her colour, though pale, could be compared to no worſe then the glittering of the moone in a ſilent night.

As he that playes with a Bee, may ſooner feele her ſting than taſt of her honey.

For what, but for the love of *Admetus* did *Alceſte* die? *Portia* eat hot burning coles for the love of *Brutus*.

As Hemlock, whereſoever it be planted, will prove peſtilent.

As

As the Serpent, with the brighteſt ſcales, ſhrouds the moſt fatall venome.

As the Ruby, whatſoever foile it hath, it will ſhew red.

Leſſe is the Margarite accompted of the Weſtern world, then the ſeed-Pearle in a ſtrange Country.

The ancients have drawn Vertue, figuring her bare counterfeit, placed by equall proportions, betwixt two vices, expreſſing thereby, that a mean is to be kept.

The feet of Princes have *Ceres* and *Bacchus* for their foot-ſtool; ſo that it cannot be, but *Venus* muſt play the wanton in their Palaces.

Like the Sugred Hony-combe, which whilſt a man touches, he is ſtung with a Bee.

With Satyrs kiſſe the fire, though they burn themſelves; or with *Pigmaleon*, not view a Picture without being paſſionate.

To fancy ones foe, is with the Cockatrice, to kick againſt the ſteel.

Not ſo fond, as with *Xerxes*, to bind the Ocean with Fetters.

Reſembling *Timantus* the Painter, who ſhrouded the worſt pictures with the beſt Colours.

Andromache would never truſt the fair promiſes of *Pyrrhus*; and *Dido* laught, when ſhe ſaw *Hiarbus* ſmile.

'Tis as if *Venus* ſhould weare the Target, and *Mars* the Diſtaffe; that *Omphale* ſhould handle the Club, & *Hercules* the Shovell; that *Alexander* ſhould couch, and *Compeſne* be coy.

The pureſt Emrauld ſhineth brighteſt when it is without Oyl.

As the Load-ſtone, what wind ſoever doth blow, driveth alwayes to the North.

As the Panther, having firſt aſtoniſht one with his fair ſight, then ſeeks to devour.

Like *Ariſtotles* Quadratus, which, howſoever turned, alwayes ſtands ſtedfaſt.

As

As the pureſt Diamond is to be cut before it be worn, and frankincenſe to be burnt before it be ſmelt.

Thy eyes are like Salamander ſtones, that fire at every flame.

So the Eagle ſoares not ſo high in the aire, but that he can eſpie a Fiſh in the Sea.

As the fire is hot in the coldeſt part of the Earth, as well as in the Southern parallellel.

Women ſet out their faces, as Fowlers do their daring Glaſſes, that the Larkes that ſoare higheſt, may be caught ſooneſt.

Some have as many Lovers, as their hearts have entrances; for Love, like a Pumice-ſtone, is light and full of holes.

No ſooner hatcht with the Lapwing, but they run away with the ſhell on their heads.

Soon pricks the tree that will prove a thorne.

Her eyes like Diamonds ſo poynted, that they pierce to the quick.

As the Cedar is faire, but unfruitfull.

Like the Shrubs of *India*, parched with every ſtorm.

As the moſt glorious ſhells have not the pureſt margarites; the pureſt flowers have not the perfecteſt ſavours.

Having their hearts like Salt-peeter, that fireth at the firſt, yet proveth but a flaſh.

As when the Tyger hunts for his prey, he then hides his claws.

Their looks are like *Circes* apparitions, that can preſent them in all forms.

As *Chremes* in *Terence*, ſome meaſure the flames of youth by their own dead cinders.

As buſie as Bees, and as true as Turtles.

As the Chryſolite is proved by the Fire, and the Diamond by the Anvile.

He

He ſtarted up, as when Love-ſick *Mars* ſaw *Venus* enter his Pavilion in triumph.

Trembling as *Acteon* did, that he had doted too far in gazing on ſo gorgeous a goddeſs.

As the brighteſt bloſſomes are peſtered with moſt Caterpillers.

His thoughts as high, as Cedars; but as brittle as rods that break at every blaſt.

Her face like ſilver *Luna* in her ſhine.

As clear as Cryſtall: but, bruiſed, as infectious as a Diamond.

As the crooked Cyen may prove a ſtrait tree.

Reſembling *Caliſto*, who hid her vanities with *Diana's* veile.

Like *Swallows*, that think every Sun-ſhine a Summers day.

Her mind is like the Tapers in *Janus* Temple, which once ſet on fire, burn till they conſume themſelves.

Tenders of ſervice to ones Soveraign.

SIR, IT may appear great boldneſs in me altogether unknown unto your Majeſty, to hope that any beam of favour ſhould reflect on my unworthineſſe, to cheriſh my cheerful willingneſs, though with hazzard of my life to do you any loyall ſervice; yet incouraged by your Royall goodneſſe, that can let fall unequall yet ſufficient bleſſings on all: I beſeech you to permit me, out of the valley of humility, to look up unto the ſacred Hill of your Highneſſes Majeſty, and at the foot thereof kneeling, to offer up my devotions, and my moſt humble ſervice; which if you graciouſly deign to accept, as I doe humbly proſtrate them, I ſhall account your favour the ſupremeſt felicity, whereof I can be capable in this World; and I bleſs the houre that gave me opportunity to preſent my ſelf and ſervice to your

your employment; than which, ambition can have no higher object.

Another.

THat which hath been imagined of a golden age, as an *Idea* of all perfect happineſſe, was but a propheſie of your gracious reign, ſhowring downe felicity in ſuch a plenteous manner, that all your ſubjects are thereby invited, to offer up unto you ſacrifices of thanks and obedience; while I ſhall accompt it the chiefeſt honour that my birth and ſtars could bequeath me, if I may approve my loyalty, in expoſing my life to any danger in your ſervice.

Another.

Sir, THough I cannot worthily deſire, nor deſerve your gracious favour; yet, it will ſhew you neareſt Heaven, and that you reſemble the King of Kings, in accepting my weak and humble devotion, with the tender of my loyall ſervice. Let not the poorneſſe of my merit, or the obligation, make them contemptible in your ſight; for, I have long had an earneſt zeale, to expreſſe with what integriry I adore the vertues wherewith you are repleniſhed, farre above all flattery; ſo that your gracious raigne is but the *Galaxia*, or milk-white path, through which you travell in your happy Government, and by examples lead your ſubjects to Heaven.

Another.

Sir, If vertue and loyalty, were not to be found in ſome of ordinary quality, I ſhould bluſh and tremble at my own forward deſires, to do you ſervice. But ſince it is a ſigne of ſome eminent worth, not to carry poor and narrow thoughts, but ſuch as may be high as Heaven, whereunto the ſoul is allyed, which dedicates its ſervice only to God and the King: I therefore ever accompted it a nobleneſſe of mind, to raiſe and advance my thoughts, to deſire, that I might ſhew my willingneſſe

neſſe to do you ſervice in ſome imployment, whereby I might expreſſe and approve my ſelfe, your faithfull, humble ſervant.

A tender of ſervice to the Queen.

MAdam, the ſame ſervice and obedience which I offered unto the King, I do now with as great ſtrength of paſſion and affection, tender unto your majeſty; and as I am his loyal ſubject, ſo, to be your faithfull ſervant, ſhall be the heighth of my glory.

Madam, My Allegiance, and ſervice is ſo divided betweene the King and your Majeſty, that I ſhall eſteeme it my higheſt contentment, and chiefeſt advancement, to be counted your humble ſervant; a Title, which will ſatisfie all my deſires, and re-inforce all my endeavours.

Another.

Madam, there are no words ſignificant enough to expreſſe how much I honour your Royall perfections, which render you beloved and reſpected of all the world; while I make it the chiefe imployment of my life, to attend upon your Commands; which to obey, is perfect happineſſe.

An humble addreſſe to a great Lord.

MY Lord, in regard of thoſe many favours which your honour hath heaped on me; I am bound, not onely to acknowledge my happineſſe therein, but alſo to deſire, that you would alwaies reckon me in the number of your moſt obliged ſervants.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, As it is a great happineſſe for me to come into your preſence, and to offer my devotions to your excellency, from the alter of an humble heart; ſo it will be an addition unto my felicity, if I may improve this preſent opportunity, to make tender of my ſervice.

Otherwiſe.

Otherwiſe.

My Lord, it will become me, amongſt others to acknowledg your many excellent vertues: amongſt which your noble Clemency and Humility are the chiefeſt; whereof, as others have had experience, ſo I doubt not but you will favourably accept the obligation and preſent ment of my humble ſervice.

Another to ſome great Lord.

MOſt noble Lord, as I hold it for a principall favour, in admitting me to kiſſe your honours hand, ſo ſhall I eſteeme my ſelf moſt happy for ever in that your honour will be pleaſed to accept me henceforth, as ranked in the number and Catalogue of your moſt humble and obſequious ſervants.

Another.

My Lord, the rank you hold with great and ſingular ornaments of vertues in you, doe oblige me to offer unto your Lordſhip all that little is in me, and to tender unto you upon all occaſions, my ſervice in obſequious humility.

Another.

Moſt honoured Lord, may your excellencies will be pleaſed to permit me to excerciſe any ſmall indeavours of tendring my duty to your Honour, in expectation that Heaven will favour me ſo far, as to grant me opportunities, whereby I may make appear in effect, the deſires I have to preſent you with my beſt ſervice and endeavours.

To tender ones ſervice.

Cleodus.

Sir, I Muſt intreat you to pardon my boldneſſe, in that I, who am a ſtranger, have preſumed to come to viſit you, being invited thereunto by the fame and report of your noble vertues, which have made me ſo ambitious of your acquaintance, and earneſtly deſirous

desirous, that you would impose on me some command, whereby I may express my self, your humble servant.

Beumont.

Sir, *You have much honoured me by your comming, and by your words. As through a prospective, I clearly discerne the power of your affections, which brought you hither, where your welcome cannot be equal to my desire, or your deserts.*

Cleodus.

Sir, The occasion of my comming, was for no other respects, but those due unto your merit; and by an humble address of Service, to bring my selfe acquainted with you, whom I honour, and am ready to serve.

Beumont.

Sir, *You owe me no service: but I am ready to embrace your friendship, evidently discovered by your kind visit, which is a favour far above my desert; but let not your affections break off for want of any mutuall respects, wherein I may strive to equal you, and ever remain in all ties of love, your most constant friend.*

Cleodus.

Then I shall acknowledge my selfe most happy in this tender of my service: for to gain your amity is to me the chiefest felicity, not onely in regard of your naturall worth, flowing from your birth and education; but also your sweet company and conversation, with which I hope you will hereafter be pleased to honour me.

Beumont.

Sir, *I dare not acknowledge that which you ascribe unto me; your praises are but the effects of your love; but if my company or friendship, may be any wayes pleasing unto you, command them both, for I will be ready to wait upon you: and therefore be assured of me, as of one that hath devoted*

himself wholly to your imployment: for your love and kind visits have gained me to be your true and constant friend.

To thank a Friend for a courtesie.

Cleodus.

SIR, I cannot give you thanks enough for your great love, expresst in that kindness you did me late; but I hope, though I expect a while, yet at last I shall snatch an opportunity to make requital, and shew you how much I abhor the vice of ingratitude; especially to you, unto whom I am so much obliged.

Beumont.

Sir, *What I did, was even wrung from me by the extraordinary quality of your merit, engaging me to shew my utmost power and most chearfull willingness, to undergoe any service that might concern you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, it is your worthinesse, that you will not acknowledge your own noble and vertuous actions.

Beumont.

Sir, *Those words would better become me in acknowledgement of your worth; wherein you far exceed me: yet in respect of Amity, I will not yield, but ever maintain a constant affection towards you.*

Cleodus.

Sir, I will alwayes retain in memory your good deserts in my behalfe, and you shall know, that you have not sowed your benefits upon a barren ground, that will yeeld you nothing; for your love shall alwayes reap the first fruits of my service.

Beumont.

Thereby you will oblige me, for I must acknowledge, the number of your benefits do bind me to serve you; but I never did you any kindness deserving your acceptance, much lesse meriting to be remembred by you; yet hereafter I will extend my power to the uttermost, to shew a mind free from ingratitude.

Cleodus

Cleodus.

Sir, That you have done already; and I doubt not but you will perſevere in your affection: my care is only, how I may requite your former courteſies.

Beumont.

It is I that am troubled, to imagine how I may acquit my ſelf for your former courteſies: for if you ſtill proceed to be your ſelf in ſuch noble actions towards me, I muſt acknowledge my ſelf overcome in the contention of love.

Cleodus.

You ſhal not need to contend, ſince the former courteſies you have done, do require that I ſhould yield my ſelf to be your more humble ſervant.

To entertain a Gentlewoman at your Chamber.

Aym. *I Have brought you to a rude Chamber, but I am much beholding to you, for taking pains to grace me and my lodging; and am only ſorry I ſhall not give you ſuch entertainment as you deſerve: let me bid you welcome with a kind Salutation.*

Gent. Indeed Sir, you have a handſome Chamber, fit to entertain one of greater credit then my ſelf; I hope you will pardon my boldneſſe for accompanying you thus far: if I did not know you, I ſhould be ſuſpitious of bad dealings; and ſome jealous braines would not ſtick to cenſure me of too much familiarity.

Aym. *I hope you are confident in me, that my intents are fair and noble; for I will not offend you with moving any thing that may tend to your diſgrace, ſince my cheefeſt deſire is to injoy your company, and to diſcourſe a while with you: here we have place and opportunity.*

Gent. But although there are enemies to our Sex; yet I hope, you will be right and ſquare in all your actions.

Aym. *May I never proſper, if I ſeeke any thing but your*

own contentment; for, if I ſhould make any baſe motion; you may with a frown command me to ſilence, and your diſpleaſure would be to me above all torments.

Gent. I do not ſuſpect your honeſt intent; but theſe wanton pictures, are emblems of your roving affection; yet one of them I like very well, and would requeſt it of you, if modeſty would permit.

Aym. *Alaſſe! theſe are but ſhaddowes wherein the painter hath expreſt ſome skill; but, if you pleaſe to make choice of the beſt in my Chamber, they ſhall be at you command.*

Gent. I dare not preſume ſo much, and though I ſhould embrace your offer, it would grieve me, that I could not make you ſome requitall in part; it does not become me to be too much beholding, by tre paſſing on your free bounty.

Aym. *Alaſſe! what is it, that I can deny you? Pray, eſteem all I have at your command, and you ſhall favour me, if you make that picture worthy of your acceptance.*

Gent. I return you thanks; it may be, I will be ſo bold to ſend for it. Now it remains, that I muſt thank you for your kind entertainment and banquet, and ſo leave you, deſiring pardon for my boldneſſe.

Aym. *Since you will not be detained, I will wait upon you to your Coach, and acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely obliged for your favour, in vouchſafing this kind viſit.*

To preſent a Ring to a Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, if I (moved thereunto by the zealous affection which I bear you) do here expreſſe it in the dumb language of a ſmall preſent, unworthy your acceptance; yet, I pray you, wear it for my ſake, it may draw down your eye to think on me, who am now wounded, by the powerfull beams of your beauty.

Gent. Sir, Though it would ſhew a ſcornfull mind in me, not to accept your love, tendred unto me in ſuch a viſible

manner;

manner; yet I am ſorry you ſhould be at ſo great and needleſſe charges, for wherein can I ſerve you to make requitall?

Aym. It is you that make this unworthy preſent pretious; for, if you pleaſe to let it circle your white finger, it being a Diamond Ring, will ſparkle moſt in the dark, ſhewing, that love, like a clouded ſtar, ſhines lighteſt in the night of miſfortune.

Gent. *Well ſir, I am obliged to your courteſie, to receive it; and ſince you pleaſe to confer ſo rich a gift on my unworthineſſe, I will wear it for your ſake.*

Aym. Then you honour me above my deſert; for your acceptance of this ſacrifice of my love, is to me above all rewards. The Ring is inſcribed with *Amor circulus*, Love is a circle without end.

Gent. *I muſt acknowledge your bounty, and my ſelfe your ſervant, in beſtowing on me ſo rich a gift.*

Aym. The ſparkling luſtre thereof, cannot compare with the light beams of your eyes; but honour me ſo much to wear it on your finger.

Gent. I *promiſe that; and more, I acknowledge my ſelfe infinitely beholding to you.*

Aym. You have ſaid too much concerning ſo poor a preſent; yet, in your acceptance of this trifle, I ſhall ever bleſſe my own happineſſe.

To woo a coy ſcornfull Maid.

Aym. *LEt not my love be miſconſtrued for preſumption, if I once again ſtrive to warm your affection, by declairing unto you, how much I honour your perfection; pray at laſt be mercifull, and do not ſtill reward my love with cold diſdain.*

Maid. Sir, I know that men have powerfull language; but I am none of thoſe young ones, you are deceived, if you think, that fine muſk words can ſweeten me up, to betray my ſelfe: and for my beauty, I would not have you dote on that; it ſuffices me without commendation.

Aym. *Should I not commend what all admire, I were much to blame.*

Maid. Sir, Wiſe men admire nothing: for if I were beautifull, what is beauty, but a fading flowre, blaſted often, with too much breathiug on, and cannot grow ſafely upon the ſtalk of Virginity, becauſe every one will be reaching forth to gather it? Pray excuſe me, if I prevent ſuch a danger; for love & I are quite faln out.

Aym. *Let me reconcile you to a good opinion of a chaſte love; there is no greater happineſſe then the ſacred union of hearts, eſpecially, when long and humble ſuits conquer diſdain; and ſo I hope, perſeverance will at laſt crown me with your love, and bring you to entertain my deſire with a mutuall affection.*

Maid. Sir, if you would be more thrifty of your breath, you may ſpend it to better purpoſe; for you may intimate your deſires, and make tedious diſcourſes. But, in a word, I ſhall never love you.

Aym. *O ſay not ſo; you know not how much miſery thoſe few words would bring upon me: for hope, grounded on your gentle diſpoſition, hath hitherto kept me alive, and made me walk like a faint ſhadow, whileſt in my chamber I am like a mourner with a taper by me, watching my own funerall, and I will dwell there in a miſt of ſighes, and all this for your ſake.*

Maid. Sir, I hope you will not accuſe me of your death; pray ſhake off this love, and I will then acknowledge your kindneſſe, in ceaſing to trouble me with complaints. Learn wiſedome: that will cure all diſtempers.

Aym. *Yet, while I live I will attend upon you, and when I am dead, I will viſit you in a dream, and tell you you were a cruell Maid. To conclude, let one parting kiſſe, ſeal my tranſport to* Eliſium, *and I am gone.*

Maid. Sir, ſince you are ſo reſolute, I will ſtrive to give you a better anſwer at your next return.

Aym.

Aym. *In confidence of that happineſſe, I will preſume to viſit you againe, and live to be your ſervant.*

A jeſting diſcourſe with a Maid.

Aym. Come, why will you be an enemy to your ſelfe, and let modeſty keep you ſtill in the ſtate of virginity? I came to offer my ſervice, to help you out of this trouble.

Maid, *You are very kind; but I like my preſent eſtate. Maids are happy.*

Aym. Alas! poore ignorance, doſt thou talke of happineſſe! I tell thee untill thou be married, thou art but a Cypher of no account.

Maid *O Sir, you are deceived: our hearts, free from the paſſion of love, retain a world of happineſſe, being exempted from any wanton knowledge: for Maids, dying in their preſent condition, do all go to heaven.*

Aym. You are deceived, their puniſhment is to lead Apes in hell; and therefore to avoyd this, be kinde while you may, and accept of a friendly offer.

Maid, *What offer?*

Aym. Leſt it ſhould raiſe a bluſh upon your cheek, I will whiſper it into your eare----you underſtand.

Maid. *Take heed ſir, leſt while you counterfeit flame, you kindle a real fire, I hear too much, thy infectious words have betrid a baſe ignoble minde.*

Aym Why? I did but tell you a truth; I had thought you had been more intelligent, and would not have ſtarted at a bold word.

Maid. *Nay, farewell.*

Amy. Pardon me, all I have ſpoken was to try your temper, and having found you both wiſe and wi ty, I will deſire you in a fair manner to grant me your love, which I only deſire; and though I did appear rath and wanton, you ſhall find me worthy of your affections.

To Contract privately ones ſelf, and tie the knot of Marriage.

Aym. *NOw our love hath arrived to a happy concluſion, the ſtorm raiſed by our diſdain being blown over, the union of our affections making a ſoft and gentle harmony, which the ſoul can onely diſcern; therefore that our new begun love may never expire, I do here in the ſight of heaven and all good Angels, marry and contract my ſoule to yours, and give away my ſelf wholly to be at your diſpoſing, til the ceremonies of the Church confirm my promiſe.*

Maid. With as true an affection, I do give my ſelfe over unto your poſſeſſion, and freely beſtow on you my love, which ſhall never know alteration, but remain ever firm and conſtant to you; it is therefore expedient that you obtaine my friends good-will, according to your promiſe, and till then we muſt remain onely contracted in our affections.

Aym. *Heeven, I beſeech thee beat wittneſſe to our privat Agreement; and may I never know one day of comfort, when I breake my promiſed vow: let me now imbrace you with the armes of affection, and thus with a ſoft kiſſe, ſeal the obligation of our loves.*

To Salute a friend newly arrived from a Journey.

Alex. *SIR, When firſt the newes of your returne had arrived to my knoweledg, I was heightend with an earneſt deſire to beholdyou, and prevent others of your Friends by the firſt tender of my ſervice; that as my love towards you, doth exceed theirs in true perfect ſincerity, ſo it might in place obtain priority, and ſhew how ambitious I am of your favour.*

Aym. Sir, You ſtill continue your former nobleneſſe making it your cheif aym, to exceed others in perfection of mind, otherwiſe I had an intention to viſit you, but it is your deſire and happineſſe, to overcome others in kindneſſe, for which, I can but return you thanks, and acknowledge you a worthy freind.

Alex.

Alex. *Sir, you make too good an interpretation of my raſh preſumption; but it is held, that friends have but one ſoul in two bodies; therefore when I behold you, I enjoy the other halfe of my ſelfe; beſides, after long abſence, your company muſt needs be more precious, ſo that I had both love and reaſon on my ſide, to perſwade me to come and viſit you.*

Aym. Sir, I want words to expreſſe my mind, or to argue a caſe in love; but, in my opinion, I ought to have viſited you firſt, in regard I am very much obliged unto you: But to proceed no farther in ceremony, let us diſcourſe of ſome other affairs: I will be bold to enquire how all our friends do?

Alex. Sir, ſome of them have undergon change of fortune, and therein declared an invincible ſtrength of mind; but, Heaven be thanked, all that honour and reſpect you, are living and in health.

Aym. Sir, I am wonderfull glad to hear of it, and I ſhall rejoyce exceedingly, when I meet any of my old acquaintance, I hope I am not altogether loſt unto their remembrance, they will know me certainly.

Alex. *Sir, Travell hath not wrought much change in you; but I detain you too long, I fear, from your reſt.*

Aym. Sir, were I tired with travell, as I am not; yet your company would very much refreſh me.

Alex. *Sir, I will crave your pardon at this time, I know to tarry longer would be troubleſome unto you; but, to morrow I will wait on you again.*

To entertain a friend, who is come to viſit one.

Alex. SIR, I am moſt glad to ſee you, though I have no other entertainment for you, but a kind welcome.

Aym. *Sir, I expect no more, I come to give you a viſit, and to be happy in your ſociety; for, in the generall, I do find none, that can ſuit my diſpoſition ſo well as your ſelfe.*

Alex. Sir, ſay what you pleaſe of me, I am vowed to your ſervice; and your loving viſitation is an

addition to your many other kindneſſes.

Aym. *Sir, all that I acknowledg, is a will to do you ſervice; but I have been ſlow in producing the effects, hereafter I will ſtudy to deſerve.*

Alex. Sir, it is your ingenuous goodneſſe to decline the acknowledgment of your own vertue and deſerts, far ſupaſſing my merits; for 'tis I, am bound to be your ſervant.

Ay. *Sir, it is I that am obliged to you by many ſtrong tyes of affection, from which the ſervice of my life cannot diſ-ingage me. But I have treſpas'd againſt manners, Pray take the chair.*

Alex. Sir, will you pleaſe to ſit firſt; for it is an honour for me to wait your pleaſure.

Aym. *Sir, I am provided; but if it may not appear too much boldneſſe, what was the adamant that drew you, or occaſion that made you ſo kind to viſit my lodging?*

Alex. Sir, I ſhall tell you. I came not to borrow money, or to force your good nature to any thing beyond civility; but onely to keep our love and amity freſh, and in perfect ſtrength, by a viſit and ſome conference.

Aym. *Sir, you have choſen a bad opportunity, my affairs carry me away from my friends; beſides the obligation of my word to a Lady, to attend upon her this day.*

Alex. Sir, I will chuſe ſome other time to wait upon you.

Aym. *Sir, I will attend upon you, if I might know the place, and hour, where to meet you.*

Alex. Sir, I will not put you to that trouble, it will become me rather to wait on you.

Aym. *Pardon me Sir, I am much obliged to you.*

Alex. Sir, I am your ſervant?

Aym. *Sir, I am the ſervant of your ſervants: pray remember my reſpects to all my friends.*

A. Sir, I will be yours, in that, and all other ſervices.

To woo a fair young Gentlewoman.

Aym. PArdon me, *Lady, if I presume to speak what I have hitherto with much affection concealed from your knowledge.*

There is a Gentleman that hath beheld your heavenly beauty, and with his judgement clearly discerned your vertues, the ornaments of your minde; these have produced in him strange effects, so that in spite of his own reason, or dissuasion of freinds he is violently compel d to speak truth.

Pen. Sir, call you this an affliction? 'tis a happinesse to speak and hear truth.

Aym. *Do you hold that opinion? Then I will convince you by your owne expressions. For if it be a happinesse to hear truth, then I hope you will pardon me, if being compelled by the strength of my passion, I do truly tell you, that I have placed my affection wholly upon you; or as they commonly say, I do love you.*

Pen. Sir, I am sorry that you have made me the object of your love; I know your birth and person may deserve one of a greater account; and therefore I am amazed at the unexpected novelty of your motion, not imagining, but your bosome had been free from any flame; let your wisdome then suppresse it, lest your love become fruitlesse in the event.

Aym. *I will not be discouraged by your first answer, for neither are you beneath me in quality, who am your servant, neither can it appeare to you so strange a matter, that I be taken with your beauty, which others admire, though it be my fortune only, to be bolder then the rest, and I hope not unwelcome.*

Pen. Sir, I would not have you cherish any uncertaine hope, nor build any assurance, where you have but a sandy foundation; Love cannot be compelled, but must flow from the spring of a naturall desire; but I finde in my selfe no inclination to entertaine your affection; therefore you must pardon me, if I deny

your

your ſuit which is not in my power to grant.

Aym. *Nothing is impoſſible to Love: for if you would beleeve, that I beare a noble and conſtant affection towards you, you would ſoone overcom this difficulty, and encline your mind to reward my affection with your favour.*

Pen. Sir, I am confident that your affection is right and perfect, not ſeeking under a fair and colourable pretence to betray me; I cannot force my ſelfe to conſent to your motion, being utterly ignorant in love matters; therefore excuſe me till time and conſideration ſhall inforce me to anſwere your deſire.

Aym. *I am comforted, that you have not utterly denied my ſuit. I hope at my next viſit, to receive more incouragement till then I take my leave, and preſume onely to breathe my heart upon your hand, or if you pleaſe, your lip, deſiring you to remember me in your abſence.*

When One meeteth a friend in the ſtreet.

Alex. GOd ſave you, Sir, you are moſt happily met. How fare you?

Clor. Sir, *I am the better to ſee you well and luſty: why will not you doe me the honour to viſit me at my chamber?*

Alex Sir, I muſt confeſſe, I have often broken promiſe therein, but my buſineſſe would not permit me; otherwiſe I had long ſince waited on you.

Clor. *I ſhould rather account my ſelfe obliged to wait on you; for I am bound unto you for many favours, eſpecially for the laſt courteſie you did me, in matters which concerned me much. Will you now do me the kindneſſe, to preſent my reſpects to a Gentlewoman?*

Alex. Sir, if ſhe be honeſt, I am ready to go on your errand, I hope you will not put me upon a diſgracefull piece of ſervice.

Clor. *I hope you have no ſuch bad ſuſpition of me, for ſhe is both fair and a vertuous Gentlewoman, and hath a nimble witt: but I know you can deliver your mind in an excellent way.*

Alex.

Alex. Sir, It is you whom *Mercury*, the God of wit, hath adorned with a gentle amorous ſpeech; but I will ſpeak in your behalf in as good mooving effectual termes, as I can remember.

Clor. *Sir, you ſhall doe me a moſt perfect favour. Tell her, I am her ready and willing ſervant, and that the power of love hath given her my heart, which I wil come to fetch, in hope ſhe ſhall give it me back, and till then keep it warm in her own boſome: But what needd I inſtruct you, who are all love and courtſhip?*

Alex. Sir, I will performe your command, though not in ſuch words as you would deſire, yet ſo as my ſudden *Genius* ſhall prompt me; but I have heard it ſaid, that

In the way of love and glory:
Lovers beſt tell their own ſtory.

Clor. *Sir, Pardon me, I know whom I do entruſt with this buſineſſe; Iam aſſured of your fidelity, and that you can deliver your mind in a powerfull manner, eſpecially to Gentlewomen.*

Alex. Sir, it muſt be my love to you that will inſpire me; for I promiſe you, I will ſtrive to ſpeak my beſt.

Cor. *Sir, I am confident in you, and at your returne from my Miſtriſſe, I will prepare thanks for this great piece of ſervice, and reſt, yours obliged.*

Alex. Sir, it is but my duty; I am happy to be imployed in any ſervice that concerns you. Suppoſe this lone.

To Court a gentlewoman in the way of marriage.

Eugenius. MIſtriſſe, I doubt not but that you will judge me as raſh as bold; but I beſeech you by your divine beauty which gliſtereth in

in your fair eyes to excuſe my audacity, and to pardon my temerity, which have emboldened me to come and preſent unto you, my moſt humble, and moſt affectionate ſervice.

Calia. *Sir I am very ſorry that I have not had the honour to know you: and I marvel that you will offer ſervice to me, that of all am moſt unworthy.*

Eugen. Miſtriſſe, It is the ſweetneſſe of your naturall goodneſſe, that cauſeth you to ſpeak ſo humbly of your ſelfe.

Calia. *Pardon me Sir, I ſpeak nothing but what I know to be a moſt clear truth.*

Eugen. Lady, the ſingular modeſty which I have heard you expreſſe in your language, gives me a hope, that you will entertain my intentions, not as harſh and diſconſonant, but agreeable and conſonant, and that in time I ſhal obtain your grace and favour.

Calia. *Sir, if there were any graces in me, they proceed from you; and with ſuch expreſſions you honour your ſelfe.*

Eugen. Miſtreſſe, you are pleaſed thus to oblige me to a greater eſtimation of you, which makes you more amiable, and me more affectionate towards you: I therefore beſeech you to believe, that my intentions were never otherwiſe, then chaſte and vertuous, and that I had never any other end then honeſty. Did you think me to have framed ſome deſigne prejudiciall to your honour? I had rather loſe my being, then entertain any ſuch thought; ſo firm is my reſolution for ever, to continue your faithfull and moſt obedient ſervant, as the effects ſhall make evident, whenſoever your commands ſhall call upon me.

Calia. *I humble thank you, Sir, with my beſt affection, as alſo for the pains you have taken for one that no way merits ſuch favours, I being your very humble ſervant.*

Eugen. Lady, It is I that am ſo deeply engaged to

you

you, that I am dis-inabled to quit my ſelf of the obligation; and therefore (moſt fair Miſtriſſe) I beſeech and conjure you, to make uſe of my ſervice and me, in whatſoever you ſhall judge me capable to ſerve you: And in the mean time, after a million of recommendations, I will be bold to take my leave of you, and will leave my heart with you, as an hoſtage and pledge of fidelity and conſtancy.

Calia. *Fare well ſir, and I give you humble thanks for this your loving viſit.*

Eug. I hope to ſee you againe, and very ſpeedily, whereas for the preſent I muſt leave you.

Calia. *Sir, ſo far as your intentions ſhall continue good, and your ſuits lawfull, you ſhall alwaies find the doores open; and alſo to Gentlemen like your ſelfe, who ſhall not want the beſt entertainment, according to my ability; and in that regard you ſhall not oftner come, then be welcome.*

Eugen. Lady, I do aſſure you, that I now goe to elongate my ſelf from the bright day, and confine my ſelf into an abyls of melancholick darkneſſe: for I dare be bold to proteſt unto you, that without you, I enjoy not the light; and therefore all the time of this ſad abſence, will be ſo tedious to me, that moments will be hours, the hours dayes, and the dayes will be ages; unleſſe it be ſo, that the experience of being in your favour be my ſole conſolation, which will arme me with a reſolute patience.

Calia. *You ſpeak ſtrong lines, Sir, but it may be you are not ſo paſſionate as your words pretend. Farewell, ſir, till our next meeting.*

Eugen. Miſtriſſe, You do wrong to your beauty, and to my love, which is faithfull and loyall; but I hope that time will make me appear to be more largely what I am; and ſeeing neceſſity conſtrains me to retire from you, I will never retreat from that affection which your fair eyes have darted into my ſoul. And

ſo

ſo Lady adieu, till my next review, which I aſſure you ſhall be as ſoon as poſſible I can.

To preſent ſomething to a friend.

Alex. SIR, I have alwaies had an earneſt deſire to make my ſervice viſible unto you; and therefore I am bold to preſent unto you this ſmall teſtimony of my love, deſiring you, not to valew the gift, but the affection of the giver, who doth ſacrifice this unto you, from the Altar of an humble heart.

A. *Sir, this is an addition to your other many favours; you are mindfull of me above my merit, how ſhall I make you requitall?*

A. Sir, Your Acceptance is the chief aime of my deſires; but be pleaſed to conceive, that true love uſes not by dumb ſignes and tokens to expreſſe it ſelfe.

A. *Sir, believe me, ſo rich a gift as this is, hath a moſt powerfull language; if it had been meaner, it would have ſufficed, and have been above my merit; I muſt reſt beholding unto you, till I have opportunity to declare my ſelfe farther.*

A. Sir, it is your worthineſſe that makes it appear ſo worthy; but I know no gift can be above your merit, nor ſufficient to declare, in what ties of obſervance I am bound unto you; your acceptation gives it more luſtre and richneſſe, then the gift doth deſerve, being but a mean token of my affection.

A. *Sir, I beſeech you do not extenuate your own goodneſſe, nor this benefit.*

A. Sir, this is but the emblem of my ſervice, which, ſince you are pleaſed to receive, I return you many thanks for your kind acceptance.

A. *Sir, it is eaſie to perſwade to the receipt of a thing of ſuch avalew; but I will embrace it, as the oblation of your love.*

A. For

A. For that high eſtimate of yours, I muſt remain eternally your conſtant faithfull friend.

A. *Sir, I am yours, in all reſpectfull ſervices to be commanded.*

A. Sir, You oblige me too much both in words and deeds. I am all yours.

To entreat a courteſie of a friend.

A. SIR, as neceſſity hath no Law, ſo it hath no ſhame; for contrary to my diſpoſition, I muſt become an importunate ſuiter unto you.

A *Sir, Name it, it muſt be ſomething more then I know of, which I can deny you, who are alwayes modeſt in your requeſts.*

A. Sir, I fear I ſhall give you occaſion to report the contrary; I will deſire you to lend me your Horſe, to carry away a little treaſure by moon-ſhine.

A. *I do not well underſtand you, pray interpret your ſelfe, and diſguiſe not your meaning.*

A. Sir, I would deſire you to diſpence with me, in a matter that concerns me neer; I am to bear away the Uſurers Daughter, and carry her where ſhe ſhall remain private, till ſtorms be blown over: Pardon me that I have no ſooner made you acquainted with my purpoſe.

A. *I will be ready to aſſiſt you: And ſince your fortune may receive addition from any ſervice of mine, my horſe, were he the Muſes* Pegaſus, *he ſhould be your ſervant: it is but to carry away a piece of live Veniſon, that's a meane treſpaſs;* Cupid *hath enough in his Park.*

A. Sir, I am glad you are ſo pleaſant, and do ſo well apprehend my intents. I was afraid, leſt my purpoſe being known, which was manifeſt in me to deliver, I ſhould have ſuffered repulſe, and have been blamed by you for my bold attempt.

No Sir, I do account it in you, a bravery of mind that you dare aſpire to reach a fortune, and pluck the golden Apples of Heſperides, *watcht by the old Dragon, the uſurer: But I would not have you loſe time in talke; I will bid the Groom prepare my horſe ready for your imployment.*

A. Sir, The whole ſervice of my life cannot requite your kindneſſe; for ſince you have granted this requeſt ſo willingly, I ſhall owe my good fortune to your favorable aſſiſtance.

A. Sir, I will pray that your attempt may be proſperous, for I ſhall rejoyce in your happineſſe, as much as in mine owne: Therefore my beſt wiſhes ſhall be, your good Genius to wait on you, while my prayers ſollicite Heaven for your happy ſucceſſe.

A. Sir, you have expreſt your ſelf a noble friend; and when this buſineſſe is paſt: all the ſtudy of my life ſhall be, to ſhew my thankfulneſſe to you.

A. *Sir, I wiſh nothing, but that you may obtaine your deſires.*

A. Sir, Next my intended purpoſe, my chiefeſt glory and ambition is, to thrive in your favour.

Upon his abſence.

Eugenius. *I proteſt to you, my faireſt, that I could never have believed that the torments of true affection could have been ſo miſerable; for I dare ſwear to thee by thoſe fair eyes, the ſtarres of my fortunes, that I dwelt with impaciency and ſorrows, till I ſaw you.*

C. It is impoſſible, Sir, ſurely I can hardly believe it.

Eugenius. *Miſtriſſe, I beſeech you to believe it, if you pleaſe; for I aſſure you that I could no longer endure, nor ſupport the violence and troubleſome tediouſneſſe, which I endured in the time of your long abſence; the object of my good, and ſo content, being removed.*

C. Sir, it may very well be, for you ſeem very paſſionate in your expreſſions.

Eug.

Eugen. *I proteſt that it is impoſſible for me to take any complacency in the world, but in that onely that flatters my affection, and in the aſpect of your rare form, and moſt excellent beauty.*

C. It pleaſeth you to terme it ſo; you are delighted in laughing at me, as you may at one that enjoyeth not the leaſt glimpſe of beauty in her ſelfe.

Eug. *Wherein, my deareſt, ſhould you conceive ſo of me? I do aſſure you with the better part of my ſoul, that I ſhould be miſerable, did I not really ſpeak what my affections ſuggeſt as truth: Know, Lady, that you ſee a man that is wholly yours, and deſires not to live, but for you and to do you ſervice: But that which troubleth me moſt, is, That of neceſſity,, I muſt abſent my ſelf from you, upon a very urgent occaſion; but I beſeech you to believe and conceive ſo of me, that whitherſoever I go, I ſhall carry with me the lively delineaments of your perfections, and that I ſhall not live, but by the* Idea *of your beauty, with perfect reſolution of obeying you; and therefore, my ſweeteſt, adieu for a while, and for the preſent have me excuſed, that I cannot enjoy the felicity of your moſt deſired company, but muſt take my leave abruptly.*

C. Sir, I infinitely thank you, and bid you alſo farewell, wiſhing you a ſafe return.

A merry, but civill Diſcourſe, betwixt Rowland, *and* Suſan, *ſitting up late together.*

Row. IT is time, *Suſan*, that I ſhould now diſcover my mind unto you; we have long been ſervants together, and ever ſince my firſt comming, I have born you good will, which I would deſire you to accept, and grant me your love.

Suſan. *For that you muſt pardon me; for I do not intend to marry, and therefore let that ſerve for an excuſe, ſince I would be loath to diſcourage you, and ſay, I cannot love you.*

Row.

Row. I hope you will not; for ſince I firſt beheld you, I have admired your perfections.

Suſ. *You know affection cannot be compel'd; therefore, I thank you for the good will which you have hitherto born; but, as for your love, I cannot accept of it.*

Row. Then I perceive, you love ſome other.

Suſ. *I deſire you to excuſe me, I cannot frame my mind to fancy you, though I know you deſerve my betters; but, for me to ſettle affection where I cannot love, would be an endleſſe miſery: The Bryer and Honyſuckle cannot well agree.*

R. Then you compare me to a Bryar; but I will with all humility put up your diſdain, hoping that the continuance of my love ſhall ſoften your mind, to receive me into ſome degree of favour: for I proteſt, I love you entirely.

Suſ. *The utmoſt I can do for you in requitall of your love, is, to give you thanks, and counſell to ſuppreſſe your deſire, and not to proceed any further in this ſuit, which at laſt, will become fruitleſſe.*

R. I ſhall be ſorry then, by this kiſſe which I preſume to take: none hath power over me, but your ſelf; I love you all over, and if you would licenſe my hand to ſtray about, how happy ſhall I be?

Suſan. *Fay, then I perceive your love is but a raſh and wanton deſire, neither can I ſtay with you any longer, leſt my abſence out of my Miſtreſſe Chamber, may breed ſome ſuſpition.*

R. Stay, I will hold you in the priſon of my arms, and if you will get your freedome, you ſhall yield me ſome of your ſweeteſt kiſſes, which are but ſhadowes of that ſubſtantiall happineſſe which you could afford me.

Suſ. *Nay, I pray be not rude, nor give me cauſe to ſuſpect, that your love is diſhoneſt: I had formerly a better opinion of you; but now I am jealous of your good intent.*

P. Par-

R. Pardon me, if love hath made me to offend in ſome boyſterous actions.

Suſan. *Come, pray let me be gone, I ſhall be angry if you hinder me.*

R. Sweet Rogue, I obey thy deſire, but let me prevail farther with you at our next meeting.

An enterchange of Ceremonies at parting with a friend, taking a long journey.

SIR, I am very ſorry that my affairs do compell me to take my leave of you, from whom I have received ſo many benefits, which have bound me in many ties ever to ſerve you; neither have I any way left, to ſatisfie my ſelfe in requiting your former kindneſſes, but to acknowledge them far above my requitall, and to deſire you, that you would both receive the tender of my humble ſervice, and command me in ſomething, whereby I might expreſſe how much I honour your deſert.

Sir, *I cannot chuſe but grieve, that you muſt now be divided from us by a tedious journey; yet, ſince he loves himſelfe better then his friend, that will not yield to any thing for his good; I am content in that reſpect, to loſe your company a while, wiſhing you a proſperous journey, and that in your abſence you would remember me, who will alwaies in my daily prayers, ſolicite heaven for your ſafe returne, deſiring to be excuſed for your poor entertainment, which perhaps makes you deſirous to be gone.*

Sir, Pardon me, the entertainment I have found, was far above my deſert; for which I render you a million of thanks. There remains nothing now, but that you honour me with your commands.

Sir, *I intreat you make not ſo great haſte to be gone.*

Sir, I could willingly defer my journey, to enjoy your company; but the Wind ſtands fair for

France,

France, therefore let us conclude all Ceremonies.

Sir, *Since you muſt diſpence with your departure, do us the courteſie to revive our drooping minds, with the good tidings of your ſafe arrivall in* France.

Sir, Be aſſur'd, I cannot be unmindfull of you, nor of my other Friends, to whom I intreat you to commend me, ſince I cannot take my leave of them in particular.

Sir, *I am glad you will do me that favour, to give me any imployment in your abſence, I will performe your deſire.*

Sir, I can but thank you for your love, in bringing me to my ſhip, which is a trouble that you would take upon you, though on my part undeſerved.

Sir, *I am happy to ſerve you in any thing. God ſend you a proſperous voyage.*

Sir, I doubt not, but I ſhall arrive in ſafety, trouble your ſelf no farther, ſince I cannot remaine with you to requite your kindneſſe.

Sir, *Since you will needs have it ſo, I will bid you farewell, with all the affection of a conſtant mind.*

To invite one to dinner.

Alex *PRay let me prevail ſo far with you to intreate your company to dinner.*

Clorin. Sir, I humbly thank you for your courteſie, but my buſineſſe will not permit me; therefore I deſire to be excuſed.

Alex. *Nay, good ſir, let me not be denied: I muſt confeſſe indeed, your cheer will not be worthy of your ſtay, but you ſhall be heartily welcome.*

Clorin. Sir, I ſhould willingly obey your deſire, but I fear to be too bold.

Alex. *Sir, You ſhall be moſt welcome, you ſhall command in my houſe, as in your own.*

Clor. Your offer is ſo large and courteous, that I muſt yield to wait on you, for you have overcome me in

in ceremony but you will draw upon your ſelfe many inconveniences.

Alex. *Sir, You will finde but coorſe fare; but ſuch as it is, pray eſteeme your ſelf moſt heartily welcome to, in a reall manner without complement.*

Clorin, Sir, Here is much plenty, and you wrong your ſelfe to excuſe your chear, whereof there is ſo great abundance, that, unleſs you would have provided all the variety that was in *Noah's* Arke, I know not how it could be exceeded.

Alex. *It is your favour to commend and accept of any thing, but pray excuſe me, once more I deſire it: if I had bin certain of your honoring my houſe with your preſence, I would have made better preparation for your entertainement.*

Clorin, Sir I deſire you rather to excuſe my boldneſſe, in putting you to ſo much trouble; you may perceive that I think my ſelfe welcome by my liberall feeding; I am no mincing Bride, whoſe thoughts of eating are took away with the conceit of the night following.

Alex. *I beſeech you, ſpare not; I am glad to ſee you ſo pleaſant; and, to increaſe your mirth, I will drinke to you a health in wine, in hopes you wil pledge me.*

Clorin. Sir, they ſay there is truth in wine; and if there be truth in wine, I will find it out, let the health be never ſo deep.

Alex. *I thank you for doing me this peece of juſtice: I pray ſee if you can make up a dinner; otherwiſe I know not how to be excuſed for inviting you.*

Cl. Sir, to decline ceremony, you have moſt worthily feaſted me, and honoured me ſo much, that I muſt ever acknowledg your exceeding bounty and courteſie.

Ceremonies at ſitting down at the Table.

Alex GEntlemen, Pray ye take your places, I know not how to direct you. But firſt, let us waſh

Gent.

Gent. *Be pleased to begin, for it is fit that we should follow you.*

Alex. In this matter ceremonies are needless; But you will do nothing without an example, and therefore I will begin.

Gen. *Then, in obedience to your desire, we will wash with you.*

Alex. I beseech you, Gentlemen, to save me a labour, and take your places.

Gent. *Sir we expect your sitting down, and afterwards we will not contend much for priority of place.*

Alex. Come, Master *Getting*, you are my old acquaintance, you shall favour me to sit here by me.

Gent. *By no means, that is not my place, here's a Gentleman deserves to be seated there.*

Alex. Sir I have designed you this place, pray let me rule you so far.

Gent. *Sir, I should be loath to be too troublesom, and yet I would not presume before my betters.*

Alex. Sir, you are too full of excuse; you may yield to take your due place, otherwise I should wrong you.

Gent. *Sir, I beseech you then to excuse me, and account it your fault, if I transgresse the bounds of manners, in assuming a place far above my desert, and which is of right belonging to these other Gentlemen.*

Alex. We might have spar'd this ceremony; for the appetite loves good dainties better then complements. Now pray carve for your selves, you are kindly welcome.

Gent. Sir, *we will not put you to any trouble in helping us. We know that manners will allow us to make a dinner, we come to trespasse on you.*

The Feasters excuse to his friend, after dinner.

Alex SIR, I desire you to excuse your mean fare and slender entertainment, whereunto I have pre-

preſumed much to invite you; but I hope our ancient acquaintance, and your owne good nature will procure me a pardon, in that I have done this onely to enjoy your company and ſociety; for your good diſcourſe is to me a feaſt far exceeding any dainties that I could provide for you.

Friend. *Your real kindneſſe hath been ſuch, and ſo unexpected, that I cannot give you ſufficient thanks for you courteſie and kind entertainment: all that I can retribute, is to promiſe, that I will ſnatch an opportunity to expreſſe my gratitude.*

Alex. You have honoured me enough, in your acceptance of my good will. But it is not wholſome to ſtir ſuddainly after dinner. Let's diſcourſe. You are converſant abroad, What news do you hear?

Fr. *Pardon me,* Sir, *the world runs round about me whileſt I ſtand unmov'd, never marking the motions thereof, and therefore I am altogether ignorant in novelties; it may be, you hear more.*

A. Indeed Sir, I have ſo many affairs, that I can enquire after none; I thought you could have given us ſome good intelligence.

Friend. Sir, *I deſire you to excuſe me, for I hold it fruitleſſe imployment; but to ſatisfie your requeſt, if I knew any freſh news, that were not yet in print, I ſhould be bold to acquaint you with it, ſince you deſire me.*

A. I will not importune you any further, but deſire your pardon, that I ſhould impoſe on you the office of an intelligencer; excuſe my intent therein, ſince what I deſired, was to paſſe away the time while we ſit, but now, if you pleaſe, we will riſe.

Friend. Sir, *Then I muſt really thanke you, you have made me bold with you, I will accompany you awhile to the fire, and then take my leave.*

To offer ſervice to a young maid.

AYM. Seeing you are alone, I would willingly attend on you, if you pleaſe to accept of my ſervice.

Maid. *It is more then I deſire or deſerve; and it would appear boldneſſe in me to accept of a ſtrangers company; For it is not for me, to entertain all ſhews and offers of kindneſſe: I can but thank you for your good will, I am not far diſtant from mine own home.*

Aym Pray let me bear you company, and by the way make me happy in ſome diſcourſe: reſolve me one queſtion, Were you never in love?

Maid. *Though it be no manners to anſwer one queſtion with demanding another; yet I will preſume to aſk, if you were never in love?*

Aym. Fair one! from thence ſprings my unhappineſſe. I am too forward in theſe deſires. I have beheld many beauties, but you have prevailed more then the reſt, to conquer my affection; and I muſt acknowledge, that in meeting you, I have met death or life.

Maid. *Pray ſpeak in plain tearms, I am ignorant of your meaning.*

Aym. I deſire you then, to know and believe, that I am already far in love with you, and I hope you will not ſcorn my ſudden motion, if I ſhould deſire you to reward my love with your favor; and by the way, let me intreat you, to think that heaven hath appointed our ſtrange accidentall meeting, and gave me boldneſſe to petition your favour and affection, which I hope you will grant.

Maid. *Sir, I know not in this caſe how to give an anſwer that may procure you content, but I deſire you to importune me no farther; but grant me time to conſider your motion, and this is my fathers houſe, whither if you pleaſe to come hereafter, I will ſtudy to reſolve you: howſoever you ſhall be welcome.*

Aym.

Aym. But before I loſe your preſence, which is my chiefeſt happineſſe, let me tell you, that when you go in, you bear away my heart with you, and I ſhall only languiſh in ſorrow, till I viſit you again.

Maid. *Pray Sir, do not hold me longer in diſcourſe, there are many jealous eyes that do watch an occaſion to expoſe me to cenſures, for maintaining with you ſuch unuſuall familiarity; let me entreat you, as you tender my credit, to leave me.*

Aym. I muſt obey you: honour me with an ordinary ſalutation, and I will vaniſh like a ſhadow, and return again to wait on you, who are the ſubſtance of my life.

To confer with a widow in an amorous wooing manner.

Aym. *I Would intreat you (fair Widow) not to diſcourage me in my firſt ſuit, ſince your modeſty and vertuous carriage in your husband's life time, hath made me bold to plead for affection, and to cheriſh a certain hope, that I ſhall obtain your good liking.*

Wid. Sir, I would not have you imagine, that my love to my former husband was written in a Table-book, the letters whereof may be ſoon wiped out again; no, it was engraven upon my heart, and there doth remain, to inform me, that I ought not to wrong him with a ſecond marriage.

Aym. *Nay, Widow, I muſt acknowledge you have a fair pretence to put me off, with the remembrance of your ſaid husband; but, will you always puniſh your ſelfe, and faſt from the joyes of marriage?*

Wid. It is my full reſolved purpoſe, and therefore let not any wanton opinion concerning me, give you hope of obtaining my love. Alas! ſince his departure, I am dead unto the world, and do but only live to ſigh, when I remember that I had ſo good a husband.

Aym. *His goodneſſe is gone with him, but for my part, I will be your loving active ſervant; Come, come, put off grieſe and falſe imaginations of honouring of the dead: for if his ſoul were capable of any knowledge concerning earthly matters, he would rejoyce to ſee you happily married; and as he gave you all contentment in his life, ſo he would deſire that you might be ſupplied in the ſame kind after his death.*

Wid. You ſpeak unhappily, but pray be ſatisfied, that I intend not to marry; yet I reſpect your good will, and in other matters will remain ready to requite your love.

Aym. *For other matters, I am ſatisfied; but your love is the mark, whereat I aim: why would you thus ſtrive to become a virgin again, and forget the conceit of former pleaſures, which are yet freſh in your remembrance; fie, fie, you do not well to make your ſelfe ſo dull of apprehenſion; I am come to offer ſervice in the right kind, and therefore you are very much to blame, to refuſe the tender of my reſpects.*

Wid. You ſpeak myſteries; but I deſire, if you love me, ſhew it in ceaſing to proſecute your ſuit; for I muſt tell you plainly, it will prove fruitleſſe, and of none effect.

Aym. *I cannot believe, but that I ſhall be more fortunately happy to obtain your favour; Words are not alwaies the interpreters of the heart, and I am confident for all this, that you love me.*

Wid. Perſwade your ſelfe to it, but I ſhall never give you cauſe to think ſo; yet, I will ever reſpect you, and be ready to do you any lawfull courteſie.

Aym. *Well, I thank you, that I have ſo far thrived in my ſuit; I hope hereafter to get deeper into your favour.*

Wid. Your hope is built upon a falſe foundation; and had I known your intent, I would not have held diſcourſe ſo long with you; I muſt leave your company.

Aym. *Let me rather take my leave; and ſeale*

kiſſe

kiſſe upon your lips, untill I viſit you again; for no mortall Widow ſhall diſcourage me, but I will come again with the more reſolute affections.

To excuſe ſome offence done to a Gentleman.

Aymwell. I Muſt acknowledge, I was ſomewhat too bold to enforce a kiſſe from you, in the preſence of other friends; but I pray excuſe my paſſion, and let your mercy be ſhewed in pardoning, as my folly was in offending.

Penelope. *Sir, It was ſo great a treſpaſſe, and ſo directly aimed againſt my white fame and reputation, that no repentance can ſatisfie for a fault of that nature.*

Aym. It cannot exceed the limits of forgiveneſſe; or, if your wrath muſt not be otherwiſe ſatisfied, enjoyne me ſome pennance, as great as your anger; whereby I may recover your loſt favour, and make it appear, how ſorry I am for committing ſo raſh an offence.

Penelope. *Nay, you may enjoy that kiſſe violently took from me before ſo many witneſſes, but never any more.*

Aym. I muſt confeſſe, it was my raſhneſſe; but if you will, that I repay it back again, I will give you intereſt for that one, and vow unto you, never to offend your patience in the like kind.

Pen. *Well, ſince you are ſo willing to repent, and to ſhew ſuch unfained ſorrow, I muſt needs accept them for preſent ſatisfaction, deſiring you hereafter to be more careſull of my credit, and never again to make ſo bold an offer.*

Aym. You have charmed me to obedience, ſince your words are a Law, which I dare not tranſgreſſe; for I am in all things your obſequious ſervant.

The Lovers farewell

Leonara. ALaſs, Sir! is this the hour that the ſevere rigor of your abſence muſt eclipſe my daies of their bright beams! O how this ſad

news do h fire my ſpirits! and not witho.t reaſon, ſince you (to whom I had wholly conſecrated my ſelf) will not vouchſafe a mercifull eye on my ſufferings for yo. r abſence.

Floreſtan. *Miſtriſſe, fear not, but reſt aſſured, that ſo long as life ſhall give leave to enjoy the Suns brightneſſe, never ſhall any other have power over me: do me onely this favour, that having given you theſe new aſſurances of my fidelity, you wou'd be pleaſed to render me ſome reall promiſes of yours. Beſides, I proteſt to you Lady, I will never acknowledge other light then yours, no more then the earth doth any other then the Sun and Moon.*

Leon. Sir, they are no falſe promiſes that I have made you, but true aſſurances drawn from my heart by the force of my paſſion. And know, that all things here beneath, ſhall ſooner change their naturall inclinations, then in me ſhall be ſeen any alteration from the reſolution I have made to love you; heaven it ſelf be my witneſſe.

Floreſt. *If, Miſtriſs, you love me thus, let your mind be confident of an equall truth from me; and ſhould you doubt of my affections, I will give you my ſoul for a pledge, and my heart for a ſacrifice, to ſhew you that my words are unfeigned; be pleaſed therefore to accept of this ſmall gift, not as a thing worthy of merit, but onely as a ſufficient teſtimony of my good will, fidelity, and faithfull love towards you; it being a thing ſo ſmall and unworthy of you, it will therefore be the more commendable in you to accept of it.*

Leon. Sir, I give you infinite thanks, and withall, do beſeech you alſo to receive this in requitall, for a remembrance of me, which is of a ſmaller value; be but pleaſed to take it in good part from her, who from henceforth ſhall not live but through your ſole remembrance.

Flor. *Thanks to you Sweeteſt; the gift truly is pleaſing*

ſing to me, but the giver much more.

Leonora. But Sir, is there no means to ſtay you for a little time that I might enjoy your preſence, which ſtands me inſtead of light and life; therefore your abſence will invelope me with darkeneſſe, and bring upon me (poor ſoul that I am) a thouſand grievious deaths.

Flo. *Miſtriſs I hope not ſo; for I am conſtrained through neceſſity of my buſineſſe, to depart hence.*

Leon. Oh, I ſee now too well, that that conſtancy of yours, which I truſted to, for remedy of my troubled thoughts, is vaniſhed, to give preſent reſt to my plaints, which you ſhall receive with my ſighs and tears, for true and burning teſtimonies of the ſorrow I have, to ſee my ſelf about to be forſaken by him by whom onely I breathe.

Flor. *Miſtriſs, I ſweare to you, my heart is alike touch'd with ſuch ſtrokes, for this our parting, that I can hardly breathe for griefe of it, and do already ſee I have loſt my ſelf, in the loſſe of the ſight of your ſtar-like beauty. For I am ſure, that once abſent from your luminous aſpect, each pleaſure will be to me a ſubject of griefe and ſorrow. However; ſince it will not be otherwiſe, I ſhall ſo part with you, as that my life ſhall ever be at your ſervice; and ſo farewell, dear Miſtris, live ſtill happy and content, whileſt I languiſh unfortunate, though conſtant: let not then my remoteneſſe alter your mind, more then it ſhall ſhake the reſolution I have long ſince made to live and dye yours; as for mine own part. I ſhall not think my ſelf abſent from you, ſo long as I am lodged in your heart, and memory.*

Leon. Farewell Sir, you poſſeſſe my ſoul; and I do even leave it in your power, conſerve it for a more happy ſeaſon then this of parting; and, in the mean ſpace, have pitty of all the bloody griefes, which the mere apprehenſion of your abſence makes me already

feel ſo vehemently, for I think it very ſtrange to leave you, whoſe company is dearer to me then my life. But to make an end of this diſcourſe, I do beſeech you, Sir, and let me conjure you by the ſweetneſſe of that love I have born you, and will all my life long devote to you, in reſpect of my cruel fears, to write often to me, during the unhappy time of your abſence: for in reading of your Letters, I ſhall perſwade my ſelfe that I am not wholly deprived of you, or loſt to your memory.

Floreſtan. *I vow to you, Miſtris, I will give you ſo many Letters for confirmation of my loyalty, and the love I bear you, that you ſhall have no cauſe to diſtruſt. And ſo I beſeech heaven to make you the happieſt alive, even as the Divine Creatour hath made you the faireſt and moſt accompliſhed: that he alſo make you ſo pittiful to retaine me in your moſt deſired favour, that I may be able continually to witneſſe, how violent my affections are toward you.*

Lady. Heaven grant, you may be as faithfull to me, as I am to you: and give you as much quiet and contentment, as you take from me. But what ſhould I ſay more? I muſt ceaſe to remember you of the force and heat of my affections, but not to intreat you to pity my martyrdome; and that whereſoever you are, to be mindful of me. And ſo once more I intreat the Deities, to grant you ſuch proſperity, that your fortunes may parallel your perfection.

Flor. *Reſt aſſured, ſweet* Miſtriſs, *to be beloved of me, though not equall to your merit; to which heighth it is impoſſible my affection ſhould raiſe it ſelf.*

A Diſcourſe betwixt *Mounſieur Device* and his humorous Lady; upon the Fancies of the Ribbands he wore in his Hat.

Moun. LAdy, the pleaſures of this ſweet morning attend you.

Lady. As pleaſant hours I wiſh to you: but why ſo like a fore-horſe, Sir? what mean thoſe Hieroglyphicks on your Beaver, thoſe Ribbands of variety of colours?

M. They are ſeverall Fancies, *Lady*, which I'le decypher to you: Here is an Azure and a Peach; Azure is conſtant, the Peach is love, which ſignifies my conſtant love. Yeſterday I wore Folimot, Gredeline, and Iſabella. Folimot is withered, Gredeline is abſent, and Iſabella is beauty; which put together, expreſs, that I wither and languiſh for your abſent beauty

Lady. But is there any reaſon for theſe diſtinctions.

Moun. O yes: for example, your Folimot is a wither'd leaf, which doth moralize Decay; your yellow is ——

Lady. I will inform you, Sir, of that colour, by ſad experience; 'tis jealous.

Moun. You are miſtaken, Lady, it is your Lemmon colour that is jealous, a pale kind of yellow; your perfect yellow is joy, your white is death, your milk-white is innocence, your black is mourning, your orange is martiall, a moſt orient colour in Heraldry: your fleſh-colour is laſcivious, your maidens-bluſh is envyed, your red is defiance, your gold is avaritious, your ſtraw is plenty, your green is hope, your graſſe-

Graſs-green is youth, your Sea-green is uncomitant, your Violet is religious, and your Willow forſaken.

L. Out upon the ignorance I have lived in! Mounſieur, you are ſo exquiſitely phantaſticall, that you can not but win admiration from the Court-beauties.

Moun. You are your ſelf all wonder, theſe are but Enſignes of that beauty your ſervant fights under.

L. The heavens ſmile upon you, farewell, and be victorious.

M. Your humble ſervant, and moſt conſtant Martyr.

The Gentleman Uſhers Grammar.

FIrſt, he muſt be bold to defend the right of his Ladies honour, both for priviledge and place: for the hand, and for the wall.

Secondly, he muſt be moſt neat in his cloths, from head to foot: neat in his office, in his garb, in his pace, in his coming off, in his coming on.

Thirdly, he muſt have a moſt artificiall memory to relate how this Lady and other Ladies do: how they ſlept, how their Phyſick wrought, how many viſits they have had, with other circumſtances of their Dogs, Monkeys, and Parachitoes.

Fourthly, he muſt be dexterous in his carriage, in his carving and marſhalling of diſhes, performances which r quire his moſt gracefull demeanours.

Fifthly, he muſt be vers'd in his ſeverall poſtures and congees: more particularly, he is to obſerve how to hand his Lady, to arm his Lady, to ſide his Lady, to draw out his Lady, to preſent his Lady, to ſhoulder his Lady, which is when ſhe takes Coach: to foot his Lady, which is when ſhe alights.

Laſtly, he is to be furniſh'd with his Spaniſh ſhrugs, his French ſmirks and faces: all which he is moſt methodically to ſet off with his refined language and reſplendent habit, thus prepared and inſtructed, through his

his diligent and obedient attendance, he may quickly ſtart up to be a pretty Adjunct, or Gentleman Uſher, for the temper, or ſtarelieſt carriage of any of the *Strand*, or *Coven-Garden*-Ladies, and by putting himſelf forwards, he may do ſomething, and dare much more; provided that he be not daſht out of any thing ſooner then diſcountenanced, untill his preferment ſtumble upon him.

The Love-ſick Picture-Drawer *OR.*

The perfections of ever to be admired *Clarinda*, repreſented and limned forth by her ſervant, as with his youthfull eyes he admired, and ſharpeſt fancies delineated, her ſuper-excellent features.

On her face.

HER face is loves-copy to read wonders on: ſhe cannot put her face in ſuch a form, but I muſt like it.

Her lively face diſdains all adulterous Arts.

A perpetuall ſpring of beauty dwells in that face of hers.

Fairer then *Chloris* in all her pride.

Her face vail'd with a robe of darkneſſe ſhines clearer through it, then the eye of the day.

The faireſt, ever nature made for wonder.

But to look upon her face, is to live.

Whoſe lookes would force the warring Elements into order.

A tempting beauty, and full of wanton flames.

The behaviour of whoſe beauty, is like a ſingular Muſician to a ſweet Inſtrument.

Care

Care-cauſing beauty, comprehended in the white Lillies and bluſhing Roſes of her cheek.

Her face refreſheth my ſight, like to the gloſſe of Emralds.

All the comfort that the Sun gives, is but a reflection of her fair and moſt radiant face.

Clarinda's face when it ſhines forth, expels the night more than a thouſand ſtars.

On her hair.

In thoſe twining curls *Cupid* is taken priſoner.

Her hairs, thoſe golden enſignes, thoſe ſnares of love.

On her brow.

She hath a lofty brow, where love doth ſit in triumph.

Her brow is a ſmooth milky *Galaxia*.

On her fore-head.

Her fore-head full of Majeſty and ſtatelineſſe.

The ſtately Fort, from whence the god of love diſcharges his artillery.

On her eyes.

Her eyes ſhedding a firmament of light.

By thoſe fair eyes, from which this little world borrows the light it has.

Her Dove-like eyes.

Her wounding eyes.

Eyes full of grace and quickneſſe.

Her eyes, thoſe ſurfeit of delight.

She cannot cloſe her eyes, but the ſad world's benighted.

Her eyes the ſphears of Love, and load-ſtones of affection.

Liquorous rolling eyes,

On her ſmiles.

I am bleſſed with her immortal ſmiles.

Juſt ſo the Weſtern-gales bring on the Spring.

In.

In that ſweet dimple, when ſhe ſmiles, *Cupid* hath pitch'd his tents.

On her lips.

Life breathing lips.

Her Lips like threds of Scarlet.

Her Cherry lips.

Such a lip the morning gathers bluſhes from.

A thouſand *Cupids* call me to taſt her lips.

Thoſe lips would thaw a man into a ſpring, though he were more frozen then the Alps.

To riſe to her lips at firſt is too great an honour.

Cupid hanging down his wings, doth ſit comparing Cherries with her lips.

Permit me to take an impreſſion, or dimpled print, on my *Clarinda*'s lips.

Her lip's *Adonis* garden, where he that gathers flowers, may gather ſtill.

To ſuck her heart out at her lips.

Her lips are rubies of an infinite value.

For to taſt thoſe lips, none but would forſake Caſſia or Violets.

Her lips, loves ſweet Altar, where the heart is offered for a continuall ſacrifice.

On her kiſſes.

The unreproved kiſſes of chaſt *Clarinda.*

Her kiſſes ſpeak her Virgin; ſuch a baſhfull heat at ſeverall tydes doth ebb, and flow; as if it were affraid to meet our wilder flames.

A kiſſe from her, would warm the chilleſt blood.

By the Law of armes, faireſt *Clarinda*, I may demand a kiſſe.

To take a wanton kiſſe on loves fair Lips.

On her cheekes.

Her cheeks ſhine like ſparkling ſtones.

No ſadneſſe dwells upon her cheeks, to blaſt the tender Roſes.

Her

Her Cheeks are like to Punick Apples;
Her cheeks are ſpread with ſpices and Flowers.
Her cheeks of of pure Carnation, inameled with white.
Her Cheeks kindle my blown appetite, never to expire.
The blood in her cheekes looks like the b'uſhing *Sabian* Maids ſurprized.

On her breath.

Her breath doth ſent of Amber.
Her mother fed on Roſes when ſhe bred her: her breath is all perfumes.
Her breath diſſo'ves one; and he that taſtes it, is pleaſed as with ſweet Violets.
Her breath is like to the Weſtern wind, when it glads *Arabia*, and breathes Gums and Spices.

On her Voyce.

Her voyce is adorned with gracefull accents.
Her voyce above the airs of chirping birds.
The well-tuned harmony of her pleaſant voice.

Of her Language and diſcourſe.

She knows no Barbariſm in her Expreſſions.
Her beauty, ſet forth with ſuch ſweet language, cannot want an advocate.
Of a moſt diſcreet Diſcourſe, rich in Language.
Powerfull of ſpeech and behaviour.

On her neck.

Her neck is poliſht Ivory, white as the ſilver Dove.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts are a pair of Maiden-unconquered Worlds.
Her breaſts are the ſoft Pillows of love.
Her breaſts are twins where Lillies grow.
Living ſprings flow from her breaſts.
Her breaſts, two Ivory balls of laſting pleaſure.
Betwixt the amorous beds of her two ſwelling breaſts

breasts, Love summes his pleasures.

Her breasts are soft and tender as the Pelican's.

Her breasts are *Leda's* twins, interchangeably imbracing one another.

Upon her hands and fingers.

A small Spider finger'd Lasse.

Her slender delicate hand the wandring eye invites,

Her Lilly hand lay under her Rosie Check, couzening the wanton Pillow of a kisse.

Her fingers tipt with Ivory.

On her arms.

Who can do otherwise then imagine that these fair branches of my *Clarinda's* arms were made to take the great men of the World her Prisoners.

A Girle of a sweet incircling imbrace.

On her belly.

An Ivory rising hill.

Her lap is *Elizium.*

Her navel the Seal of loves impression.

The Valley of affection is not far from her Hill of pleasure; in that Dale I would repose my self.

On her womb.

Her Womb the mansion of *Cupid*, and Summer-house of pleasure.

Her Womb, that wanton dwelling house of love:

On her waste.

Her waste is slender as a wand,

About her waste *Jove's* Messenger doth dwell, to inchant all beholders.

On her thighes.

Her Thighes are fit subjects for the pleasant songs of youthfull Poets to acquaint the world with.

On her Veines.

Her Veines swelling in blew branches.

The Skie hath so much blew as from her Veines.

On her leggs and feet.

Her leggs as ſtately and firm as Marble-pillars.

Her feet active nimble, and beautifull.

On her chamber and bed.

Her adorned Chamber and Bed, perfumed with bruiſed ſpices, fruits, and odoriferous flowers.

Her Chamber for ſweetneſſe envying the flowring Spring.

Her chamber needs no other Sun, then her own beautifull beams to ſhine there.

Her Chamber is a mint of jeſts.

On Clarinda's *Looking-glaſſe.*

Her ſmiling glaſſe is an antidote againſt the Sythe of time.

She needs not look into that mirrour, for every things becomes her exactly well, into which whoſoever looks, they do but read over again the *Syntaxis* of her beauty.

Further Obſervations, Expreſſions, and Concluſions upon the flames of Love, and captivity of the ſervants of Venus, *and her blind Son, with ſome Rules and Remedies.*

Out upon this Love! what Apes, Dogs, and Cats it makes men look like. How heavy and dull-ey'd a Lovers Miſtreſſe ſits, like *Phœbe* ſhadowed to him in a dull ſable Cloud.

Love a fair Lady; but love her ſo, that you may find room for a freſh beauty.

A Lover, that with his proteſtations, and tedious complements, waſteth his lungs.

A lovers loyal death argues the inconſtancy of his Miſtriſſe.

A Lover that diſperſes his ſoul in ſighes, his eares are ſwoln bigger then his eyes.

A Lover that diſtils his thoughts into his Miſtriſſes eares.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes eyes.

One endeared to his Miſtriſſes beauty.

A Lover that will prattle in his ſleep, and when he walks forth, acquaint every Grove with his tell-tale love; then ſits croſſe-armed, hangs his head over a Cryſtall Brook, and weeps till it ſwells to an Ocean.

The ſoft and ſimple war of Lovers.

A fellow that will praiſe the hand and foot, and ſay the face is Angelical? lye and diſſemble moſt groſly.

Drunk with the devices, and love-ſick glances of women.

One that will gallop on in praiſes of his Miſtriſſe, and be a profeſſed *Homer* of women.

Coridon courted *Phillis* with a faint kiſſe:
No better could the ſilly Swains then this.

What would *Hercules* with his five Miſtiſſes have ſaid to a *Platonik* love-ſick Heretick,

By the power of Love all things were made, and are ſtill continued.

Love was bred in the dear boſom of *Venus*.

Love that Divine quinteſſence, that finds ſuch a ſympathy in beauty.

Luſt doth but uſurpe the name of Love; for love it ſelf is a furnace of pure flames.

Love is that tyrant in his Laws, that divorces our ſenſe from reaſon, and makes a tempeſt in the ſoul.

Love is a ſpark of pleaſure, kindled by vain deſire.

Love is a fiery froſt.

Love though blind, beholds beauty : and though naked, feeles no cold.

Cupids Bark, will fail with every wind.

Love keeps his revells, when they are but two.

Reason retires, when love and pleasure enters.

Unlawfull means do make love lawfull.

Love is most true, when he doth most faign.

Shew passion in thy looks, entertain not any in thy breast.

A new school of love, with Questions and answers, resolving the doubts of Lovers.

Q Ieſt. *What is love ?*

A. It is the receptacle of pensive minds.

Q. How comes it to passe that many times we love those we never saw ?

A. Rare persons are like to Tapestries, that seem fairer far off, then near at hand ? and it is the reputation of what is absent as concealed, that allures.

Q Why do lovers fall out ?

A. To agree the better, since afterwards they desire a re-union with the greater fervour and passion.

Q. Who is most constant in love, a man or a woman ?

A. Experience confirms that, wee see more women deceived by men, then men by women ; they know their own unworthinesse, and therefore not so confident.

Q. Why do women love those so intirely, that they deliver ea up Virgin-purity to?

A. In

A. In acknowledgment of their perfection.

Q. *How is it that there are many more women in the world then men?*

A. Women are exempted from the war: and in nature the worst things are most plentifull.

If women were as little, as they'r good.
A peascod would make them a gown and hood.

Q. *What is the greatest recompence a woman can make a man?*

A. To reveal to him her secrets, and make him Lord of her body.

Q. *How must a man behave himself amongst Ladies?*

A. He must be bold and hardy.

Q. *Why is love painted blind?*

A. Because the actions of lovers cannot be hid or dissembled.

Q. *Why be the secrets of love so easily kept?*

A. For the sweetnesse of that modesty that men find in them.

Q. *Why do some mens hair curl?*

A. From the abundance of their heat; Females want beards, as they are more cool.

Q. *Why do some lisp?*

A. Their sinews are putrified with flegme, or their brains are more moist; but their lips, according to the Proverb, have a golden mean.

Q. *Why doth a lover often keep in the expression of his tongue?*

A. By reason of his passions.

Q. *Why hath a woman a shriller voice then a man?*

A. There is a difference in the composition of the Veins and moist Arteries; and the passage where their voice is framed, is narrower.

Q. *Who are most secret in the sports of love?*

A. Women: since it so nearly concerns them.

Q. *What*

Q. *What is the meat of perfect Lovers?*

A. Sighes and tears.

Q. *Why have old men the repulse of young women?*

A. Because they have not wherewith to ease them of their griefe.

Q. *Why are Lovers so pusillanimous?*

A. From their passion, and fears of mind.

Q. *Why is* Cupid *pictured with wings?*

A. The desires of Lovers, for the most part, tend to high things.

Q. *Why do Lovers write amorous Sonnets to their Mistresses?*

A. Poetry is the friend of Love.

Q. *Why hath* Love *been esteemed a god?*

A. Because he makes the cowards valiant, the illiterate eloquent, the melancholly merry; his cheerfull divinity, giving Garlands to his Martyrs.

Q. *Why doth Nature afford* Love *so much pleasure?*

A. For the preservation of Mankind.

Q. *Why do* Lovers *spend whole nights in* Love?

A. Because their fancies are wholly placed on their endeared objects, so that they are forced to resigne themselves up to them.

Q. *Why do* Lovers *so observe the looks and glances of their Ladies?*

A. Because there is no part of the body, that doth so declare and manifest the interiour passions of the mind, as the eye.

Q. *Why are* Lovers *forsworn?*

A. *Cupid* laughs at perjuries.

Q. *Why are* Lovers *the better friends for their falling out?*

A. Because Love is a flame that may be extinguished, if it be not often blown.

Q. *Wherefore is it, that many times love is conceived upon an instant towards the object?*

A. Since

A. Since the eye, the informer of the intellectuall part, no ſooner preſents the object, then at the ſame inſtant it diſcourſes to the heart, to which it renders it as appetible.

Q. *Whence is kiſſing ſo eſteemed of Lovers?*

A. From the firſt celebration of the *Trojan* wives, who to keep their husbands from the danger of more Voyages, fired their Ships; and for their pacification uſed this Ceremony of their lips, which, with the novelty of their imbraces, quencht the fire of their diſpleaſures.

Q. *Who are more inclined to pleaſure, men or women?*

A. Women; for, men being of a better temper, are dryer and ſtronger.

Q. *Why are women more craftily revengefull then men?*

A. By reaſon of the weakneſſe of their natures; what they cannot do by force, they maintain by ſubtility.

Q. *Why is it naught to lie on the back?*

A. It cauſes Diſeaſes, diſturbs the fore-part of the brain, and procures the night-mare.

Q. *Why have women thicker blood then men?*

A. By reaſon of the cold, which doth coagulate and congeale theirs more.

Q. *Why is Venery bad for melancholly and lean men?*

A. Becauſe it dries them too much, which are too dry of themſelves.

Q. *Where are women of beſt uſe?*

A. *In Thalamo, in Tumulo*; in the Bed, in the Tomb, as one of *Marcion's* Scholars anſwered.

Q. *Why do young men naturally decline widowes?*

A. They would not drink in thoſe waters others have been dabling in before.

Q. *What waters of all other are moſt deceitfull?*

A. A womans tears.

Q. *Where*

Q. *Wherefore are amorous women more tickliſh than others?*

A. Becauſe their skins are more looſe, ſoft, and delicate.

Q. *How commeth it to paſſe, that women newly married, the firſt night, are ſo loth to go to bed, yet riſe the next day ſo luſty and joyfull?*

A. It proceeds from the perfection of the man, which having acquired to themſelves, they then know they are women indeed.

Q. *Why do men kiſſe the eyes of them they do affect?*

A. Becauſe they were the firſt beginners of love.

Q. *Why do many love fervently, yet are not beloved again?*

A. By reaſon their complexions cannot agree.

Q. *Why ſhould not we place our loves on thoſe that are too young?*

A. Becauſe they are ſo inconſtant, and evermore curious of new ſervants.

Q. *How comes it, that he that is ſoon taken with love, doth aſſoon forget it?*

A. He is like to one that rides a Gallop, and by and by he waxeth weary.

Q. *Why do men ſay, that Love is a perfect Muſician?*

A. Becauſe he tuneth and maketh harmonious the ſpirits, that had before no agreement.

Q. *Why is there ſuch delights in the ſports of* Venus?

A. That men might not abhor the uncleanneſſe of them.

Q. *Why do ſome women love the white, ſome the black complexion?*

A. Some delight in black, as hot, and more agreeable to their conſtitutions; ſome in white, as their natures are more cool.

Q. *What quality hath the ſanguine?*

A. He is fair, ſmoot-haired, he is ſecret, ſhame-

faced,

fac'd-ſpirited, Muſically given, a lover of learning, liberall and courteous.

Q. *What properties hath the Phlegmatick complexion'd man?*

A. They are ſleepy, moiſt, fearfull, covetous, weak in venerie.

Q. *What are the qualities of the Cholerick man?*

A. He is pale, unquiet, agreat drinker, little ſleeper, a lover of the ſociety of women.

Q. *What is the melancholy mans qualities;*

A. His Compl xion is brown, his Veins ſmall; he eateth little, hath a bad digeſtion, his dreams are confuſed, he is timorous and incontinent.

Q. *Wherefore is it that we tickle not our ſelves?*

A. Becauſe our own touch is naturall and familiar to us.

Q. *wherefore is it, that amongſt all kinds of Animals the Femals are moſt ſubtil? and ſcape more cunningly and craftily from the imbraces then Males?*

A. It is for the moſt part that they being more weake then the males; nature to repair the defect, hath given them a more wilely craft, for the conſervation of their lives.

Q. *What is the reaſon that women in the winter go thinner cloathed, and endure more cold then men?*

A. Every like is leaſt affected with his like; and women becauſe they are cooler by nature, feel the leſs cold.

Q. *Why do learned men often beget ſottiſh children?*

A. Becauſe their contemplations are higher raiſed then to ſuch beſtiall pleaſures.

Q. *If beauty failes, doth love decreaſe?*

A. Too often, for love is no other thing then a deſire of beauty.

Q. *Why do a certain Northern people ſeethe a ſtone called Gagates, and give it to them they are to lye with, the night before they injoy them?*

A To

A. To know whether they retaine their Virgin-purity, for it forceth to Urine those that are not pure from man.

Q. *Do you think, Love is so blind as the Poets would make us believe?*

A. Why not when the faireſt dote ſo often, as we have daily experience, upon the moſt foul and deformed.

What woman thinketh her ſelf moſt worthy to be beloved, the fair or the deformed?

A. Before I returne you an anſwer, ſhew me a woman that doth not think her ſelfe to be beautifull.

Q. *Why have men ſuch diverſity of opinions in their cenſures of beauty?*

A. Becauſe all fair and beautifull things, according to the Greek Proverb, are hard and very difficult to be judged.

Q. *Who is moſt conſtant in love, the man or the woman?*

A. The man, being both in body and ſpirit more firm, and more conſtant in his perſwaſions of love-affairs.

Q. *How comes it that he that truely loves is moſt commonly requited with the like reſpects of love again?*

A. Becauſe our ſpirits cannot alwayes reſiſt thoſe true and amorous lookes, and glances that are continually darted at us.

Q. *What is the trueſt aſſurance, we can give of our love?*

A. Perſeverance.

Q. *Why are lovers ſo unconſtant?*

A. Becauſe youth aboundeth with heat, and is ſubject to divers and many thoughts, and ſo cannot ſtay it ſelf.

Q. *Can Charmes worke love?*

A. Your magitians, and thoſe that write of nature, conclude ſo.

Q. *Where*

Qu. *Wherefore have women leſſe liberty to place their affections on many, than men?*

A. Becauſe their modeſty reſtrains them; which take from them, and ye take away their lives.

Qu. *Why do ſome bluſh and change their countenance, when they hear what they would not?*

A. Out of an anger which forceth the blood, till the ſpirits are quicted, to riſe from the loweſt parts, and to fluſh in the face.

Qu. *Why is a womans wit unapt for good, and moſt prompt and ready for bad things?*

A. 'Tis according to that rule of Philoſophy, That a woman is a mans hurt, and but a privation; now the condition of a privation is alwayes miſchiefe.

Queſt. *Why do women love fine cloaths better then men?*

A. Becauſe too often wanting the beauty of their minds, they ſtudy the more how to adorn and hide the imperfections of their bodies, which they are therefore the more ſenſible of.

Queſt. *Why do we love our ſight above our other ſenſes?*

A. Becauſe the divine force of love is placed there.

Qu. *What is the greateſt pleaſure, that a true lover can feel?*

A. To think that he is beloved again of his Miſtreſſe.

Qu. *Why are all things diſpoſed more to love in the ſpring time, then in other ſeaſons?*

A. Becauſe then the humours do move themſelves, and the blood doth wax hot.

Qu. *Wherefore are the angers of lovers of ſo little continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out for trifles.

Qu. *Wherefore do the Antients, picture Love with*

flowers in the one hand, and a fiſh in the other?

A. To ſhew that Love is Lord both of Sea and Land.

Qu. *Why are men rather amarous then women?*

A. Becauſe they are of hotter complexions, and their ſpirits are more quick and prompt.

Qu. *Wherefore are all joyes of lovers uncertain?*

A. Becauſe in love are diverſe caſualties, jealouſie, ſuſpition, anger, peace, diſdain.

Qu. *Why is it, that ſecret love is more burning, then that which is diſcovered?*

A. Becauſe in the one, a fire doth conſume, in the other, a friend doth give advice to quench the flames.

Qu. *Wherefore is it, that women and children weep often, and with more facility then men?*

A. Becauſe they are more humid, and therefore when they are oppreſſed with griefe, they eaſily evacuate their plenty of moiſture with tears.

Qu. *Why did Nature rather make the brain cool then hot?*

A. To moderate the heat of the heart, that it might ſerve in ſtead of a Fan to cool it.

Qu. *Wherefore is it ſaid, What is a woman but her tongue?*

A. Becauſe antiently they had no other defence or weapon but that; but now they have better fortified themſelves with tongue, tooth, and nailes.

Qu. *What kind of people are thoſe, that do not ſleep in their own faces?*

A. Whores that paint, and put on other faces.

Qu. *What is the reaſon, that if a man hath committed any great crime, he cannot diſſemble it in his eyes and countenance?*

A. Becauſe the eye is the meſſenger of the heart, and the glaſſe wherein the mind doth ſhine, Nature it ſelfe, as it were, being a ſecond conſcience.

Qu. *Why*

Q. Why do thoſe look pale that are much grieved?

A. Becauſe nature flieth to the inward parts, with that blood which doth paint the skin.

Q. Wherefore have lovers feeble voices?

A. Out of the fear they have to diſpleaſe their Ladies.

Q. Wherefore is it, that a man being toucht with love, cannot rid himſelf of that paſſion by any dexterity?

A. Becauſe a delicate ſweet motion doth tranſport him to the thing he deſires, and with a certain admiration winds him into the nets of love.

Qu. *Wherefore are lovers for the moſt part ready to weep?*

A. Becauſe by nature they are fearfull, ſuſpitious, jealous, and alwaies troubled.

Qu. *Why be women ſo prone to yeild to love?*

A. Becauſe dame nature hath endowed them with a delicate touch, With Complexions hot and moiſt, things moſt requiſite for there creations of *Venus*.

Q. *What do lovers chiefly delight in?*

A. Tranquillity and abundance, Revels, Banquets, Masks, Plays, ſoft Beds, and pleaſant Dreams.

Queſt. *What creatures of all others are moſt wanton?*

A. Inſatiate women, according to the old Verſe,

One Cock ſufficeth twice ten hen;
Scarce one lew'd woman thrice five men.

Q. *What, think you, do the eyes moſt betray that a man would keep ſecret?*

A. Love and drunkenneſſe.

Q. *From whence is derived the power of feeling?*

A. As the root of life, it ſpreads it ſelf through every part of the body, by ſinews, which deſcend from the head to the foot, like a net caſt over the body?

Q. *What are the three first members formed in the womb after conception?*

A. The Heart, the Brain, and the Liver:

Q. *When a man dies, which is the last part of him that stirs; which, of a woman?*

A. The last part of a man, is his heart; of a woman, her tongue.

Qu. *What is death very fitly resembled unto?*

A. To a woman, or a shadow; for, seek it, and it flies you: and so a woman, according to the old Poet;

Follow a shadow and it flies you:
Seem to flie it, it will pursue you:
So court a woman she'l deny you,
Let her alone, she will court you.

Q. *What was the Philosopher so thankfull for?*

A. For four things; 1, That he lived in the time of *Socrates.* 2. That he was a *Grecian*, and not a *Barbarian.* 3. That he was a man and not a beast. 4. That he was a man, and not a woman.

Qu. *What birds are shortest liv'd?*

A. Sparrowes, which for their salicity and wantonnesse eight times in an hour, live not above two years.

Q. *Why is love compared to a Labyrinth?*

A. Because the first entrance into it, is easie; but it will put a man to his best wits to get out of it again.

Qu. *Why do the amorous send forth so many sighs?*

A. Love is a Cough, it hath too many passions, and therefore must have a vent; it tendeth forth in respect of its continuall thoughts, all the heat of the heart: from whence of necessitie it commeth, that they that are in love must often respire and breathe; from which respirations, sighings arise.

Q. *Wherefore was* Paris *desirous to see the three Goddesses naked?*

A. That

A. That he might give the better judgement by viewing the proprotion of their bodies; O how many ſeem fair and beautifull to the outward appearance, which ſtript of their crimſon and rich attires, would appear like fleyed Cats!

Q. *Why did the Poet call love a Tragedy?*

A. Becauſe 'ts alwaies accompanied with heavineſs, complaint, and many interchangeable myſteries and events.

Q. *Why are the angers of Lovers, of ſo ſhort continuance?*

A. Becauſe they fall out about trifles.

Queſt. *Is there any ſenſuall pleaſure above that of* Venus?

A. No, for that it cauſeth an univerſall delight throughout all nature.

Q. *Wherefore do men eſteem women to be evils, like the Fire and the Sea?*

A. Becauſe from them proceed infinite and unſpeakable miſſortunes.

Q. *What would a lover do being afar off, when he ſees a ſhip, wherein the* Lady *of his life is, in danger of drowning?*

A. He would make ten thouſand vows to Love, and with tears and prayers beg heartily for her, though it coſt him a taper as big as the Maſt of his ſhip, his godhead ſhall be promſed fair to have it.

Q. *Wherefore do young women love perfumes ſo well?*

A. They are of *Venus* train; and the Greek Poets affirm, that they never went from any place, but they left a ſcent behind them.

Q. *Why is beauty compared to a flower?*

A. Becauſe it ſo ſoon fades away.

Q. *Wherefore is it that maids having paſt the age of ripeneſſe, and loſing that time of marriage, become pale-coloured and yellow?*

A. By reaſon of the retention of ſuperfluous humours, which are evacuated by the conſummation of Matrimony, and thoſe corrupted within them viciates the blood, and brings them into great and dangerous deaſes, which can never hardly be cured, but by marriage.

Q. Wherefore is it that Celeſtial influences are neceſſarily concurring to the generation of man?

A. Becauſe, as Philoſophers hold, man and ſun beget man; *Aſtra regunt homines, ſed regit aſtra Deus.*

Qu. *Which be the nobleſt hearts?*

A. Thoſe which love, diſdain not to warm with his ſacred heat.

Q. *Why is Love painted naked?*

A. Becauſe the actions of love are ſuch as ſhould not be diſſembled.

Q. *Wherefore did* Apelles *paint* Cupid *with theſe words writ in his forehead*: Spring-time and Summer?

A. To ſhew, that in love are proſperities and adverſities.

Q. *Why did Painters draw on the borders of* Cupids *robe*, Life *and Death?*

A. To ſhew that love remains, both in life and after death.

Qu. *Why was* Cupid, *drawn by* Zeuxis, *in a greene robe?*

A. Green ſignifies hope, to expreſſe that lovers live in a continuall hope.

Q. *What ſecret device haſt thou to avoid diſcovery, yet ſend thy mind to thy Miſtriſs?*

A. To write with the juyce of Lemons, or Onions, which appears not, till held to the fire.

Q. *Which is the moſt voluptuous ſeat of pleaſure in the Femal?*

A. The navel, moved with ſoft touches of pleaſure,

Q. *Where-*

Qu. *Wherefore do lovers delight to wear their Miſtreſſes Favours.*

A. The better to expreſſe how conformable they are to their deſires and will.

Qu. *Why do lovers ſeek the dark?*

A. Becauſe they go about that which they ſuppoſe not to be very handſome.

Qu. *Why is it, that when lovers talk with their Ladies, the ſpittle increaſeth in their mouths; and when they dance, their breaſts ſeem as if they would fall off, their veins do hop with ſuch force?*

A. The firſt is cauſed from the heat of the tongue, whoſe motions reſolve into ſpittle; the ſecond is from the near neighbourhood that the Heart hath unto the Pap, from which all the vitall ſpirits do proceed, whither as it were retiring, it cauſeth ſuch motions.

Qu. *Why doth an earneſt view or beholding of beauty, make a man amorous?*

A. Becauſe the eyes are *Cupid's* Meſſengers, when the beams which proceed from the heart, do invite and conform themſelves to the thing viewed and looked upon.

Qu. *Wherefore commeth it, that lovers do delight ſo much in Muſick?*

A. Becauſe Muſick is laſcivious, and they take pleaſure in the effeminacy of it.

Qu. *Why is it, that young women in love, are never ſatisfied with dancing?*

A. Becauſe the immoderate exerciſe of dancing is venereall.

Qu. *What are the chiefeſt cauſes of the union and conjunction of lovers?*

A. Complexions alike wrought upon by the Celeſtiall influences.

Qu. *Why is Love pictured, ſtanding between ſlothfulneſſe and hatred?*

A. Becauſe idleneſſe doth ingender love, and love many times changeth into hatred.

Q. *Which were it beſt to ſerve, a maid, a married woman, or a widow?*

A. The love of a maid is moſt conſtant, of the widow moſt pleaſant, of the married wife ſlanderous and hurtfull.

Qu. *Of two lovers, which ſhall we eſteem to be moſt favoured? him, from whom his Lady ſhall take away a Noſegay, and put it into her boſome; or him, to whom ſhe ſhall give a Noſegay, that ſhe her ſelfe did wear?*

A. The property of a woman is to take, not to give; therefore ſhe loves him beſt to whom ſhe gives the Noſegay.

Queſt. *Of what colour ſhould a woman be moſt deſired?*

A. Of that colour wherewith we paint vertue, which is red; but moſt men love the paler complexions.

Queſt. *Of whom have women learnt to ſtop their ears againſt love?*

A. Of the Serpent *Aſpis*, which is deaf and venemous.

Qu. *Who enjoyes moſt pleaſure, the Bridegroom or the Bride, when they embrace?*

A. The Bride, as you may perceive by her cheerfull looks the next morning.

Queſt. *The eyes of the Lady, have they ſuch force on their lover, as the beams of the Sun upon the things of the earth?*

A. Queſtionleſſe they raiſe a ſpring of affection, if Love darts them.

Qu. *Falling into the hands of a pittileſſe woman, is it better to abſent thy ſelfe, or to have her continually before thy eyes?*

A. To get far enough from her.

Qu. *What are the ordinances of love?*

A. That

A. That affections be equall, that between a Lover and his Miſtriſs nothing be conceal'd.

Qu. *How is it that they which are dim-ſighted are moſt given to love?*

A. Becauſe they diſcern not the imperfections of the object ſo ſoon as others.

Q. *Do Curtizans love, or do they ſeem to do ſo?*

A. There have been many mad for love, ſome that have dyed for it.

Q. *Is love the cauſe of good or evil?*

A. Of good, it makes fools wiſe.

Q. *Do you think that a woman, without prejudice to her honour, may ſpare a little of her chaſtity to one that hath ſerved her a long time?*

A. I dare not affirm the lawfulneſſe of the act, or ſay, it is not without prejudice; but queſtionleſſe ſhe is in ſome reſpect to be excuſed, if ſhe give him ſome eaſe that hath for a long time faithfully ſerved her.

Q. *Is it ſufferable to falſifie faith in love?*

A. Some hold it to be but a veniall ſin, becauſe love is nouriſhed with falſhood and reaſon.

Queſt. *Who is moſt jealous the man or the woman, or which of them hath the moſt cauſe?*

A. The woman is moſt jealous, but the man hath the greater cauſe; my reaſon I will for this time keep to my ſelfe.

Complementall and Amorous *Poems.*

Encomions on the beauty of his Miſtriſſe.

BRighter then inſide Barks of new hew'n Cedar;
Sweeter then flames of fi e perfum'd with murrh
And comlier then the ſilver clouds that dance
On *Zephyrus* wings, before the Queen o'th'ſpring;

'Tis ſhe doth teach thoſe torches to burn bright;
It ſeemes ſhe hangs upon the cheek of night,
As a rich Jewel in the Ethiops eare,
Beauty too rich for uſe, for love more dear:
So doth a ſnowy Dove trooping with Crows,
As this my Miſtreſſe, or'e her fellow ſhows.
Since her whole bodies frame hath powr' t' have moved,
The chaſt *Hippolitus* for to have loved.
In ſum, her parts are white as Milk,
As ſmooth as Ivory, and as ſoft as ſilk.
O! who can her perfection tell,
In whom alone all graces dwell?

On her hair.

Her hairs reflex with red ſtreaks paint the skies.
Stars fall to fetch freſh luſtre from her eies,
Whil'ſt that thoſe golden threds play with her breath
Shewing lifes triumph in the map of death.

On her locks.

Her locks being platted like a peace of Wool,
Are full of ſweet, as ſweet of ſweets is full.

On her forehead.

Her ſtately front was figured from above,
Majeſtick, fair, well poliſh't high and pale,
Pure white, that dims the Lillies of the Vale.

On her face

Her face like *Cynthia's*, when in the full ſhe ſhineth,
And bluſhing to her love-mates bower declineth,
Such brightneſſe hath her Angels face,
Can make a Sunſhine in a ſhady place.

On the Colour of her face.

Such colour hath her face, as when the Sun,
In Summer his firſt riſing hath begun.

On her Eye-brows and Cheeks.

Each Eye-brow hangs like *Iris* in the skies,
On either Cheek, a Roſe and Lily lies.

Another

Another on her eyebrowes and breath.

Her bright browes drive the Sun to clouds beneath,
Sweet Morn and Evening dew falls from her breath:

On her eye lids.

Her Arches be two heavenly lids;
Whose winks each bold attempt forbids.

On her eyes.

Her eyes the contradictors of the night,
Like Marigolds unsheath their glorious light.

Another on the same.

Two jetty sparks, where *Cupid* chastly hides
His subtle shafts, that from his quiver glides,
Piercing the hearts of others; yet, they be,
Unhappy, since themselves they cannot see,

On her smiles.

Her smiles so sweet and nice:
On earth do make a heavenly Paradise.

On her cheeks.

Her cheeks like ripened Lillies steep'd in Wine,
Or gorgeous Clouds upon the Suns decline.

Another on the same.

Her cheeks with kindly Claret spread,
Aurora-like, new out of bed.

On her nose and breath.

Her nose is straight, and of a stately frame,
Her breath a sweet perfume, a holy flame,

On her Chin.

Her Crystall chin, like to the purest white,
Is loves pavilion, and the boyes delight.

On her ears.

On these Meanders if you gaze,
You soon will tread a lovers maze.

On her lips.

Her lips like Roses over-washt with dew,
Do by their breath, their beauties still renew.

On her lips and neck.

Her lips more red then Corall-ſtone,
Her neck's more white then aged Swans that moane.
O! who thoſe ruddy lips can miſſe,
Which, bleſſed ſtill, themſelves do kiſſe?

On her mouth.

Sweet mouth, that ſend'ſt a muſick-roſied breath,
Whoſe very words darts me a living death!

On her mouth and teeth.

Within the compaſſe of this hollow ſweet,
Thoſe orient ranks of ſilver pearls do meet.

On her breath.

She breathes forth flowres, ſhe makes the ſpring,
Perfumes the air, and comforts every thing.

On her tongue and words.

Her words do fall like Summers dews on me,
Her tongue ſtrikes muſicks ſweeteſt harmony.

On her teeth.

Her lips ne're part, but that they ſhow,
Of precious Pearl a double row.

On her ſpeech.

In all her words ſuch virtues couched be,
The learned thence fetch their Philoſophy.

On her voice.

A voice which doth the Thruſhes ſhrilneſſe ſtain,
And makes declining nature young againe.

On her neck.

Her neck's an Ivory ſhining towre,
Or like delight that doth it ſelf devour.

On her ſhoulders.

Theſe parching ſquares with ſilver skin,
Do paſſe the hate-ſpot Ermaline.

On her arms.

Her twin-like arms, that ſtainleſſe pair,
Fit for a Kings imbraces are.

On her hands.

Her azured veins do uſe to ſtray,
With pretty *Cupids* every way:
Moiſt Pearl, warm Snow, ſmooth Ivory,
Within theſe ſtrange compacts do lie.

On her fingers.

Long, ſmall, and fit for *Orpheus* Lute,
Which made the ſavage Tygers mute.

On her actions.

Her deeds are like great cluſters of ripe Grapes
Which load the branches of the fruitfull vine,
Offering to fall into each mouth that gapes,
And fill the ſame with ſtore of coſtly wine.

On her breaſts.

Her breaſts thoſe Ivory globes circled with blue,
Save of their Lord, no bearing yoke they knew.

On her paps.

Her Paps like two fair Apples in their prime,
From thoſe bleſt ſweets, Love ſucks his Summer-time.

On her good thoughts.

Her mindfull breaſt perfumes with Frankincenſe
And ſweeteſt odors, every fainting ſenſe.

On her waſte and ribs.

Fitly ſo named, ſince it doth waſte
Mens lives, untill it be imbrac'd:
Her ribs with white all armed be,
Compact with curious ſymmetry.

On her skin and fleſh.

Her lovely skin is white, like curds new preſt,
And ſnowy fleſh as ſoft as wool new dreſt.

On her navel.

Here love delights the wandring thought,
Whileſt that mine eyes aſtray are brought:
Since nature here would fain unite,
In curious circles buſie ſight.

On her belly.

Moſt beautious ſeal of Virgins wax,
Pity 'tis the impreſſion lacks:
This place with ſenſe my joy doth fill,
Since 'tis entitled *Cupids* hill:
From whence a ſeemly paſſage there doth flow,
To ſtranger pleaſures that are plac'd below.

On her womb.

Her maiden womb, the dwelling houſe of pleaſure,
O bleſt is he may ſearch that ſecret treaſure.

On her thighes.

Theſe are the ſubjects that do fit
The genius of an *Ovid's* wit;
Whoſe branches ſmooth as in the glaſſe,
Our Albions Cliffs in whiteneſſe paſſe.

On her knees.

Theſe knots of joy, and gems of love,
With motion makes all graces move.

On the calves of her legs.

Mark well how fair the fleſh doth riſe,
In her brave calves like Cryſtall skies.

On the ſmall of her leg.

View but her *Atlas* ſmalleſt ſmall,
More white then whiteſt bone of all.

On her feet.

Her feet ſo ſhort and ſlender, little, round,
On earth a finer pair cannot be found.

A taſte of his Miſtreſſes perfections.

She hath *Venus* lip and eye,
With *Diana's* chaſtity,
In thoſe parts I have reveal'd,
Venus beauty is expreſt;
Yet there are ſome parts conceal'd,
Which my fancy judgeth beſt.

The Concluſion.

Thus every part imparts a grace,
And beauty dwells in every place,

Loves

Loves Month.

May is not loves month, *May* is full of flowers,
But dropping *April*, love is full of showers.

Definition of Love.

Love is a freind, a fire, a heaven, and hell,
Where pleasure, pain, and sad repentance dwell.

Love will out.

The light of hidden fire it selfe discovers:
And love, that is conceal'd, bewraies poor lovers.

On the parting of Lovers.

Lovers well wot what griefe it is to part,
When 'twixt two bodies liveth but one heart;
And lovers say the heart hath double wrong,
When it is bar'd the assistance of the tongue.

On the constancy of affections.

Love well is said to be a life in death,
That laughs, and weeps, and all but in one breath.

Lovers Lottery.

The world's a Lottery, a Lovers prize
Is such a Girle that's fair, that's chast, and wise.

The quality of love.

Love is a spirit, that's all compact of fire,
Not gross to sink, but leight, and will aspire.

What love is.

Love is a golden bubble full of dreams,
That waking breaks, and fills us with extreams

Love delights to be alone.

Lovers best like to see themselves alone,
Or with their Loves, if needs they must have one.

Vowes of lovers.

We know not how to love till love unbind us,
And vowes, made ignorantly, can never blind us.

On the purity of their affections.

Needs must *Venus* wars be sweet,
When two Maiden-lovers meet.

Impoſſibility of concealing love.

The ſight of hidden fire it ſelf diſcovers,
And love that is conceal'd betrayes poor lovers.

On one ſick with love.

Where *Venus* ſtrikes with beauty to the quick,
Great are the cares of thoſe that are love-ſick.

The Error of lovers.

All men do erre becauſe that men they be,
And men with beauty blinded cannot ſee.

What love is.

Love is a ſubtill influence,
Whoſe ſmalleſt force ſtill hangeth in ſuſpence.

Love admits of no contrary arguments.

Love hates all arguments diſputing ſtil
For ſenſe' gainſt reaſon with a ſenſeleſſe will.

What love is

Love is a blinded god, and angry boy,
A ſlave to beauties will, a witleſſe toy:
A ravening bird, a tyrant moſt unjuſt,
A private hell, a very Sea of luſt.

Another definition of love.

Love is a ſowre delight, a ſugred grief,
A breach of reaſons Law, a ſecret theif,
A living death, an ever-dying life,
A ſea of tears, an everlaſting ſtrife:
A bait for fools, a ſcourge of noble wits,
A deadly wound, a ſhot which ever hits.

On ſuddaine affection.

From haſty love ſee thou abſtain,
'Tis luſt, not love, that ſeeks thus to obtain.

The effects of love.

This is the leaſt effect of *Cupids* dart.
To change the mind, by moulding of the heart.

Cruelty of love.

Love is not full of mercy, as men ſay,
But deaf and cruel, where he means to prey.

The parting of Lovers.

Love goes to love, as School-boyes from their books;
But love from love, toward School, with heavy looks.

A Maxime of love.

'Tis folly by our wiſeſt worldlings proved,
If not to gain by love, to be beloved.

Loves wounds.

One was the Bow, one was the Dart,
That wounded us both to the heart:
Then ſince we both do feel one pain,
Let one love cure us both again.

The conſtancy of Lovers.

Once learn to love, the leſſon is moſt plain,
And being learnt, is never loſt again.

The force of Love.

Were beauty under twenty locks kept faſt,
Yet love breaks through, and picks them all at laſt.

Of Muſick and Love.

As without breath no pipe doth move:
No Muſick's kindly without love.

A loving conjunction.

The day unto my hope doth now ſhine fair,
I and my Love in love united are.

Love finds an opportunity.

When love hath knit two hearts in perfect unity,
They ſeldome fail to find an opportunity.

Offers of love not to be refuſed.

Occaſion's wing'd, and ever flyeth faſt,
Coming ſhe ſmiles, and frowns once being paſt.

Patience of Lovers.

One may endure; for, when the pain is paſt,
Reward, though long it ſtay, yet comes at laſt.

Sorrowes of lovers.

Sighes are the eaſe calamity affords,
Which ſerve for ſpeech, when ſorrow wanteth words.

To his Miſtreſſe, on her expected humiliation from him for a rude kiſſe.

If that I muſt ſuch penance do,
I'le bow unto no Saint but you.

On the tears of Lovers.

In ſighs the Lover ſpeaks his ſecret pains,
Tears are his Oratory, words do make him tremble,
Yet womens tears fall when they moſt diſſemble.

On frozen affection.

There where the hearts Attorny once is mute,
The Client breaks as deſperate of his ſuit.

Of true and falſe love.

True love's a Saint, ſo ſhall you true love know:
Falſe love's a *Scythian*, yet a Saint in ſhow.

Love breaks all ſilence.

What fiſh ſo dumb, what beaſt ſo dull of heart,
That hears love ſing, and will not bear a part?

No buſineſſe like that of love.

The fair, the falſe love can
Admit, all but the buſie man:
He that hath buſineſſe, and makes love, does doo
Such wrong, as if a married man ſhould woo.

The perſeverance of a lover.

Deſire being Pilot, and bright beauties prize,
Who can fear ſinking where ſuch treaſure lies?

The beginning of love.

Fair beauty is the ſpark of hot deſire,
And ſparks in time will kindle to a fire.

On the lovers adverſity.

As the Stars in darkeſt night,
So love by ſuffering ſhines more bright:
For, like unto a hidden flame,
It will at laſt break forth again.

On Luſt.

Luſt makes oblivion, beateth reaſon back,
Forgetteth ſhames pure bluſh, and honours wrack.

On

On Virginity.

The ripeſt Corn dies, if it be not reapt.
Beauty alone is loſt, too early kept.

A cruell Miſtriſs.

Nothing ſo ill becomes the fair,
As cruelty which yields unto no prayer.

On Coyneſſe.

A way-ward beauty doth not fancy move,
A frown forbids, a ſmile engendreth love.

Another.

Fair words, and power-attractive beauty,
Brings men too wanton in ſubjective duty.

Another.

Hope and deſpair attend a lover ſtill:
Hope for to ſave, deſpair for to kil.

On Jealouſie.

Where jealouſie in baſeſt minds doth dwell,
'Tis metal *Vulcan's* Cyclops ſent from Hell.

On Pleaſures.

Something muſt ſtill be left to cheer our ſin,
And give a touch of what ſhould not have been,
To thoſe that know but pleaſures price,
All's one, a Priſon, or a Paradiſe.

On Chaſtity.

The unſtain'd vail, which Innocents adorn,
The ungathered Roſe defended with the thorn.

Another on the ſame.

Penelope in ſpending chaſt her daies,
As worthy as *Ulyſſes* was of prayſe.

A Chaſt Vow.

To thee as conſtant as the Sun to day,
Till from this light night hurries me away.

Proteſtations of Service,

I have vowed both love and duty,
To your vertue, and your beauty.

On the Court.

Thither let *Phæbus* Sons reſort:
Where ſhines their father, but in *Jove's* great Court ?

On her delaying marriage.

Where hearts be knit, what helps if not to enjoy :
Delay breedes doubt, no cunning to be coy.

On his deſires.

What can be ſaid, that lovers cannot ſay ?
Deſire can make a Doctor in a day.

On hand and heart.

Heaven ſeals that faith which firmly ſtands, (hands.
And joyns our hands with hearts, our hearts with

On misfortunes.

The man that ſtil amidſt misfortunes ſtands,
Is ſorrows ſlave, and bound in laſting bands.

On fate.

They fall which truſt to fortunes fickle wheel,
But ſtaid by virtue, men ſhall never reel.

On diſdain.

In high diſdain love is a baſe deſire,
And *Cupids* flames is but a watry fire.

Proverbs on their Complexions, with their Expoſitions.

To the red man read thy read,
With a brown man break thy bread,
The on's wiſe the other truſty ;
At the pale man draw thy knife,
From a black man keep thy wife,
The on's peeviſh, the other luſty :

On the power of tears.

Tears tie the tongue of an excuſers grudge,
And ſofts the rigor of the ſterneſt Judge.

On Muſick.

Muſick can hardly ſolace hummane ear,
When ſtrings are broke, and eies are fill'd with tears.

On

On continued griefe

Drops pierce the flint, not by their force or ſtrength,
But by oft falling wears it out at length.

On Marriage.

Maids do take more delight when they prepare,
And think of wives ſtates, then when wives they are.

On pleaſures and griefs.

Pleaſures like poſting guſts, make but ſmall ſtay;
When griefs bide long and leave a ſcore to pay.

On youth.

Youth learns to change the courſe that he hath run,
When he perceives and knowes what age hath done.

A merry Companion.

Like to the ſelfe-inhabiting Snail,
Or like a Squirell pent-houſed under his tail;
Even ſuch is my Miſtreſſe face in a vail;
Or like a Carp that is loſt in mudding,
Nay more, like to a black pudding:
For as the pudding, the skin lies within,
So doth my Miſtris beauty in a taffety gin.

On a modeſt fair one.

Beautie's a beggar, fie, it is too bad,
When in it ſelfe, ſufficiency is had;
It was not made to pleaſe the wandring eye,
But an attire t' adorn ſweet modeſtie,
If modeſtie and women once do ſever,
Farewell our fame, farewell our name for ever.

On his will.

It lies not in my power to love or hate,
For will in me is over-rul'd by fate.

On the loſſe of virginity.

Jewels being loſt, we find again, this never,
'Tis loſt but once, and once loſt loſt for ever.

On women.

Let Wolves and Beaſts be cruell in their kinds:
But Women meek, and have relenting minds.

On Coy Dames.

Hate and diſdain is painted in their eyes,
Deceit and Treaſon in their boſom lies.

Another.

Suppoſe thy Miſtrils fled from thee,
As *Daphne* from *Apollo:*
Yet ſhe at laſt changed will be,
If thou the chaſe do follow.

On the unconſtancy of Women.

They melt with words, as wax againſt the Sun,
So weak are many womens modeſties:
That what ſomtimes they moſt would ſeem to ſhield,
Another time, poor ſouls unaskt they yield.

Another on the ſame.

Women have tongues of craft, and hearts of guile,
They will, they will not, Hell is in their ſmile.

On luſt.

Luſt never takes a joy in what is due,
But ſtil leaves known delights to ſeek out new.

On Virginity.

Like untun'd golden ſtrings fair women are,
Which lying long untoucht, will harſhly jar.

Another.

Virginitie's a Roſe, which from the ſtem,
All fain would gather, gathered thy contemn.

On the modeſty of women.

Though men can cover crimes with their ſtern looks,
Poor womens faces are their own fault-books.

On womans tears.

A womans tears are falling Stars at night:
No ſooner ſeen, but quickly out of ſight,

A *Conſtant woman.*

Conſtant in love, who tries a woman's mind,
Wealth, beauty, wit, and all in her doth find.

On the passions of a woman.

A womans passion doth the fire resemble,
Never alike, they sin if they dissemble.

A Lovers griefe.

As if my selfe, my own sad mourner were,
Down from mine eyes there stealeth forth a tear.

On the fading of beauty.

The faireſt flowers of beauty fade away,
Like the freſh Lilly in the Sunshine day.

Another on the same.

Fair flowers that are not gathered in their prime,
Rot, and consume themselves in little time.

On the power of beauty.

The *Lybian* Lyons lose their sterneſt might,
If of a beautious face they once get sight.

Women envy one anothers beauty.

It is a common rule, that women never
Love beauty in that sex, but envy't ever.

On a beauty cloiſtered up.

Things much retain'd do make us moſt desire them,
And beauty seldome seen make us admire them.

On beauty in mean attire.

It is decreed, that features shall content,
And that true beauty needs no ornament.

On beauties not enjoyed.

Never were Cheeks of Roſes, Locks of Amber,
Ordain'd to live, imprison'd in a Chamber.

Beauties for the Court.

In vain our friends from this do us dehort,
For beauty will be where is moſt reſort.

Beauties not to be confined.

Heaven made beauty like her selfe to view,
Not to be lockt up in a smoaky mew:
A Roſie tinctur'd feature is Heavens gold,
Which all joy for to touch, all to behold.

On the excellency and power of beauty.

Beauty brings fancy to a dainty feaſt,
And makes a man, that elſe would be a beaſt.

A Rule.

Complain unto thy love with flattering art,
For gentle words do move the hardeſt heart.

The effects of beauty.

Beauty in heaven and earth this grace doth win,
It ſuppl'es rigor, and it leſſens ſin.

To his coy Bride on the Bridall night.

Why art thou coy, my *Leda*? ar't not mine?
Hath not the holy *Hymenean* twine
Pow'r to contract our natures? Muſt I be
Still interpos'd with needleſſe modeſty?
What though my former paſſions made me vow
You were an Angell, be a mortall now.
The Bride-Maids are all vaniſht, and the crue
Of virgin-Ladies that did wait on you,
Have left us to our ſelves, as loath to be
Injurious to our loving privacy:
Come then, undreſſe, why bluſh you? prethee ſmile,
Faith, I'le diſrobe you; nay, I will not ſpoile
Your Neck-lace, or your Gorget: here's a pin
Pricks you, fair *Leda*; 'twere a cruell thing
Not to remove it. O! how many gates
Are to *Elizium*, yet the ſweeteſt ſtraits,
That ere made voyage happy: Here's a Lace
Me thinks ſhould ſtifle you, it doth embrace
Your body too ſeverely: take a knife,
'Tis tedious to undo it, by my life
It ſhall be cut, and your Carnation Gown
Shall be pull'd off; Come, I muſt needs pull down
This Roſie Petticoat; why ſhould this cloud
Keep that light from me, that is now allow'd?
I 'm priviledg'd, appear to me in white;
'Tis like my innocent aim: what means this light?

Thou

Thou ſhalt be *Eve* i'th' Garden: We are alone,
Come let's to bed; why looke you ſo? here's none
Sees you, but I; be quick, or by this hand
I'le lay you down my ſelfe; in faith you ſtand
Too long i'th' cold, why do you lye ſo far?
I'le follow you, diſtance ſhall never bar
My armes from your imbraces: ſo 'tis well, and now
I'lelet thy Virgin-purity know how
Kings propagate young Princes; marriage-beds
Never deſtroy, except be Maiden-heads:
Fair Virgins fairly wedded, do repair
Declining beauties in a proſperous heir.
Come then, let's kiſſe, let us imbrace each other,
Till we have found a Babe like to the Mother.
Such a waſt, breſt, belly; ſweeteſt, why
Do you remove ſtill further? if thus ſhye
You'l make me ſtrive, I think you know
I have a warrant for what I am to do,
And can commit no treſpaſſe, therefore come,
And let us enter Loves *Elizium*.

A returne of the lye to his Miſtriſs.

You ſay I lye, I ſay Not, judge you whether:
But if I needs muſt lye, let's lye together.

To his Miſtriſs.

I love, becauſe it comes to me by kinde;
And much, becauſe it much delights my minde:
And thee, becauſe thou art within my heart,
And thee alone, becauſe of thy deſert.

A Clowniſh court-ſhip.

Excellent Miſtriſs, brighter then the Moon,
Then ſcowred Pewter, or the ſilver Spoon;
Fairer then *Phœbus*, or the morning Star,
Dainty fine Miſtriſs, by my troth you are;
Thine eyes like Diamonds ſhine moſt clearly,
As I am an honeſt man, I love thee dearly,

Loves prime.

Dear love do not your beauty wrong,
With thinking ſtill you are too young;
The Roſie-lilly on your cheek
Doth flouriſh, and doth ripening ſeeke
Thoſe flaming beams ſhot from your eye,
Do ſhew loves Mid-ſummer is nigh;
Your Ivory lips, red, ſoft, and ſweet
Proclaime thoſe joyes lovers do meet.
Then loſe no time, for love hath wings,
And flies away from aged things.

How to woo a Maid.

He that intends to woo a Maid,
With youthfull heat muſt ſhun the ſhade;
When *Flora's* Gardens are i'th' prime,
Let him and her pluck *May* and *Time*;
There where the Sun doth ſhine birds ſing,
Let them two both kiſs and ſling;
Till Summers faireſt Carpet ſpread,
Yields them a greene and pleaſant bed;
If lovers there would ſtrive together
Chaſtity would not weigh one feather.

On an incomparable Kiſſe.

Give me a kiſſe from thoſe ſweet lips of thine;
And make it double by enjoying mine,
Another yet, nay yet, and yet another,
And let the firſt kiſſe be the ſeconds brother,
Give me a thouſand kiſſes, and yet more,
And then repeat thoſe that have gone before,
Let us begin whileſt day-light ſprings in heaven,
And kiſſe till the Meridian's mask'd with th' Even.
And when the modeſt Secretary, night,
Diſcovers all, but by thy heaven flaming bright;
We will begin revels of hidden love,
In that ſweet Orb, where ſilence pleaſures move,

In

In high new ſtrains of unſpeakable delight;
Wee'l ſpend the dull hours of the drouſie night,
Reſiding 'twixt thoſe breaſts that are ſo white,
Where I ſhall know an innocent delight:
Embracing ſtill, for time runs on before,
And being ſpent, we ſhall imbrace no more.

A vow to his ineſtimable Miſtriſs.

By thoſe ſweet roſie bluſhes, that did move
Your dainty cheeks, when I firſt receiv'd my love;
By thoſe fore-running ſighes, whoſe gentle calmes
Perfum'd the air, ſweet as the Indians Balmes;
By thoſe ſweet Ruby Portals, that diſcloſe
Two Hemiſpheres of Pearl, contriv'd to poſe
The yet amaz'd beholder; by your eyes
Brighter to me, then *Titan* when he flies
Over Arabian Mountains, e're his heat
Doth cauſe the tiring rurall *Negro* ſweat
Under his preſſing burthen; by your hair,
Which pardon, ſweeteſt, if I terme a ſnare,
To catch a *Cupid* in; next by thoſe breaſts,
Moiſt bankes of Lillies, your Lover thus proteſts
With regiſtred vowes of love ſeal'd in this kiſſe
Of truth and zeal, that Deities want ſuch bliſſe.

To his Miſtreſs.

When firſt I ſaw thee, thou didſt ſweetly play
The gentle thief; and ſtol'ſt my heart away;
Render me mine againe, or leave thine own,
Two are too much for thee, ſince I have none:
But if thou wilt not, I will ſwear thou art
A ſweet-fac'd creature with a double heart.

On the paucity of the fair.

Number the dayes, the cloudy and the cleere,
And thou ſhalt find more fair then foul i'th' year;
But womens beauties, if thou ſo compare,
The greateſt number are more foul then fair;

But he that takes a foul ſlut to his wife,
Doth penance daily, yet ſins all his life.

To his Miſtriſs, on the frailty of beauty.

Let not brittle beauty make
You wiſer thoughts forſake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's ſweet, but beauty's frail:
It ſooner fades, 'tis ſooner done
Then Summers raine, or winters Sun;
Moſt fleeting, whileſt it is moſt cleere,
'Tis gone, whileſt you but ſay, it's here.
That time will come, when cheek, chin, noſe,
Shall be deflour'd o'th Lilly, and the Roſe;
And what will then become of all
Thoſe which you now your ſervants call?
Like Swallows, when the Summer's done,
They'l fly unto ſome warmer Sun;
Then ſeek, amongſt the multitude
Of lovers that dare to intertrude
Into your favours, One that may
Love for an age, and not a day;
One that will quench your youthfull fire,
And feed in age your hot deſire.

Diſdain for diſdain.

Tell him that hath my heart in chaſe,
But now at other game doth fly;
Green-ſickneſſe ne're ſhall ſpoil my face,
Nor puling heigh-haes wet mine eye.

To his Miſtriſs.

Ask me no more, whither do ſtray
The golden Atomes of the day;
For in pure love the heavens prepare,
Such powders to inrich your hair.
Ask me no more, whither doth haſte,
The Nightingall, when *May* is paſt.

For in thy ſweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.
Aske me no more, where *Jove* beſtowes
When *June* is paſt, the fading Roſe;
For in thy beauties orient deep,
All flowers, as in their cauſes ſleep.
Aske me no more, where thoſe Stars light,
That downwards ſhoot in dead of night:
For in thine eyes they ſet, and there
Fixed become as in their Sphere.
Ask me no more, whether Eaſt or Weſt,
The Phœnix builds her ſpicie neſt:
For unto thee at laſt ſhe flies.
And in thy fragrant boſome dies.

On his Miſtreſs kind expreſſions.

Thy words ſo cheer up this faint heart of mine,
'Tis briſker now, then when 'tis glad with wine.

An Invective againſt women.

Oh heavenly pow'rs! why did you bring to light,
A thing call'd woman, natures over-ſight;
That ſlave-borne tyrant, ſhop of immunity;
That guilded weather-cock, trunk of miſery?
Why? what is woman? She is ſuch a creature
As nature ſeeming to adorn her feature,
Forgot to make her honeſt; this is ſhe
That firſt did pluck from the forbidden tree;
From which ſhe then began to fall
From bad to worſe, from worſe to worſt of all:
And therefore thus I will define a woman,
To be a ſpeculative thing, that's good for no man:
A woman can do more then any devill;
Man God made good, but ſhe hath made him evill;
And theſe fond women, which we moſt men cheriſh,
Are the efficients why the wiſeſt periſh.

On his Miſtriſs walking in the Snow.

I ſaw *Clarinda* walk about,
When feathered-rain came ſoftly down:
Then *Jove* deſcended from his tower,
To court her in a ſilver ſhowr:
The wanton ſnow flew to her breaſt,
Like little birds into their neſt,
But overcome with whiteneſſe there,
For griefe it thaw'd into a tear;
Then falling down her garment's hem,
To deck her, froze into a gem.

On Love.

Love is a game of Tables, where the Dye
Of Maids affection doth by fancy fly;
And if you take ſuch pleaſures in a blot,
'Tis ten to one if that you enter not:
But being a Gameſter, you may ſafely venture
When that your point is oppoſite to th' center;
And watch your play, for now and then,
Do what you can, they will be bearing men.

A deſcription of true Love.

Two hands, two feet, two ears, two eyes,
One tongue, one heart where love ne'r dies.

A Reprieve for a love-ſick mind.

Thoughts, do not vex me whil'ſt I ſleep,
Grief do not move me,
Smile not falſe hope, whileſt I weep;
She cannot love me:
Had I been as cold and nice,
And as often burning,
Then as ſhe, had I been Ice;
And ſhe as I, now burning.
Tears flow no more from my ſwoln eyes,
Sighes do not ſo oppreſſe me;
Stop not your ears at my ſad cries,
Oh! but releaſe me;

Were

Were you as ſad as I,
And as full of mourning,
Very griefe would make you die,
At leaſt leave off your ſcorning.

A Reſolve.

Shall I be ſlave unto a womans will,
Or feare her frowns, that with a frown can kill?
Shall I powre out my thoughts to ſuch a one,
That cannot reſt till ſhe hath made them known?
Oh no, I'le hate your Sex, yet hate I'e ſmother
Becauſe I know a woman was my mother.

A whimſie to his Miſtreſſe.

Venus naked in her chamber,
Wounds more deep then *Mars* in Armour.

Her Reply.

If ſuch an enemy you feare,
Looke to it, ſee you come not there.

The Lover's Ghoſt.

Goe reſtleſs Ghoſt, tell that proud Fair,
She was my cauſe of dying,
And if ſhe will proye coy to hear,
Importune her with crying,
If angry looks ſtill threaten war,
Oh then tell beauties jewel,
Though Angels are leſſe fair by far,
Yet Tygers are leſſe cruell.
Tell her thoſe eyes that wrought my ill,
Never gave them power to kill
The heart that ſo adores them,
Tell her it comes to beg of her,
What cannot be prevented.
Upon my grave to drop one tear,
And I ſhall be contented.

Loves Exchange.

Hand, heart, and all I have is thine;
Hand, heart, and all thou haſt is mine.

The Lovers complaint and resolution.

Oh Love, are all thy arrows gone
That shot chaste fire?
Or is it my poor fate alone,
To feel desire?
Whose ends do fright us to begin,
And makes it though of love a sin?
Break heart: what strong affection,
Will it prove?
This is not lust; yet none
Dares call it love,
I'le gaze no more on her
Bewitching face,
Since ruine harbours there
In every place:
For my inchanted soul, alack she drowns
With calmes and tempests of her smiles and frowns;
I'le love no more those cruell eyes of hers,
That pleas'd or angry still are murderers:
For if she dart like lightning through the air
Her beams of wrath,
she kills me with despair;
If she behold me with a pleasant eye,
I surfeit with excesse of joy, and die.

On the Complexions and Constitutions.

The fair to folly is easie to be led,
The long are lazie both at board and bed;
The little for the most part they are curst,
The black are proud, so from the cradle nurst;
The fat are frolick, unto mirth inclin'd,
The leane with sadnesse are like satin pin'd;
The red are subtile, and their brows are sure
Both to their freind, and to their wedlock pure:
The fearfull and the peevish, pale and wan,
The black, a woman-lover more then man:

In

In fine, my friend, for thy more q iet life,
Too far truſt no complexion w ith thy wife.

Upon Clarinda's *begging a lock of hair.*

Divine *Clarinda*, ſhe whom truth calls fair,
Begged my heart of me, and a lock of hair;
Should I give both, ſaid I, how ſhould I live?
The lock I would, the heart I would not give;
For that, leſt thieving Love ſhould ſteal away,
Diſcretion hath lockt up, and kept the Key:
As for the lock of hair which lovers uſe,
My head laid on her knee, I prayed her chuſe:
Taking her Sciſars by a cunning art,
Firſt pickt the lock, and then ſhe ſtole my heart.

The Lovers undertakings.

Fierce Bulls, when *Venus* ſtings incite,
Loud-bellowing for their heifers fight,
The jelous Hart not then inclin'd
To fear, dares combat for his kind.
If Beaſts theſe bold attempts dare do,
What is't I will nor venture to?
I'le climbe up rocks my love to p'eaſe,
And do much more to give her eaſe.

Clarinda's *Picture to be drawn thus.*

INgenious Artiſt, teach thy pencill how
To paint a goddeſſe; I would have thee know
I have a Miſtriſſe thy admired art
Muſt limne like my deſcription, do not ſtart,
If I command a work above thy skill,
And ſend thee once more to *Parnaſſus* hill,
To hear *Thalia's* Lectures. Have you ſeen
The lovely feature of the Cyprian Queen?
Her cheeks reſemble ſomewhat, though each Roſe
In heis ſeem'd pluckt, but my *Clarinda's* growes.
Yet may they paſſe, the Lillies that do ſtand
Upon her breaſts, tell you my miſtriſſe hand.

As pattern to the witneſs of her eyes,
Nor want that heavenly virtue to ſurprize
Onely my heart; let them be lov'd by none
Whoſe glories are to captive every one:
'Tis onely my ambition for to be
Fit for my Miſtriſſe, here's juſt jump for me;
But to my firſt deſcription: For her hairs,
Let them be ſuch as chaſt *Diana* wears;
And let the forehead not inferior be
To that which ſhewes great *Iuno's* Majeſtie.
Let thoſe two roſie portalls, that I call
Her rubie Lips, be but ſo magicall,
As is her own, ſo ſweet, ſo balmy made;
Sure I ſhall leave the ſubſtance for the ſhade:
If you think theſe Enigmaes, and that I
Strive but to poſe you with my Poetry:
Making an argument you never ſaw
Such goodneſſe faigned by Poetick law:
I anſwer, ſuch divine parts you ſhall ſee,
Get ſuch a Miſtreſs, and but love like me.

On an ugly women.

Kate doth not onely hide her privy parts,
But breaſt and neck, where coyeſt maids go bare;
Yet there is one foul unbeſeeming place
Uncover'd left; what call you that? her face.

To his Miſtriſſe.

Deareſt, thy twin'd haires are not thread of gold,
Nor thine eyes Diamonds; nor do I behold
Thy Lips for Rubies, nor thy cheeks to be
Freſh Roſes, nor thy Dugs of Ivory;
Thy Skin that doth thy dainty body ſheath
Nor Alabaſter is, nor doſt thou breath,
Arabian Odours; theſe the earth bring forth,
Compar'd with thine, they would impaire thy worth.
Such then are other Miſtriſſes; but mine
Hath nothing earth, but all in all divine.

Upon

Upon the withered Roſe of his quondam Miſtreſſes cheeks.

DOſt ſee how unregarded now
That peece of beauty paſſes?
There was a time when I did vow
To that alone.
But marke the fate of faces;
That red and white works now no more on me,
Then if it could not charme, nor I not ſee,
And yet the face continues good,
And I have ſtill deſires,
And ſtill the ſelfe-ſame fleſh and blood
As apt to melt,
And ſulter from ſuch fires.
Oh, ſome kind power, riddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty, or her eyes.
She every day her man doth kill,
And I as often die;
Neither her power then, or my will,
VVhat is the myſtery?
Sure beauties Empire, like to greater States;
Have certaine periods ſet, and hidden fates.

A *Ladies prayer to Cupid.*

SInce I muſt needs into their School returne,
Be pitifull, O Love, and do not burne
Me with deſires of cold and frozen age,
Nor let me follow a fond Boy or Page:
But gentle *Cupid*, give me, if you can,
One to my love, whom I may call a man,
Of perſon comely, and of face as ſweet,
Let him be ſober, ſecret, and diſcreet:
VVell practis'd in Loves Schoole, let him within
VVeare all his beard, and not upon his chin.

To

To his Miſtriſs.

A conſtant heart within a woman's breaſt
Is Ophir gold, within an Ivory cheſt.

Her anſwer.

Of ſuch a treaſure then thou art poſſeſt,
For thou haſt ſuch a heart in ſuch a breſt.

A back-ſide Complement.

Miſtriſſe beleeve me, for I tell you true,
I cannot but diſgorge to you,
The quezy maw of my o're-cramb'd affection,
Suckt from your magazine of full perfection.
The comely ſpreading of your twelve ſiz'd feet,
Made me enamour'd when we firſt did meet.
Thoſe ill-matcht t-ins, then your columnious leg,
Gramercy ſhort coat, ſcrewed up the peg,
From love to admiration; ſure ſaid I,
The Fabrick, arch'd with monſtrous rarity;
What's underneath, ſhould one but dare to ſee,
'T would caſt him ſtraight into a Lethargy.
Keep cloſe I pray your Arcanum, 'tis enough
To view your Non-ſuch (moſt egregious ſtuff)
Your hand ſo like the fair paw of a purtock,
Your face the Effigies of my Grannams ——
Your eyes like to the Sun in an Eclipſe:
But O the fullneſſe of your well hang'd lips!
Your Gnomon noſe; oh how it doth me pleaſe!
'T would ſerve me for an Ephemerides:
To precipitate my ſatiated ſenſe
With its illuſtriall opal influence;
Who travelleth the craggy Alps ne're ſeeth
More choiſe variety than in your teeth.
All dainty Virginal knackes how they do chatter,
And make ſweet muſick on each tinkling platter.
Your neat compoſed bundle, to be brief,
Is of all Pack horſe carriages the chief.

But what needs praises? I'le say no more but thus,
Thou art a pretty ugly durty pus.

Another.

Fair Madam, thee; whose every thing
Deserves the close-stool of a King:
Whose head is faire as any bone,
White and smooth as Pumice-stone:
Whose naturall baldness scorns to wear
The needlesse excrements of hair;
Whose foreheads streakes our hearts commands,
Like *Dover* Clifts, or *Goodwin's* Sands.
While from those dainty Gloworm eyes,
Cupid shoots Plum-pudding Pies.
While from the Arches of thy nose
A Cream-pot of sweet nectar flowes.
Fair dainty lips so smoth so slick,
And truly-Alabaster check:
Pure Saffron teeth, happy the meat
That such pretty Mill-stones eat.
O let me heare some silent Song,
Tun'd by the Jewes-trump of thy tongue.
O how thy chin becomes thee wel,
Where never hairy beard shall dwell;
Thy Coral neck doth statelier bow,
Then *Io's* When she turn'd a Cow,
O let me, or I shall nere rest,
Suck the black bottels of thy breast,
Or lay my head, and rest me still
On that daintie Gogmigog hill.
O curious and unfadom'd waste,
As slender as the stateliest mast;
Thy fingers to breed my delight,
Each wart a naturall margarite;
O pitty then my dismal moan,
Able to melt thy heart of stone,

Thou

Thou know'ſt how I lament and houle,
Snort, condole, look ſad and ſcoul:
Each night ſo great my paſſions be,
I cannot wake for thought of thee.
Thy Gown can tell how much I loved,
Thy Petticoate to pitty moved;
Then let lover mercy find
To kiſſe thee once, though't be behind.
Sweet kiſſe, ſweet lips, delicious ſenſe,
How ſweet a Zephyrus blowes from thence?
Bleſt Petticoat, moſt bleſt her ſmock,
That daily buſſeth her Buttock,
For now the Proverb true I find,
That the beſt part is ſtill behind.

A Woing fit in verſe.

HE. Much adoe I have, god wot,
I would love, but thou wilt not.
SHE. Reaſon, Sir, men are not true,
HE. Why, was any falſe to you?
Sweeteſt I have lov'd thee long;
SHE. Yet, Sir, Love ſhould do no wrong,
HE. Prethee ſweet, come kiſſe me then.
SHE. No, Sir, Maids muſt kiſſe no men,
HE. I the Heavens for witneſs crave,
SHE. They will ſhine clear, though you'r a knave.
He. Never lov'd a truer youth,
SHE. Men do not alwayes ſpeak the truth,
HE. By all thoſe vowes that Lovers uſe,
SHE. Thus they proteſt, yet do abuſe:
And full oft maids are deluded,
When with kiſſes love's concluded.

Love-Queries.

BEL. When will love be void of feares?
TEL. When jealouſie hath neither eyes not eares:
Bel. When is love moſt male-content?
Tel. When lovers range and bear their brows unbent.

Bel.

Bel. Tell me when love is beſt fed?
Tel. When it hath ſuckt the ſweet that eaſe hath bred.
Bel. When is loves time ill ſpent?
Tel. When love doth farm and take no rent.
Bel. When is time well ſpent in Love?
T. When deeds enſue, and words work Love.
B. What call'ſt thou Love, I prethee tell,
T. It is a fountaine, and that Well
Where pleaſure and repentance dwell;
It is a work on holy-day,
It is December match'd with May.
B. I prethee faire one do not faine,
T. It is a Sun-ſhine mixt with raine;
It is a Tooth-ach, or like game:
It is a yea, it is a nay,
A pritty kind of ſporting fray.
B. Come, come, I'le heare no more, away,

A parley Betwixt a Fryer ſomewhat laſcivious and a faire Nunne.

FR. Since both our age, our ſex, and all do move,
Why doth not thy reſpects requite my love?
N. Thy habit pleaſeth not, others love black,
The white that's in my eye beſt fits a Lovers back.
F. Under this robe of black behold white skin,
Though black thou do'ſt exclude, let whiteneſs in.
N. To chaſtity Frier thou know'ſt thou art wedded now,
And that black robe is witneſs to thy vow.
F. My vaile I'le caſt aſide, if that hath bred
Any diſlike of me, to enjoy thy naked bed.
N. Thy vaile though thou forſake, thou art the ſame,
Or is my ſin the leſs, or leſs thy ſhame?
F. A fault I do confeſs it, but a ſmall,
And if a ſin, ſure 'tis but veniall.
N. To Violate Chaſtity is the great'ſt of crimes,
But, as a Votteſs, more a thouſand times.

F. Sure

F. Sure I can ſhrift thee for thy greateſt ſin,
If thou wilt not conſent, let's both walk in.

Another ſhort wooing ſit.

I. SWeet ſoul to whom I vow'd I am a ſlave,
Let me th' enjoyment of my wiſhes have.
M. Sweet ſir, let not a wretch that is ſo poor,
Expect to hoord up treaſure for his ſtore.
I. Yet ſtill take heed, leſt thou thy ſelf ſubmit,
M. To one that hath his wealth, but wants his wit.
I. Prethee be ſilent, beauty takes in rent:
M. But folly bought, is worſe then money ſpent.
I. Well, for this once, I'le take thee as thou art,
M. For richer, for poorer, agreed mine own ſweet-
(heart.

The fears and reſolutions of two Lovers.

D. What wouldſt thou wiſh? tell me dear lover.
S. How I might but thy thoughts diſcover.
D. If my firme love, I were denying,
Tell me with ſighes, would'ſt thou be dying?
S. Thoſe words in jeſt to hear thee ſpeaking,
For very griefe this heart is breaking.
D. Yet would'ſt thou change? I prethee tell me,
In ſeeing one that doth excell me?
S. O no, for how can I aſpire
To more then to my own deſire?
This my miſhap doth chiefly grieve me;
Though I do ſwear't, you'l not beleeve me.
D. Imagine that thou doſt not love me,
But ſome beauty that's above me.
S. To ſuch a thing ſweet do not will me,
The naming of the ſame will kill me.
D. Forgive me fair one, Love hath fears:
S. I do forgive, witneſs theſe tears.

The wooing of a coy Dame.

R. THe cauſe, my ſweet, thou doſt deny.
M. Becauſe thou doſt not pleaſe my eye?

R. Thy

R. Thy reaſon why to me impart
M. Thou doſt offend and grieve my heart.
R. There is no heart ſo fierce and hard.
M. Nor perſon of ſo ſmall regard.
R. Thy reaſon doth thy love control
M. Thou doſt torment my very ſoul
R. O remedy my loving ſmart,
M. I'le keep ſuch dangers from my heart;
R Why doſt thou thus thy beauty keep?
M. It will deſtroy it, Sir, to weep.
R. My paſſions doſt thou mock at too?
M. Farewell, Sir, without more to doo.

The Lover and his Miſtriſs.

HE. I ſay I love, and if thou ask, How wel?
My tongue replies to thee, No tongue can tell.
SHE. You ſay you love, be ſure you do,
For lying will not profit you.
HE. Madam, I love, and love to do,
And will not lie unleſſe with you.

A contention between a Wife, a Widow, and a Maid.

Wife. If to be born a Maid, be ſuch a grace,
So was I borne, and grac'd by nature too;
But ſeeking more perfection to imbrace,
I did become a wife, as others do.
W. And if the maid and wife ſuch honours have,
I have been both and hold a third degree;
Moſt maids are Wards, and every wife a ſlave:
I have my livery ſued, and I am free.
M. That is the fault that you have maidens been,
And were not conſtant to continue ſo.
The falls of Angels did increaſe their ſin,
In that they did ſo pure a ſtate forgo.
Wif. Why, marriage is an honourable eſtate:
VV. And Widow hood is a reverend degree;
M. But maiden-head that will admit no mate,
Like Majeſtie it ſelfe muſt faced be.

Wife

Wife. The wife is Miſtris of her family
W. Much more the widow for ſhe rules alone.
M. But Miſtriſs of my owne deſires am I,
when you rule others wills, and not your own.
Wife. Onely the wife enjoyes the vertuous pleaſure,
W. The widow can abſtain from pleaſures known.
M. But the uncorrupted maid prefers ſuch meaſure,
As being by pleaſure woo'd ſhe cares for none.
W. The wife is as a Diamond richly ſet.
M. The maid unſet, doth yet more rich appear.
W. The widow a jewel in a Cabinet,
Which though not worne, is ſtill eſteem'd as dear.
W. The wife doth love, and is beloved again.
W. The widow is awak't out of that dream.
M. The maids white mind hath never ſuch a ſtain;
No paſſions trouble her clear vertues ſtream.
W. Then what's a Virgin? but a fruitleſſe Bay?
W. And what's a widow? but a Roſeleſſe bryer,
And what are wives, but wood-binds which decay,
Yea, ſtately Oakes which by themſelves aſpire?
W. Wives are as birds in golden Cages kept;
W. Yet in thoſe Cages cheerfully they ſing.
W. Widows are birds out of thoſe cages lept,
Whoſe joyfull notes make all the Forreſt ring.
M. But maids are birds amidſt the woods ſecure.
Which never hand could touch, nor yet could take,
Nor whiſtle could deceive, nor bait allure,
But free unto themſelves do Muſick make.
W. The wife is as a Turtle with her mate,
W. The widow as the widow-Dove alone,
Whoſe truth ſhines moſt in her forſaken ſtate.
M. The maid a Phœnix; and is ſtill but one,
W. The wife's a ſoul unto her body tyed.
W. The widow a ſoul departed into bliſſe.
M. The maid an Angel which is ſtellified,
And now unto fair heaven aſcended is.

W. Wives

W. Wives are fair houſes kept and furniſht well.
W. Widows old Caſtles voyd, but full of ſtate.
M. But Maids are temples where the gods do dwell.
Wife. An office well ſuppli'd is like a wife.
W. The widow like a gainfull office void.
M. But maids are like contentment in this life,
Which all the world hath ſought, but none enjoy'd.
M. Go wife to Dunmow, and demand thy hire.
W. Go gentle Maid, and lead thy Apes in hell.
Wife. Go widow, make ſome younger brother rich;
And then take thought and dye, and all is well.
Wife. Alas, poor maid, thou haſt no help nor ſtay.
W. Alas, poor wife that nothing doſt poſſeſſe.
M. Alas, poor widow, charity doth ſay,
Pitty the widdow and the fatherleſſe.
Wife. We wives have children, what a joy is this!
W. Widows have children too, but maids have none.
M. No more have Angels, yet they have more bliſs
Then ever yet to mortall earth was known.
Wife. The wife is like a fair manured field.
W. The widow once was ſuch, but now doth reſt.
M. The maid like Paradiſe, undreſt, until'd,
Bears crops of native vertue in her breſt.
Wife. Who would not die a wife, as *Lucrece* did;
W. Or like a widow, as *Penelope.*
M. Or be a Maid, and ſo be ſtellifi'd,
As all the Vertues, and the Graces be;
Wife. Wives are like Apples ſerv'd in golden diſhes.
W. Widows good wine, which time makes better much,
M. But maids are grapes deſir'd by many wiſhes
But that they grow ſo high as none can touch.
W. I have a daughter equalls you my girle.
M. The daughter doth excell the mother then;
As pearls are better then the mother of Pearl,
Maids loſe their value when they match with men.

A maid's the perfect'ſt of created things,
The pureſt gold that ſuffers no Allay,
The ſweeteſt flower that on earth's boſom ſprings,
The Pearl unbor'd, whoſe price, no price can pay;
The Cryſtall glaſſe that will no venome hold,
The mirrour wherein Angels love to look,
Diana's bathing fountaine, clear and cold,
Beauties freſh Roſe, and vertues living book.
Wife. Maids cannot judge, becauſe they cannot tell,
What comforts and what joyes in marriage be.
M. Yes, yes, though bleſſed Saints in heaven do dwell,
They do the ſouls in Purgatory ſee.
Wife. There was never a wife that lik't her lot,
W. Nor widow, but was clad in mourning weeds:
M. Do what you will, marry, or marry not;
Both this eſtate, and that repentance breed's.

A Lover and his Miſtriſs.

L. Whileſt thou didſt love me, and that neck of thine
More white and ſoft than Roſes ſilver'd down,
Did wear a neck-lace of no arms but mine;
I envied not the King of Spain his Crown;
M. Whileſt of thy heart I was ſole Soveraigne,
And thou did'ſt ſing none but my beauties praiſe,
Which now, poor maid, thou doſt ſo much diſdain,
I envied not the Queen of Englands fame.
L. What though I ſue to thee againe for grace,
And ſing thy praiſes ſweeter then before,
If I within my heart imprint thy face,
Wilt thou love me again, and love me more?
M. Thou ſhalt be then againe my morning-ſtar,
Though lighter then yet floting Cork thou be;
And then the Iriſh-Sea more angry far:
With thee I'le wiſh to live, and die with thee.

A Lovers diſcourſe with his heart.

SHe's cold, thou hot, how can we then agree.
Not nature now, but love doth govern me

L. What

L. What if her heart be hard, ſhe ſtops her ears.
H. I'le ſigh aloud, and make it ſoft with tears.
L. Why then deſpair, go back thee hence away.
H. I live in hope to have a happy day.

A diſcourſe between a Lover, Death, and Cupid.

L. COme gentle death, *D.* who cals? L. on's oppreſt.
D. What is thy will? L. That thou abridge my wo,
By cutting off my life *D.* Ceaſe thy requeſt,
I cannot kill thee yet. L. Alas, why ſo? (way?
D. Thou want'ſt thy heart. L. who ſtole that ſame a-
D. Love, whom thou ſerv'ſt. Entreat him if thou may.
L. Come *Cupid* come. *C.* Who calleth me ſo oft?
L. Thy vaſſal true, whom thou ſhouldſt know by right.
C. What makes thy cry ſo faint? L. My voyce is ſoft,
Quite broke and ſpent with crying day and night.
C. What then, what's thy requeſt? L. that thou reſtore
To me my heart, and ſteal the ſame no more.
And thou, O death, when I poſſeſſe my heart,
Diſpatch me then at once. *D.* Alas, why ſo?
L. By promiſe thou art bound to end my ſmart.
D. But if thy heart returne, then what's thy woe?
L. That brought from froſt it never wil deſire
To reſt with me, that am more hot then fire.

The Curſe.

May that man whom thy embrace
Would make happy in my place,
By thy example prove
As falſe to thee and Love.
And e're thy amorous ſheets invite
Him to glory in my right,
May thy own fears make thee ſee
Meduſa in his face; that he
With every lock of hair
May teach thee to deſpair.
Yet reſt not there, but be more fond to know
Whether thy heart be ſtone or no;

Till of thoſe doubts to be releaſt,
Thou ſtrik'ſt a wound upon thy breaſt:
So bold, ſo great, that I
May be aſſur'd that thou wilt die:
Thus offer'd up a ſacrifice to me,
I may at laſt forget thy perjury.

A Vapour.

Give me a breath of thunder, let me ſpeak
Sonorous accents, till their clamours break
Rocks with their noiſe obſtreperous; I will warble
Such bouncing notes ſhall clear obdurate marble:
Upon mount Caucaſus heaven knocking head
Boreas ſhall blow my trumpet, untill I ſpread
Thy fame, grand Patron of thrice three Siſters,
Till Envies ears ſhall hear it and have bliſters.

Praiſes on her ſinging.

The Graſhopper chants not his Autumn quire
So ſweet, nor Cricket by the Chimney-fire.

On her Dancing.

Have you beheld the little ſable beaſt
Clad in an Ebon mantle, height a flea,
Whoſe ſupple joynts ſo nimbly skip and caper,
Dancing a meaſure, o're a Ladies ſmock,
With motion quick, and courtly Equipage;
So trips my miſtris, o're the flowry ſtage.

On her ſleeping.

Zephyrus breaths not with a ſweeter gale,
Through a Grove of Sycomores; the ſoft ſpring
Chides not the peebles that diſturb his courſe
With ſweeter murmur; Let *Amphions* Lute,
That built the *Theban* walls, be henceforth mute:
Orpheus ſhall break his Harp, and ſilent be,
The Reed of *Pan*, and Pipe of *Mercury*.
Yea, though the ſpheres be dumb, I care not for't,
No muſick ſuch as her melodious ſnort.

On

On her Spitting.

Like the ſweet Gums that from Electar trees,
Diſtil, or hony of the labouring Bees;
Like morning dew, that in a pleaſant ſhowre,
Drops Pearls into the boſome of a flowre:
Cupid with Acorn cups cloſe by her ſits,
To ſnatch away the Nectar that ſhe ſpits.

In praiſe of Sack.

Fill me a bowl of Sack with Roſes Crown'd,
Fil't to the brim, I'le have my temples bound
With flowry chaplets, and this day permit
My Genius to be free and frolick it;
Let me drinke deep, then fully warm'd with wine
I'le chant *Ben. Johnſons* praiſe, that evr'y line
Shall prove immortall, till my moiſtned quil
Melt into Verſes, and Nectar-like diſtill:
I' me ſad, or dull, till bowls brim-fil'd infuſe
New life in me, new ſpirit in my muſe:
But once reviv'd with Sack, pleaſing deſires
In my chil'd-blood, kindled ſuch active fires,
That my gray hairs ſeem fled, my wrinkled face
Grown ſmooth as *Hebe's*: youth and beautie's grace,
To my ſhrunk veins freſh blood and ſpirits bring
Warm as the ſummer, ſpiritfull as the Spring:
Then all the world is mine, *Craſus* is poor
Compar'd with me; he is rich that askes no more;
And I in ſack have all which is to me,
My home, my life, health, wealth, and liberty:
Then have I conquered all, I boldly dare
My trophies with the Pelean youth compare.
Him I will equall, as his ſword, my Pen,
My conquer'd world of cares, his world of men:
Then fill my bowl, that if I die to morrow,
Killing cares to day, I have out-liv'd my ſorrow.

To the Painter and his Picture.

I could not write before; but when I saw
The quaint presumer offering to draw
A piece beyond the richnesse of his Art,
I was as bold as he, and took't to heart:
For (if the Author failes not) Poets may
Dare with their Pens, as with their Pencils they;
Lord how the Painter lookt! her face he spies
And her fair face does make his colour rise:
He was amaz'd at first, when every part
Advanc'd by Nature, and not help'd by Art,
Came out to view him, as he thought and strow
How he and's piece must to the pattern owe.
He questions mispent time, and swears he had
Great injury when he first learn't the trade;
For had he seen you then, and known you too,
His service had been prentise unto you:
To you in whose most perfect figure shine,
What Painters call most rare, Poets divine.
Now let me tell thee truly, what I see;
Thou mak'st the Picture, and the piece makes thee.
'Tis true, thou do'st it well, for I have seen
Thee, when th'ast often lim'd out beauties Queen,
Not to have shewn such curious Workmanship,
Either in eye or brow, or cheek, or lip:
Thou do'st it well, I say, but yet, good Sir,
Allow most credit of the worke to her:
Did not she shew thee, when she sweet'y smil'd,
How to paint *Venus*, sending of her child
About Loves powerfull errand? one may know
By th'cast o'th eye to whom her heart doth go.

On two Lovers playing for kisses.

My love and I for kisses play'd,
She would keep stakes, I was content;
But when I won, she would have pay'd,
This made me aske her what she ment;

Prethe e

Prethee ſince I ſee (quoth ſhe) your wrangling vein,
Take your own kiſſes, give me mine again.

On a Miſtreſſe, too learned for him.

One proffer'd me a Wife, was fair and young,
Who had the *French*, *Dutch*, and the *Latin tongue*.
I thanked him: but I will have none ſuch,
For I think one tongue for a Wife too much:
Why, love you not the learn'd? Yes, as my life,
A Learned Scholar, not a learned Wife.

On his Miſtreſſe, ſick of a Calenture.

And muſt ſhe languiſh, and we ſorrow thus,
And no kind god help her, or pitty us?
Is Juſtice fled from heav'n? Can ſhe permit
A foul deformed raviſher to ſit
Upon her Virgin cheeks, and pull from thence
The Roſe-buds in their Maiden-excellence?
To ſpread cold paleneſs in her lips, and chaſe
The frighted Rubies from their native place,
To lick up with his ſcorching flames a floud
Of diſſolv'd Coral running in her bloud;
And with the damps of his infectious breath,
Print in her brow moiſt Characters of death?
Muſt the cleer light 'gainſt courſe of nature ceaſe
In her fair lips, and yet the flames increaſe?
Muſt favours ſhake this golden tree and all
The ripe fruit from her faireſt branches fall;
Which Princes have deſir'd to taſt? muſt ſhe
Who hath preſerv'd her ſpotleſs chaſtity
From every mans aſperſion, now at laſt
By Agues and Diſeaſes be imbrac't?
Forbid it, holy gods, or elſe who ſhal
Pay vows or let a drop of incenſe fall
At your neglected Altars, if you bleſs
No better this your zealous votareſs?
Haſte thou O Maiden goddeſs, to her aid applied,
And let not thy ſaving medicines be deny'd?

O rock her fainting body in thine armes,
Then let the god of muſick with ſtill charmes,
Her reſtfull eyes in peaceefull ſlumber cloſe,
And with ſoft ſtraines ſweeten her calm repoſe.
Cupid deſcend, and whilſt *Apollo* ſings,
The cool aire Fanning with thy gentle wings,
Ever relieve her with refreſhing wind,
And let thy mother with her treſſes bind
Her labouring temples, with whoſe balmy ſweat
She ſhall perfume her hairy coronet,
Whoſe precious drops ſhall upon every fold,
Hang like Rich pearles upon a chain of gold:
Her leſſer locks, as they embroidered lie,
Shall ſpread themſelves into a Canopie;
Under whoſe ſhadow let her reſt ſecure
From chilling cold and from a Calenture;
And if ſhe freeze with Ice of chaſt deſires,
O holy *Hymen* kindle nuptial fires.
And when at laſt death comes to pierce her heart,
Convey into his hands the golden dart.

On Love.

How ſhall I do to be reveng'd on Love,
There is but one way that I dare approve;
I'le ſteal his arrows, and I'le head them new
With womens hearts, and then they'l ne're flie true.

A Lover on the day-break.

Wherefore peep'ſt thou, envious day,
We can kiſs without thee:
Lovers hate the golden ray
That thou bear'ſt about thee.
Goe and give them light that ſorrow,
And to Saylor's flying,
Our imbraces need no morrow,
Nor our pleaſures eying.

On Maides.

When *Phœbus* firſt did *Daphne* love,
And could no way her fancy move;
He crav'd the cauſe; The cauſe, ſaid ſhe,
Is, I have vow'd Virginity,
Then *Phœbus* raged ſore, and ſaid,
Paſt fifteen none ſhould dye a Maid.
If Maidens then chance to be ſped
E're they can ſcarcely dreſs their head;
Yet blame them not, for they are loath
To make *Apollo* break his oath:
For better were a child unborn,
Then that a god ſhould be forſworn.
Yet ſilly they, when all is done
Complain mens wills have their hearts won:
When 'tis for fear, leſt they ſhould be
Like *Daphne* turn'd into a tree,
And who would ſo her ſelf abuſe,
To be a tree, if ſhe could chuſe!

To a Gentlewoman.

In your fair cheeks two pits do lye,
To bury thoſe ſlain by your eye;
Then this at length doth comfort me,
That fairly buried I ſhall be:
My grave with Roſe and Lilies ſpread,
Methinks 'tis life for to be dead.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I dye.
When I behold your lips again
Recover thoſe your eyes have ſlain
With kiſſes, like that Balſom pure,
Deep wounds ſo ſoon as made, can cure.
Methinks 'tis ſickneſs to be ſound,
And there's no health like ſuch a wound;
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I die.

When in your boſome I behold
Two hills of ſnow, yet never cold:
And Lovers whom your beautie kills,
Reviv'd by climbing up thoſe hills:
Methinks there's life in ſuch a death,
That gives new hopes of future breath.
Come then and kill me with your eye,
For if you let me live, I die.
Then ſure one death prevails not, where
So many Antidotes are near;
And your bright eyes do but in vain
Kill him whoſe life you do ſuſtain:
That I no more ſuch deaths ſurvive,
Your way's to bury me alive
In place unknown, ſeeing that I
Can dying live, and living dye.

On women.

Women are dainty veſſels fine
Both tender neat and ſoft,
They muſt be ſometimes born withall,
Since they do bear ſo oft.

Againſt proud women.

Breath of *Pandora*'s box, thou female ſex,
Sent to the world to plague it, and to vex
Poor Lovers: O that it had been ſo,
That man without thee might be man, we owe
His birth to thee; but as of trees we ſee
A skilfull Gardiner plant a Colony
Without an aid, and alſo here a Date
Unto a Peach-tree doth enoculate,
And there adopt into a Crab tree ſtock
The mellow Pippin, and the Apricock;
That from one branch, with wonder you may reach
A Plumb, a Cherry, and a velvet Peach.
Or as the Phœnix in her funeral flame,
Springs from her aſhes, and returns the ſame;

Who

Who whil'ſt ſhe make her cradle in her tomb,
Her birth ſhe owes not to the female womb;
But boaſt not, weaker ſex, that thou bear'ſt them,
That like a Lilly from a baſer ſtem,
Or like a Roſe pluckt from a ſpiny thorn,
Is honour'd, when the ſtalk is left in ſcorn;
So ſang and wept *Philander* as he ſate,
Bewailing to the woods his cruell fate.
And *Phillis* tyranny: a Cryſtall ſtream
Flow'd from his eyes, each pearly drop a theam
Of ſorrow, whil'ſt the birds with tuned wing
Sate liſt'ning round about to heare him ſing
The ſtories of his love, on every buſh
The Linnet ſate, the Nightingale, or Thruſh,
The Hare, the Ape, the Cony and the Goat,
The Doe, the Fox ſtood wondering at his note;
Fountaines wept teares, the Echo wrought this Song,
The Rocks, the Brooks that run along,
Wiſh't to be glas'd to Cryſtall, and to ſtay,
To heare him tune his grief to *Phillis* ay;
Who whil'ſt he ſate and mourn'd, and ſung, and wept,
Rockt with the murmur of a River, ſlept.

On a Shepheardeſs dying for love.

Chloris ſate, and ſitting ſlept;
Sleeping ſigh'd, and ſighing wept;
Sate, ſigh'd, ſlept, and wept again
For *Amyntas* that was ſlain:
Oh had you ſeen his face (quoth ſhe)
How fair, how full of Majeſtie.
And then ſhe ſlept,
And then ſhe cry'd,
Amyntas twice,
And then ſhe died.

On a Gentleman dying preſently after his Miſtriſſe.

She firſt deceaſed, he liv'd, and tryed
To live without her, lik'd it not, and died.

On the praiſe of his Miſtreſſe.

What would any man deſire ?
Is he cold ? then ſhe's a fire :
Is he hot ? ſhe'l gently ſchool him,
Till he finde that ſhe doth cool him :
Is he ſad ? then ſhe's a pleaſure ;
Is he poore ? then ſhe's a treaſure.
Loves he muſick ? here's the choiſe
Of all ſweet ſounds in her ſweet voyce.
Doth he hunger ? ſhe's a feaſt
Whereat a god may be a gueſt ;
To taſte Viands if he thirſt,
She's Nectar for him; ſince the firſt
Of men that was for ſin a debter,
Never any taſted better :
Here's all compleat, from head to heel,
To heare, to taſt, to ſmell, or feel.

On his Miſtreſſe.

My Miſtris is a Tennis-ball,
Compos'd of Leather fine :
Full oft ſhe's ſtrucken to the wall,
But ſtrucken under line.
He that will win my Miſtreſs will,
Muſt ſtrike her in the hazzard ſtill.
My Miſtriſſe is a Tinder-box,
Would I had ſuch a one ;
Her ſteel endureth many knocks
Being ſtruck againſt the ſtone.
But if you ſtrike the tinder much,
The match will fire without a touch.

Clarinda.

Poore credulous and ſimple Maid,
By what ſtrange wiles art thou betray'd ?
A treaſure thou haſt loſt to day,
For which thou canſt no ranſome pay.

How

How black art thou transform'd with ſin?
How ſtrange a guilt gnawes me within?
Griefe will convert this red to pale,
When every Wake and Whitſon-ale
Will talke my ſhame; break, break, ſad heart,
There is no medicine for my ſmart,
No herb nor balm can cure my ſorrow,
Unleſſe you meet again to morrow.

On Woman.

All you that Women love,
and like the amorous trade;
Come learn of me what women are,
and whereof they are made.
Their head is made of Raſh,
their tongue is made of Say:
Their love like ſilke, ſilke changable,
that laſteth for a day.
Their wit mock-ado is,
of durance is their hate;
The food they feed on moſt is Carp
their gaming is check-mate:
Their pride doth ſpring from Satan,
their vanity is a feather,
Their beauty is, ſtand further off,
their conſcience is of leather.

On his Miſtriſſe being let blood.

Fools, that beleeve that clearer blood
will forth thoſe purple channels flow;
Or that thy pure unſtained blood
can any ſoul-diſtemper know;
Or that thy weak ſteele can inciſe
that cryſtall caſe wherein it lies:
Know that her blood doth proudly beat
a dance quite through her azure veins;
Whoſe harmony no cold nor heat
diſturbs, whoſe hue no tincture ſtaines,

And the hard rock wherein it dwells,
The keeneſt dart of love expels.
But thou reply'ſt, behold ſhe bleeds,
Thou art deceiv'd, and doſt not know
The muſick-knot whence it proceeds:
How lovers in each other grow.
Thou ſtrik'ſt her arme, but twas my heart
Shed all the blood, felt all the ſmart.

Lack-wit's *Ironicall praiſe of his Miſtriſs.*

Her haires they are but thin, in all but three;
O curious hair, as big as wheaten ſtraw;
Her noſe ſurmounts three inches in degree,
In ſhape and colour like a Lobſters claw:
Her lips like two blew Figs, of liquoriſh kiſſing,
Her teeth like ranks of clouds, O double bleſſing,
Her forehead flat, pleited with lovely folds
Her eyes like ſnuffs of candles prick and beck
Her paps like globes, which up her belly holds,
As *Atlas* doth the heavens on his neck;
Her fingers ſhort, yet fat, piec't out with nailes.
No waſt at all, her body is ſo ſquare;
Her girdle may in any place be found,
Her legs like arms, her feet ſo broad they are
Like two Colloſſes, fixed on the ground.
But what may not be nam'd, I here omit,
So large a marke, that who ſo ſhoots may hit.

On Muſik.

When whiſpring ſtreames with pleaſing wind,
Diſtill ſoft paſſions through the heart,
And whilſt at every ſtraine we find
Our pulſes beat and beare a part:
When threats do make,
Our hearts to quake.
Philoſophers can ſcarce deny.
Our ſouls conſiſt of harmony.

When

When unto heaven joyes we fain,
What e're the ſoul affecteth moſt;
Which only thus we can explain
By muſick of the winged hoſt,
Whoſe layes we think,
Make ſtars to wink,
Philoſophy can ſcarce deny
Our ſoules conſiſt of harmony.
O lull me, lull me, charming aire,
My ſenſes rock with muſick ſweet,
Like ſnow on wooll thy fallings are,
Soft like ſpirits are thy feet.
Griefe who needs feare,
That hath an eare,
Down let him lie,
And ſlumbering die,
And change his ſoul for harmony.

To her Suiter that would have lain with her before marriage, ſhe being too young.

FOnd Lunatick forbeare, why didſt thou ſue
For my affections, ere Nature had her due:
Lovers fruits are legal uſe, and therefore may
Be only taken on the marriage-day;
Who for ſuch intereſts do too early call,
By that exaction loſe their principall
Then gather not theſe immature delights,
Before their riper autumn thee invites:
He that abortive corn cuts from his ground,
No husband, but a raviſher is found;
And he that reaps his own, before he's wed,
Whores a chaſte wife, and cuckolds his own bed,

A Lovers reſolution.

Purſue no more (my thoughts) thou falſe, unkind,
Thou maiſt as well impriſon the North-wind,
Or catch the lightning as it leaps, or reach
The leading billowes, firſt run down a breach;

Or undertake the flying cloud to track;
In the ſame path they yeſterday caus'd a wrack.
My love's a torch turn'd downward, and the ſame
Deſire that nouriſht it, put out the flame:
And thus I do divorce thee from my breaſt,
Falſe in thy Vowes, and traitreſſe to my reſt.
Henceforth all teares ſhall be, though thou repent,
A pardon after execution ſent;
For ever ſhalt thou my loves ſtory read,
But as ſome Epitaph on one that's dead;
So may my hope on future bliſſes dwell;
This is my firm reſolve, my laſt farwell.

A Health.

To her whoſe beauty doth excell
Story, we toſſe theſe Cups, and fell.
Sobriety a ſacrifice,
To the bright luſtre of her eyes,
Each ſoul that ſips here is divine,
Her beauty deifies the wine.

On an ignorant Lover.

Clarinda, the beauty of whoſe ſplendent rayes
Gain'd heav'ns high wonder, and the earths beſt praiſe,
Then *Thyrſis* met, who fair and lovely too,
Did like her well, but knew not how to woo;
They arme in arme, into the garden walkt
Where endleſſe riddles they together talkt,
Her ſpeech and actions wiſely had an end,
Yet knew not whereunto they did intend:
She griev'd to ſee his youth no better taught.
To gather him a Poſie he her beſought;
With that her light green Gown ſhe up tuckt;
and *May* for her, and *Time* for him ſhe pluckt;
Which when ſhe brought, he took her by the middle
And kiſt her, but he could not read the riddle:
Go fool, quoth ſhe, and thus burſt into laughter,
Bluſht, ran away, and ſcorn'd him ever after.

On

On Clarinda's *lips and eyes*

In *Clarinda's* face a queſtion did ariſe,
Which were moſt beautifull, her lips or eyes,
We ſay the eyes ſend forth thoſe pointed darts,
Which wound the hardeſt adamantine hearts
But from her lips withall proceed thoſe bliſſes
Which lovers reap by kind words, and by kiſſes,
Then wept her eyes, and from thoſe eyes did poure
Of liquid orientall pearls a ſhower;
Where at her lips moov'd with delight and pleaſure,
Through a ſwet ſmel unlockt her Ivory treaſure,
And bid love judge, whether did adde more grace,
Weeping, or ſmiling, to *Clarinda's* face.

Senſe.

Like to the ſilent toneof unſpoke ſpeeches
Or like a Lobſter clad in Logick breeches,
Or like the gray fleece of a crimſon Cat,
Or like the Moon-calfe in a ſlip-ſhoe hat,
Or like the ſhadow when the Sun is gone,
Or like a thought that ne're was thought upon;
Even ſuch is man, who never was begotten,
Untill his children were both dead and rotten.
Like to the Ivory touch-ſtone of a Cabbage
Or like a Crab-louſe with his bag and baggage,
Or like the four-ſquare circle of a Ring,
Or like the hey ding ding a ding ding,
Or like the brainleſſe brains of a butter'd fiſh,
Or like the garbage of a quaffing diſh.
Even ſuch is man, who without doubt,
Spoke to ſmall purpoſe when his tongue was out
Like the freſh fading withered Roſe,
Or like the Rythm and Verſe that runs in proſe,
Or like the humbles of a tinder box,
Or like a man that's ſound and hath the Pox.
Or like a hobnaile rogue in ſingle pence
Leſt it ſhould want its preterperfect,tenſe,

Even

Even ſuch is man who died, and then did laugh:
To ſee theſe ſtrange lines on his Epitaph.

De Origine Mulieris.

Man went to bed, and in a drunken fit,
He got this ſecond child, the Female chit:
He pranckt it up, with farthinggales and busks,
Powderings, perfumes, with paintings and with musks,
With ſhaperoons, Rebatoes, and with wires,
With Dutch, Italian, Spaniſh, French attires:
Thus was it borne, and bred; this puppet Baby,
Is the ſame thing we now do call my Lady.

Upon a Kiſſe.

AMong the fancies tell me this
What is the thing we call a kiſſe?
I ſhall reſolve you what it is.

2

It is a creature borne and bred
Betwixt the lips, all cherry red,
By love and warme deſires fed,
And makes more ſoft the Bridal-bed.

3

It is an active flame that flies
Firſt to the babies of the eyes,
And charmes it there with lullabies,
And ſtills the Bride too, when the cryes.

4.

Then to the cheek, the chin, the eare,
It friſks, and flies, now here now there;
'Tis now far off, and now 'tis neer
And here, and there, and every where.

5

Hath it a noyſing virtue? yes,
How ſpeakes it? ſay, doe you but this,
Part your joyn'd lips, then ſpeak your kiſſe,
And this loves ſweeteſt language is.

6. Hath

6

Hath it a body? yes, and wings,
With thouſand more in colourings.
And as it flies it gently ſings,
Love honey yields, but never ſtings.

To the green-ſickneſſe.

Stay coward blood. and doe not yeild
To thy pale ſiſter, beauties field,
Who there diſplaying round her white
Enſignes, hath uſurpt thy right,
Invading thy peculiar throne,
The lip, where thou ſhould'ſt rule alone,
And on the cheek (where natures care
Allotted each an equall ſhare.)
Her ſpreading Lilly only growes.
Whoſe milkie deluge drownes the Roſe
Quit not the field, faint blood, nor ruſh
In the ſhort ſally of a bluſh.
Upon thy ſiſter-foe, but ſtrive
To keepe an endleſſe war alive.
Though peace do petty States maintain,
Here War alone makes beauty reign.

Seeing her face in the water

STand ſtill ye ſtreames, do not deface
That Image which you beare;
So Votaries from every place,
To you ſhall Altars reare.

2

No wind but lovers ſighs draw nigh
to trouble theſe glad ſtreames,
On which no ſtars nor the worlds eye
did ever dart ſuch beams.

3.

To Cryſtall then in haſte congeale
leſt thou ſhould'd loſe thy bliſſe;
And to my cruell ſhame reveale
how hard, how coole ſhe is.

4, But

4.

But if the curious Nymphs ſhall feare
Their beauties will be ſcorned:
And hide the ruder wines to teare
That face with thee adorned.

5.

Then rage and foame amaine, that we
Their malice may deſpiſe;
When from the froath we ſoon ſhall ſee
A ſecond *Venus* riſe.

Upon a Lady that wore in her Breaſt a wounded heart carved in a precious heart.

1

WHen on my *Celia* I did ſpie
A wounded heart of ſtone,
The wound had almoſt made me cry
That heart was ſure mine owne;
But when I ſaw it came inthron'd,
In her celeſtiall breſt,
O! it no longer then I own'd;
For mine was ne're ſo bleſt.

2.

Yet in higheſt heavens doth ſhine,
Each conſtant Martyrs heart;
She then may well make roome for mine,
Which for her ſake doth ſmart,
Where ſeated in ſo high a bliſſe,
Though wounded yet ſhall live;
Death enters not in Paradiſe,
That place true light doth give.

3

Yet if the place leſſe ſacred were,
Did but her ſaving eye
Bath my deep heart in one kind teare,
Then would I never die.
Sleight Balms may cure a ſlighter force.
No medicine but divine

Can

Can ever hope for to reſtore,
A wounded heart like mine.

Vpon flowers in his Miſtriſſes boſome.

YOu fragrant flowers, tranſported from the earth,
Where firſt you grew, into this ſecond birth;
Render your odours as my ſacrifice
To her whom *Cupid* offered up his eyes.
Who having view'd the beſt of *Cupids* ſtore,
Burnt out his eyes, and vow'd to ſee no more:
Becauſe the like elſewhere could not be ſeen
In Milk maid, Lady, Fairy, Nymph, or Queen.
Repine not then to wither in thoſe plaines,
Adorn'd with Ivory mounts, and azure vaines,
Where *Cupid* of his Altar made a grave,
And *Venus* would her ſacrifices have.
O happy Altar, O more happy ſhrine,
Moſt bleſſed tomb, I would it had been mine!

Complementall and amorous Letters.

1. *A Letter to renew Affection.*

ALthough I am aſſur'd, I cannot die
In your remembrance, yet I fear leſt I
Am like a picture veiled from the light,
And ſo can yield no pleaſure by the ſight.
Letters are *Cupids* bellowes, that doe blow
Lovers affections untill they do grow
Into a flame; thoſe do let lovers finde
The abſent bodies pleaſures by the mind.
O let me then within your thought revive,
And though we are far diſtant, let us ſtrive
To meet in ſoul, let love convey me to you.
But in a dream, that I may ſit and woo you.

Till

Till I do meet againe by Fates direction,
With you the Miſtreſſe of my hearts affection.

2. *A Letter to perſwade one to be conſtant.*

COnſtant love and vertue are
in their qualities alike;
Both in darkeſt nights ſhine faire,
Like to ſtars which ſhoot and ſtrike
Through the skies; ſo love will be
Moſt known in ſad adverſity.
Therefore (fair one) keep ſtill one mind;
To inſtruct the world how for to love,
Though nature doth new changes find,
Like a Centre never move.
But while misfortunes do run round
About thee, be thou conſtant found.
Love's like a ſacred flame,
Which quench'd can hardly be renewed,
'Tis evermore the ſame,
Then let thy conſtancy be ſhewed;
Virtue fits upon a ſquare,
And conſtant friends ſtill conſtant are.
Remember all our oathes and vowes,
The bonds which I on thy lips ſealed,
Heaven no perjury allowes,
Falſe hearts ſhall be at length revealed.
Though place and time our hearts divide,
They in a true-lovers knot are ty'd.

3. *A Letter to a Maid, from one that expected no portion.*

IT is your beauty, faireſt, not the wealth
Your father meanes to give you, but your ſelfe
That I do court, you have a ſtock of beauty,
Which doth exact from me moſt humble duty.
You have a ſmiling eye, whoſe brighter beames
Excell the gliſtering ſands of Tagus ſtreames.

You

You have a moiſt, ſmooth, tempting cherry lip:
From whence great *Iove* himſelfe may Nectar ſip:
Such a freſh colour in your cheeks is ſpred,
That Roſes bluſh for anger, yet looke dead,
To ſee themſelves excell'd; white Lillies grow
High-colour'd, to think nature ſhould beſtow
Such beauties on you, with which to compare,
Flora's bright luſtres but eclipſed are.
Since thy ſweet cheekes are but by theſe ſet forth,
This pale, that bluſhing at thy admired worth.
A brow ſo high, ſo faire, thence day doth breake,
When you doe wake, and when you pleaſe to ſpeak,
The ſpheres ſtand ſtill, liſt'ning to heare
Thy voyces harmony, ſo ſweet, ſo cleare,
That they doe mend the tunes thereby,
To beare with thee a Sympathy.
Let wretched Miſers then their treaſure lock
Within their Cheſts; I love thee in thy ſmock.
Nay, were thou wrapped in a linnen blanket.
Thy naked ſelfe could all my ſenſes banquet;
Which to confirm, let but thy love be mine,
Here's hart and hand to witneſſe, I am thine.

4. A *letter to excuſe the not viſiting of a friend, at ones departure out of Towne.*

GOod Sir, aſcribe not this my forc'd neglect
Of viſit, unto want of due reſpect:
But to the violence of my affaires,
That do tranſport me hence to meet with cares,
And make me moſt unfortunate to be
Deprived of your happy company.
But in my abſence thinke I doe remaine
Your ſervant, till I do returne again.

Yours I. G.

5. *To a Sweet-heart, abſent in the Countrey,*

THe Country now is happier then the Citty,
In joying thy ſweet face which is ſo pritty,

That

That hobnaile fellows ſtaring do gaze one thee,
As if thou were ſome new-come Diety:
Methinks I ſee thee look beneath a hat,
Moſt ſweet and lovely, and thou askeſt what
In market is the price of this and that,
Then tripping home, thou ſteppeſt or'e each ſtile,
Which makes my fancy in conceit to ſmile.
O ſtill, think I, thou wert in happy caſe,
If thou either hadſt my eyes, or I thy place:
Then being come home, putſt off thy clothes again,
And mak'ſt thy bed moſt happy to contain,
Thy pritty limbs, and then I with to be
Your bed-fellow, to bear you company.
Fawell my ſweeteſt, and my lovelieſt Laſs,
That do'ſt in features, Ladyes far ſurpaſſe.

6, A Complementall Letter ſent to a Lady.

MAdam, ſince that you are both great and good,
More noble by your vertues then your blood:
Whoſe titles only are the badge and ſeale
Of th' ſouls worth, which affections beſt reveale,
Pardon the high ambition of my love,
That ſcorning meaner objects, or to move
In an inferiour or below the ſphere,
Where fair reſpendent *Venus* ſhines moſt cleare,
Doth thus advance, and raiſe it ſelf to finde
Beauty and vertue both in one conjoyn'd:
And ſince that my affection ſtands thus faire,
Built on a noble ground, and on the ſquare
Of vertue, this alone implyes, I am
No dung-hill born, but a true Gentleman;
For never can a narrow mind poſſeſt
With the opinion that low thoughts are beſt,
And eaſie in obtaining hope to mount
His love unto an object of account.
Man doth not frame his owne mind, nor compoſe
Thoſe ſoft affections which from beauty flowes.

Love

Love hath no golden arrow, but the beames
Shot from your eyes, the which the fond boy meanes
To ſhoot at Rovers, and ſince it chanc't that I
Stood in the way, whil'ſt that his ſhafts did flye:
Sweet Lady look upon my wounded heart,
For Ladies heretofore by Phyſicks art
Did heal thoſe Pilgrims, whom Religion drew,
To take great journeys, holy Saints to view:
This ſuperſtition made the world a Baby,
But I am confident in you, faire Lady,
That you can heare my prayers, and alſo cure
The wounds of love, whoſe tortures I endure;
Then ſince that you can beare my juſt complaint,
I'le be a Pilgrim to no other Saint.

A Letter to a Gentlewoman on a ſigh.

FAireſt, you deſire to know,
Why I ſo often ſigh, Hi, ho;
It is not to coole Loves fire,
Every ſigh doth raiſe it higher.
Nor is it to blow up my flame,
Thereby to encreaſe my paine:
But to ſhew the reaſon better,
In my ſigh marke every Letter.
The firſt *H.* ſtands for your hard heart,
The *I.* ſtands for your eye, my ſmart.
The other *H.* my heart doth ſhow,
The *O.* the vowel, is your No,
Thus your hard heart, and beauteous eye,
And no, which doth my ſuit deny,
Are the cauſe, why I do break
My heart with ſighes, which only ſpeak
In a language known to me,
Thus interpreted to be.
And now you know the reaſon why
I do ſo often, Hi, ho, cry.

8. *A Letter to excuſe the abrupt taking of a kiſſe.*

IF that I did offend, and do amiſſe,
In forcing from you a conſtrained kiſſe:
Pardon my love, that thus did think to plead,
And in my own behalfe did intercede;
Which if it hath offended, at the Bar
Of mercy kiſſes to be pardoned are.
Faireſt, with others let your creature ſue,
Intreat and beg, that you would mercy ſhew,
And whil'ſt my kiſſes beg, happy were I,
If I might but ſo a rich a begger die.

9. A *Letter, to requeſt a courteſie.*

THe knowledge of your virtue makes me bold
Upon your favour, thus for to unfold
My own deſires, in hope you will be free,
In granting of an honeſt courteſie;
Since the requeſt which is made to a friend,
Should have a juſt aym, at a noble end.
Such is my ſuit, for I ſhould bluſh to own.
A thought, which being to my ſelfe made known,
Should move his anger; therefore let me find
A true expreſſion of your generous mind,
Adding this courteſie to many more,
Till back againe I can the like reſtore.

10. A *letter to a beautifull Gentlewoman, that was reſolved to live and die a Maide.*

ARe you ſo young, ſo handſom, and ſo pritty,
And yet reſolve to die a Maid? 'tis pitty.
Nature did give you beauty, not to ſhow
Unto the World, but that you might beſtow
It on ſome others, and raiſe up your like.
Hath *Cupid* not one arrow left to ſtrike
Your gentle boſome, or elſe will you dwell
Within a Nunnery, or a Hermites cell,
And there for want of natures recreation,
Commit ſin by a wanton ſpeculation?

Look on the Pelican, and Turtle Dove,
They both are mild and chaſte, yet both do love;
Look on the Eglantine and Woodbine-tree,
Circling the Elme, and ſuch a Maid ſhould be;
Who ſhould with ſweet embraces gently wind
About her lover, while he proves as kind
And doth faſt hold her in his loving arms,
Whileſt true affection both their ſoft hearts warms:
Then do not prove an enemy to nature,
But place your love on me, divineſt creature;
That I being come into the pleaſant fields
Of love, may reap the harveſt that love yields;
For if to love, you live not, you are dead,
Then live, and love, and loſe your Maiden-head.

11. *A letter to a gentlewoman in excuſe of long abſence.*

MY unkind fate deſerveth blame, not I,
In robbing me of your beſt company,
And thus my thoughts ſeem to ſuggeſt and ſay,
Write not to me, but come your ſelf away.
O could you fancy by imagination,
The ſorrow I ſuſtain in contemplation
Of my long abſence; how I ſigh and groan,
And oftentimes do play upon the Drone
Of a Tobacco pipe; to refreſh my wits,
When they are in ſad diſcontented fits;
You would then pardon me, who now do live
Forlorn in ſorrow, and do ſigh and grieve,
To think on you, whoſe preſence I deſire,
And burn the more, the further from the fire;
As flowers in winter hide their drooping head,
And all their beauties are quite vaniſhed:
When the bright Sun withdraws his warmer light,
And leaves the World deprived of his ſight.
So I like to a flower upon the ſtalke
Wither, whilſt I in diſcontent do walke,

Wanting

Wanting thoſe beames of comfort, which proceed
From your faire eyes, that do both warm and feede
My cold diſtreſſed heart, for how can I
But droop, deprived of your company?
I have no eſſence now, for I did hold
My life from you; I gave away and ſold
My ſelfe unto your ſervice, ſtill to be
Your conſtant Martyr, and your Votary;
And though I muſt be abſent ſome few houres,
Yet know, dear love, my heart is ſealed yours.

12 A *Complemental Letter.*

HEaven bleſſe my love, in whoſe ſweet favour
I deſire alone to thrive.
Let ſickle minds ſeek change and waver;
To be conſtant I will ſtrive:
Yours I am, and have no thought
That can reach beyond my love,
But down to you 'tis quickly brought,
From heaven below, to heaven above;
You are my heaven here of content,
Whither my thoughts do now aſpire,
This life is but a kind of baniſhment,
Till I enjoy my hearts deſire.
Therefore before my winged ſoul hence flies,
Let this one comfort unto you be given,
That in the ſphere of love our ſouls may meet,
And both together take their flight to heaven.

13. A *Maids Letter fearing a growing ſhame.*

BLame not a maid, if ſhe doth thus diſcover,
What ſhe doth bluſh to tell her faithleſs lover.
I know I urge but an unhappy ſuit:
Who loves the tree, when he hath got the fruit?
Yet think upon your vows, and falſe temptation,
Let former love move your commiſeration:
This paper will not bluſh while it doth tell,
That former pleaſures now make ſorrowes ſwell.

You have enough undone me, doe not be
For too much kindneſſe cruell unto me,
Think of the ſtory of the *Trojan* Queen,
In whom my picture may be lively ſeen.
For when that ſhe had made her ſelfe the feaſt,
To entertain *Æneas* her falſe gueſt;
He hoiſted up his ſailes, and nere would view
The royall Queen, whom his unkindneſſe ſlew.
Poore ſilly maid, deceiv'd by your temptation,
I was o're come, our ſtories have relation.
I doe entreat you then, if you would have
A happy life, and finde a quiet grave;
That you would view me not as in loves bed,
But in th' Paradiſe of my maiden-head.
And had I ſo continued, I had been
Preſerv'd in Virgin pureneſſe, cleare from ſin.
Now like a weeping penitent I come,
In hope to move you to compaſſion.
Reſtore the ruines of my maidens-honour,
And think thus with your ſelfe, ſhall I goe from her,
That was ſo kind to me, that ſhe would venture,
On promis'd marriage, to ſeal loves Indenture?
O hear thy conſcience that would thus inform thee,
And for my loving folly do not ſcorne me,
But let your love be mutually expreſt,
In confidence whereof my thoughts do reſt.

14 *A Letter of Thanks to a Gentlewoman for ſome kind favour received.*

ALL is from your free mercy, for I know
All merits are cry'd down, as far below
Your favours, which you do moſt freely leave
With ſuch as be unworthy to receive
Such lively comforts, that therein I find
All the divinities of a worthy mind,
That on the pooreſt and unworthie ſpirits,
May let fall bleſſings far beyond all merits.

For

For with ſuch bounty you excite and move
My ſoule to wonder, and admire your love,
Knowing not how to render thanks as due,
For ſuch expreſſions, which ſo far do ſhew,
That the endevour of my life will be
Too mean requitals of your courteſie:
But yet I hope to prove no barren ſand,
Nor by ingratitude a fruitleſſe Land,
That doth deceive the Husband-mans deſires,
And both his limbs and expectation tires.
But all my powers ſhall labour with much ſtrength
Of thankfulneſſe to pay your love at length.
And may I ne're know comfort if I prove
Ungratefull to the merit of your love,

15. *To Miſtriſſe* Penelope, *Natures Maſter peece, the Lover expreſſes his flame of affection.*

WOnder of beauty, in whom I do repoſe
Such hope of comfort that I muſt diſcloſe
To you my ſecret thoughts, and dare to name
My ſufferings, how I, Martyr'd in the flame
Of your affection, burn. Let not your ſcorn
Increaſe my ſorrows, ſo to make me mourn,
Till love increaſe in ſtrength, and ſo blaze higher,
That my ſad aſhes are conſum'd with fire.
Which ſhould not be, for I do not alone (thrown
Dote on thoſe beames which from your eyes are
Nor on your cheeks, which are the Nuptiall bed,
Where Roſes are with Lilies married:
Nor on your lips which cloſed ſeem to ſmother
Their beauty, and do onely kiſſe each other,
Theſe peeces of your beautie with a ſmile
May ſeem to build up a ſweet funeral pile
For common Lovers, but my fancy tooke
Another courſe, for it doth dare to looke
Into your ſoule, which crown'd with vertue ſits
Govern'd by reaſon, not by paſſionate fits.

And

And wears a powerfull charm, that both inſpires.
All hearts with holy thoughts and good deſires,
For virtue hidden from the common ſight
Shines out in you, as gliſtring ſtars by night
Peep through a cloud, that all may gaze and ſee
Your glorious parts, cloath'd in mortality.
So that I am affraid here to deſcribe
Your ſweet Perfections, leſt they ſhould be ſpy'd
By Angels, who dreſt in ſome mortall ſhape,
Would from the heavens make a ſwift eſcape,
To court you in a dream, and ſo ſhould ſtay
With you on earth, forgetfull of the way
Back into heaven, whilſt that they did prove
Rivals to me, in ſeeking of your love.
Therefore the flames of my affections are
Ingenuous, and not like the common ſnare
Of love, which is plac'd only in the blood:
For though I burn, my pain is underſtood
By ſuch a Character as may be given.
Though it is flame, it is deriv'd from heaven,
Kindled from a ſmall ſpark that here doth ſhine
On earth, and hath a nature that's divine.
O ſweet *Penelope*! thy beauties be
But a fair abſtract, or Epitome
Of brighteſt luſtres, or a ſtream doth lead
Me on unto the pureſt fountain's head:
Then let me burn ſtill, with a flame moſt clear
From ſinfull dregs, ſo that my love appear
An imitation of divineſt love:
And if my flames too violent do prove,
This ſhall at laſt be my concluding prayer;
Let Heaven and *Penelope* both ſhare
Of my poor heart, which thus conſuming lies,
Being her Marty'r, and heaven's ſacrifice.

16. *To Miſtreſſe* E. B. *ſent her with a Ring.*

ROund is the world, and ſo is love;
No art can find out the beginning,

Of circles, thoſe on'ſeas do move,
Come round again, by natures bringing;
And thoſe that travell in loves ring,
From one point do at firſt begin
Of affection, and having found
Love for love, are then come round.
So this Ring ſent ſhall be
Loves compaſſe both to you and me,
By which we to ſail may venture,
Till we meet both in one centure,

17. *To a pretty witty ſcornfull Gentlewoman, being proud of her beauty, and after troubled with the Green-ſickneſſe.*

IF I were young as you are, would I prove
A tyrant unto all that ſought my love
To flout them? and to hear *Narciſſus* cry,
Echo, O Eccho, for thy love I die,
And periſh in the fountain of thy face;
What art thou gone, and leav'ſt me in this caſe?
I'le walk away, and my ſad ſtory tell
Unto the Ghoſts that in Elyſium dwell.
Thus might I play the mad-man, but, my dear
And faireſt creature, in whom doth appear
Glorious perfections; tell me, Would you have
Me die for love, or weep into my Grave?
And give my body to the worms to eat,
Their legacie on one is womans meat?
Oh no, your knowledg will inform you fuller,
And tell you that your own cheek is grown duller
Then it was uſuall: death it ſeems hath ſtrook
A paleneſſe in it, and away hath took
The former beauty, which he did to be
Revenged, for your ſcornfulneſſe to me.
Death ſaies, that you this choice ſhall only have,
Either to marry me, or elſe your grave.

18. *To a weeping widow, wiſhing her to wipe away teats with a conceit of a ſecond husband.*

ENough of tears, their date expires,
Do not three daies freſh deſires
In you, or have you all ſenſe loſt?
Is your blood turn'd to a froſt?
A widows grief ſhould alwaies be
An out-ſide of formality:
Or like a herſe-cloth that is laid
Upon the coffin, which convey'd
Into the grave, the mourning black
Is folded up, and ſo ſent back.
Your ſorrow like the cloath laid on
The herſe, ſhould not be convey'd home
With you. Why ſhould you vex your ſelfe
With fruitleſſe ſorrows? can your wealth,
Or tears, which from your eyes do rain?
Call your late ſpouſe to life again?
O would you do him ſo much wrong,
That he having gotten from the throng
Of men, out of this World, to be
Bleſt with the *Angels* company,
Should back again returne to give
Comfort to you, and here to live
A ſecond pilgrimage; would you wiſh
Him for you, to leave heavens bliſſe;
Be comforted, and let not ſorrow
From your face ſuch beauty borrow;
But make it lovely: black becomes
Onely funerals, and Nuns.
There is no muſick in the grave,
Though one be loſt, ſtill you may have
Another husband; and I am bold
To ask you whether you can hold
A good opinion of my love,
Which in theſe characters doth move.

As active to give you content,
You know, ſweet widow, what is meant
By active, you do never bluſh
At words, nor yet once piſh or tuſh,
As maides do uſe in modeſty;
Who will their own deſires deny:
For widows with a better apprehenſion,
Should know the ſecret thought's intention.
Then, fair one, if this Letter woo you,
Let it not be unwelcom to you,
But when you do rip up the Seal.
And read what this ſheet doth reveal
Unto your knowledge, let your blood
Inform you, that the lines are good,
Touching the quick, and he that writ
This Letter, doth your fancy fit;
For Letters unto widows ſent,
Should be like challenges full bent,
To dare them from City or Court,
To play a prize at *Cupids* ſport.
But you will ſay that I do jeſt,
And do maintain within my breſt
A wanton flame. I cannot mourn
With you, nor yet with ſorrows turn,
Like *Niobe*, into a ſtone: but live
I would, that I might comfort give
To you, ſweet widow; then be content
To make me yours, *Jans* complement.

19. *To a young Maid.*

COme thou faireſt maſter-piece
Of nature's worke, her golden fleece:
Let me enjoy thee, flowers will fade
If not refreſht; die not a maid.
Let us agree to appoint a day
To gather flowers, why ſhould you ſtay?

So

So long a Virgin? what have you done
To Nature and your ſelf? a Nun
Deſerves not beauty, 'tis a mate
Makes *Cupids* darlings fortunate,
Since youth and beauty then invite
You thus to play for your delight,
Let lovers Tables opened be:
Fear not, you are well matcht with me;
Stake your maiden-head, you ſhall chuſe
Whether you will win or loſe;
Or if you loſe, *I* do believe.
You will not for your loſſe once grieve.

20. *To a young Gentleman that diſdained her Lover.*

ONce more I have preſum'd to eaſe my grief,
With theſe ſaid lines, in hope of ſome relief,
O wretched I! that ſuffer in the flame
Of love, yet dare not of my love complain:
Nor ſighs nor tears will I in this caſe uſe,
Nor thee my love, will I at all accuſe:
Since 'tis my cruel fate that I muſt be
Martyr'd with love, and only die for thee:
Yet let me ask one queſtion, are they leaſt
Rewarded with true love, that do love beſt?
Or is it but in me held an offence
To love you, ſince that the ſweet influence
Of one fair ſmile from you, renewes life's flame,
And one ſad frown can put it out again?
Like the third ſiſter, if you love deny,
You cut my thred of life, and *I* muſt dye.

21. *A Complementall Letter to a beautiful young Gentlewoman.*

FOr me to praiſe your beauty, would appear
A flattery; for when the Sun ſhines clear,
All do admire his beams; even ſo your eyes
Are like to ſtars, that ſhine in beautie's skies,

And have a kind of influence below,
To make hearts all obedience to you ſhow.
Your cheeks are roſes, and your hair is amber,
The odour of yo r breath perfumes your chamber,
Your lips are like unto the reſpaſſe-berry,
Or like unto a full ripe ſwelling cherry:
Your brow is Cupids bow, moſt ſweetly bent,
From whence loves golden arrow ſtill is ſent:
Your breaſts are like a pair of mountains,
Not yet reſolved into Nectar-fountains,
Till love a pleaſant moiſture to them brings,
And raiſe upon them two moſt happy ſprings.
But there below, there lies the happy vally,
Where young *Adonis* did with *Venus* dally,
And to behold it, ſeemed much aſham'd,
He bluſht, and ſo this vally is unnam'd,
Yet howſoever it be not expreſt,
Lovers have fancies to conceive the beſt.
Thus I acknowledg you, divineſt creature,
To be a model of a moſt ſweet feature.
The ſince that nature hath adorn'd each part
With ſuch perfections, I do hope your heart
Is of ſo ſweet a temper, to let fall
Pity on him, who doth not know at all
The heart of complements; for love is beſt
When it is naked, with plain words expreſt;
Yet if you pleaſe to reckon me for one,
That am devoted in affection
Unto your ſervice, I ſhall repute of this,
As earths cheif happin ſſe and heavens bliſſe.

22. *A Gentleman to his Miſtriſs proteſting ſervice.*

THink not, dear love, I'le reveal
The hours of pleaſure we did ſteal,
No eye ſhall ſee, nor the Sun
The things that thee and I have done.
The god of love himſelfe, whoſe dart,
Firſt wounded mine, and then thine heart He

He ſhall not know that we can tell
What ſweets in ſtoln embraces dwell.
This only means may find it out,
If when I die Phyſicians doubt
What caus'd my death, and, there to view
Of all their judgments, which was true.
Rip up my heart, Oh, then I fear,
The world will ſee thy picture there.

23. *To a gentlewoman diſfigured by the ſmall pox.*

WHat though your face with pock-holes ſpangled be,
As though it were diſgrac't? me thinks I ſee
A heavenly conſtellation in thy looks,
Like unto golden Characters in bookes,
Sure they are *Venus* ſnares, ſo plac'd like skars,
Men ſhould not know them from ſo many ſtars;
Each ſtar a guide to lead blind men to ſin,
Or elſe ſo many gins to catch me in.
Your beauty was divided thus in ſunder,
To make ſo many ſignes, and every ſigne my wonder;
Thus hath thy beauty ſo regain'd its light,
My heart is double ſlain, whilſt I indite.

24. *A Moor to her fair boy.*

WHy lovely Boy, why flyeſt thou me,
That languiſh in theſe flames for thee?
I'm black, 'tis true, and ſo is night,
And love doth in dark ſhades delight;
Nay, do thou once but cloſe thine eye,
The world will ſeem as black as I:
Or op't again, and ſee the ſhade
Which by thine own fair bodie's made,
Which followes thee where ere thou go,
O who allow'd would not do ſo!
Let me for ever dwell ſo nigh,
And thou ſhalt need no ſhade but I.

25. *The fair Boy's anſwer.*

BLack Maid complain not though I fly,
Since fate forbids antipathy.
Prodigious would that union prove,
Where night and day together move:
And the conjunction of your lips,
Not kiſſes makes but an Eclipſe.
Where there is mixed black and white,
Portends more terror then delight;
But if thou wilt my ſhadow be,
Enjoy thy deereſt wiſh; but ſee
Thou keep my ſhadowes property,
That flies away when I come nigh;
Elſe ſtay till death hath blinded me,
Then I'le bequeath my ſelfe to thee:
This ſable which on white is laid,
Expreſſes well thy luſtfull ſhade.

26. *A down right Suitor to his Sweet-heart.*

FAith wench I love thee, but I cannot ſue,
And ſhew my love as ſilken Courtiers do,
I'le not carouſe a health to honour thee,
By ſuch deboiſt and beaſtly curteſie;
And then ſtraight eat up the carouſing glaſſe,
In glory that I am thy ſervile Aſſe.
Nor will I wear a rotten Barbers lock,
Like ſome ſcorn'd cocks-combe, ſpending all my ſtock.
Well featur'd Laſſe, thou know'ſt I love thee dear,
Yet for thy ſake, I'le take no cuff of th' ear,
Nor hang thy dirty ſilken ſhoo-ſtrings there;
Nor for thy ſake will I once gnaw a brick,
Or ſome pide colours in my bonnet ſtick:
But by the ſmock of *Venus*, for thy good,
I'le ſpend my deareſt thrice-concocted blood.

27. *A Welch-man to his Miſtreſſe.*

SHentle, modeſt, fair, and kind
Being the mirrour of her mind;

Shentle

Shentle modeſt, when I ſee
The fair looks her made at me,
And the fine Ring that her did ſend
When her did come to ſee her friend,
Her could not chuſe by what's above
But be entangled by her love:
Her was often times about
To ſpeak her lovſe, and put her out;
But her was think it a great deale better,
Ta wrap her lovſe within a Letter,
Hoping her not exception take
At her, for her countries ſake.
What if her be Welchman, what then?
Taffies was all ſhentlemen,
Born from *Venus* that fair Coddeſſe,
And many other ſhentle bodies;
Part humane, and part define
We are deſcended from *Jov's* line,
All this truth her dares not mince,
Being the iſſue of a Brittiſh Prince:
Yet ſhould her with *Shinkin* drink a quart of wine,
Her would think her fortune fine;
And her would tell her ſuch a tale in her ear,
Then all the world was never hear,
Then ſhentle modeſt let her prove,
Honeſt *Shenkin* will her love,
Though her was very filthy fit,
That drives poore Welchman out of her wit;
And if her will not pity her pain,
Her will never lovſe again.

28. *To his Miſtriſs.*

READ here my heart in Verſe, yet know I ſcorn
To flatter you, and ſay the beauteous morn
Gives not ſo bright a glory, for with thee
There is a beauty mixt with modeſty,

Which I ſhould wrong, ſuch praiſes needfull are
To them that want a bluſh to make them fair,
I might extol that arch, the lovely brow,
Whence *Cupid* from your eyes his dart doth throw,
Thoſe cryſtall eyes where ſmiles a naked boy,
The picture of your hope and future joy;
Your tongue tipt with ſuch fire and powerfull art,
As might enflame the moſt rebellious heart.
But theſe are talks muſt not be ventured on,
But by a wit as happy as your own,
Your muſick, I confeſs, I would not hear,
Though it might raviſh the moſt curious ear:
Even thoſe your ſweeteſt ſtraines did I revile,
Leſt they ſhould hinder you from talk a while.
Nay more, the ſoftneſſe of your hand was ſuch,
I fear'd it might be hurt with every touch.
Now pardon theſe rude lines, no grace they have,
But what your goodneſſe in the reading gave;
Yet if one word of praiſe you pleaſe to ſpare,
My fame ſhall never find a ſweeter air
To flie in, than your breath; and ſo I reſt,
Untill my fortune with your ſelfe be bleſt.

29. *To his fair Miſtriſs, incenſed upon a miſtake.*

HEaven knows my love to you, ſed on deſire,
So hallowed, and unmixt with vulgar fires,
As are the bright beams ſhot from off the Sun,
At its full height; and the devotion.
Of dying Martyrs could not burn more clear,
Nor innocence in her firſt robes appear
Whiter then our affections: it did flow
Like froſt forc'd out of flames, or fire from ſnow;
So the pure *Phœnix* when ſhe would refine
Her age to youth, borrowed no flames but mine.
But my day's ore-caſt, for I have now
Drawn anger like a tempeſt from the brow
Of my fair Miſtriſs, thoſe her glorious eyes,
Which I was wont to ſee like day-ſtars riſe. Threat

Threat like revenging Meteors, and I feel
My torments, and my guilt doubling my hell:
'Twas a miſtake, and might have veniall bin
Done to another, but it was made ſin,
And juſtly mortall too, by troubling thee;
Slight wrongs are treaſon, offer'd to Majeſtie.
Enjoyne me pennance, and the ſtricteſt one
That wit and cruelty can think upon;
I will a faithfull penitentiall prove
Through all your puniſhments, but not to love.
Oh all you bleſt Ghoſts of deceaſed loves,
That now live Sainted in *Elyzian* groves,
Mediate for mercy for me at her ſhrine,
Meet with full quier, and joyn your prayers with mine;
Conjure her by your mutuall hopes and fears,
By all your intermixed ſmiles and tears;
Conjure her by the merits of your kiſſes,
By your paſt ſufferings, and your preſent bliſſes;
To ſeal my pardon, go to her and tell
That you will walk my guardian Sentinell,
My ſouls ſafe Genius, that ſhe needs not fear
A mutinous thought, or one cloſe Rebell there.
But what needs that, when ſhe her ſelfe ſits there,
Sole *Angell* of that Orb in her own ſphere;
Alone ſhe raigns, and can ſecure it free
From all irregular motions, only ſhe
Can give the Balſam, that can cure this ſore,
And the ſweet *Antidote* to ſin no more.

30. *To his Miſtreſſe, on the ſeal of her Letter.*

THou ſend'ſt to me a heart was crown'd,
I took it to be thine;
But when I ſaw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.
A bounty of a ſtrange conceit,
To ſend mine own to me,
And lend it in a worſe eſtate
Then it was ſent to thee.

Oh heav'ns how wouldſt thou uſe a heart,
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt been unkind to that,
Which ſo much honoured thee!

31. *A Letter to his unkind Miſtriſſe, that looks askew on him.*

TO thee, cruell faire, that turn'ſt thy face away,
Of purpoſe to benight the day
Of my ſad eyes; without all reſt
Obſcur'd and wounded like my breaſt.
The torch of th' day dares not to ſhine,
His world's turn'd *Ægypt* too like mine;
Eclips'd with ſorrow, how he pries
To ſee thy fairer Sun ariſe!
'Twas no creation till the day
Diſtinguiſh'd how the Chaos lay:
Nor doth the glorious Spring appear,
Till the warm God begets it here.
Then fair one draw *Sol's* curtains by;
With light the Hemiſphere ſupply.
Take heed, leſt Nature's frame like me,
Diſſolve for want of Sun and thee.
Forbid it *Cynthia*, wounded hearts
Live by the raies that *Cupid* darts;
Earths happineſſe my Girle to me,
Without thy cleerer flames is miſery:
And though thy brighter beams do burn,
And me Loves-Martyr into aſhes turne;
Yet, in any Sepulcher of night
Thine eyes ſhall yield a purer light:
Then turn not thy fair face away,
Thy ſplendor makes my night a day.

32. *A Letter of Proteſtation.*

INdeed I will not ſteal a kiſſe from you,
Nor wring your fingers hard; I will not ſue
To thoſe bleſt pair of ſweeteſt ſtars for ſmiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles. And

And pretty wanton divings ſhall to me
Be ſtrange, I only to your chaſtity
Will be devoted ever, that ſhall bind
Our hearts, like Ivy twin'd
About a well-grown Elm; and none untie
Love's knot, but fatall deſtiny.
Believe me, ſweeteſt, if I entertain
An unchaſt thought, may I ne're think again.

33. *A Letter to a Lady.*

Madam,

WHen Art and Nature both agree
To ſum their All in your Epitome,
When the perfection of both Sexes are
Lockt in your female ſtore-houſe, who ſhall dare
In an audacious rapture to untwine
In cloſer numbers what heaven doth enſhrine
In one rich breaſt? dazel'd invention, ſay,
Canſt thou unbowel either *India*
In one poor Rime, or can thy Torch-light fire
Shew to the Sun, or any ſtars that's higher:
If thou wilt needs ſpend thy officious flame,
Do it in admiration, but diſclaim
Thy power to raiſe thy ſender's wiſhes; bear,
And be the Herald of the new-born year;
Wiſh that each riſing Sun may ſee her more
Happy, then when ſhe roſe the morn before,
And may when ere he guides the envious Weſt,
Leave her more bleſt, then when he grac'd the Eaſt.
Wiſh higher yet, that her felicity
May equalize her vertues; Poetry,
Thou art too low, canſt thou not ſwell a ſtrain,
May reach my thoughts? Good Madam, ſince 'tis vain,
And yet my Verſe to kiſſe your hand preſumed,
Let it not for your ſacrifice be doomed,
And what it wants in true Poetick fire,
Let the flame add, till ſo my muſe expire:

Thus

Thus Madam, your frail Poet doth confeſſe,
He wants a Muſe worth ſuch a Patroneſſe.

34. *A Letter of advice to his Lady, too proud of her beauty.*

YOu whoſe pure and dainty skin,
Roſie lips, cheeks or chin.
All that gaze upon you win;
Do not inſult, for ſparks within;
That ſlowly burn, will flames begin.
And preſumption ſtill hath been,
As fond as an unfortunate ſin.
Then Fair *Clarinda* be more kind,
Theſe lines implore to know your mind.

35. *A Letter of acknowledgment.*

FAireſt, what ſorrow's like to that which bends
It ſelfe to pleaſe, yet ſtill offends?
Puniſh me gently, Lady; Love's a child,
And childrens puniſhments they ſhould be mild.
What though I did aſpire,
To crown the hopes of my deſire?
What if my bold love forward preſt,
To touch your ſoft limbe then undreſt?
'Tis known when Maids do naked lie in bed,
Loves Arrowes then are ſhot unto the head:
But I know no ſuch fault but only this,
You gave me one, I took another kiſſe.

The Court of *Venus* Songs, of Love and Mirth.

The firſt Song.

IF I freely might diſcover
What could pleaſe me in my lover,

I would have her fair and wity,
Savouring more of Court then City,
A little proud, but full of pity;
Light and humorous in her toying;
Oft building hopes, & soon destroying.
Neither too easily, nor too hard.
All extreams I would have bard.

2. *A song.*

YOung and simple though I am;
I have heard of *Cupids* name,
Guesse I can what thing it is
Men desire when they do kiss:
Smoke can never burn, they say
But the flames that follow may.

I am not so fond or fair
To be proud or to despair;
Yet my lips have oft observ'd
Men that kisse them press too hard,
As glad lovers use to doo,
When their new met Loves they woo.

Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet methinks a heat I find
And thirsty-longing that doth bide,
Ever on the weaker side.
O! I feel my heart doth move,
Venus grant, it be not love.

If it be, alas what then,
Were not women made for men?
As good it were a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last.
Roses that are over-blown,
Grow lesse sweet, and fall alone.

Yet no churl, nor silken gull,
Shall my Virgin-blossom pull

who

Who ſhall not, I ſoon can tell,
Who ſhall, would I could as well,
Yet i'm ſure what ere he be,
Love he muſt or flatter me.

3. *A Song.*

OH that joy ſo ſoon ſhould waſt,
Or ſo ſweet a bliſs
As a kiſs,
Might not for ever laſt.
A ſugry melting ſo ſoft, ſo delicious,
The dew that lies on Roſes,
When the morn her ſelf diſcloſes,
is not ſo precious;
Or rather when I would it ſmother,
Were I to taſt but ſuch an other,
It would be my wiſhing,
That I might die with kiſſing.

4. *A Song.*

WHy ſo pale and wan fond lover,
Prethee why ſo pale?
If looking well, it will not move her,
Can looking ill prevail?
Prethee why ſo pale?
Why ſo dull and mute young ſinner;
Prethee why ſo mute?
If ſpeaking well it cannot win her,
Can ſay nothing do't?
Prethee why ſo mute?
Quit, quit for ſhame, this will not move her,
This cannot take her:
If of her ſelf ſhe will not love,
Nothing can make her,
The Devill take her.

5. *A Song.*

AMongſt, the Mirtles, as I walkt
Alone, I with my ſighs thus talkt:

Tell

Tell me, ſaid I, in deep diſtreſs,
Where I may find my ſhepherdeſs?

Then, fool, ſaid Love, know'ſt thou not this,
In every thing that's good, ſhe is;
In yonder Tulip, go and ſeek,
There thou ſhalt find her lip and cheek.

In that inamel'd Pancy by
There thou ſhalt find her curious eye,
In Bloom of Peach, in Roſes bud,
There waves the ſtreamers of her bloud.

'Tis true, ſaid I, and thereupon
I went and pluckt them one by one,
To make of parts an union,
But on a ſudden all was gone.

At which I ſtopt: ſaid Love; Theſe be
Fond man, reſemblances of thee
For as theſe flowers, thy joy muſt dye,
Even in the turning of an eye;
And all thy hopes of her muſt wither,
As do thoſe flowers, when knit together.

6. A Song.

COme, come, you goddeſſes of the night,
That in ſilent ſports delight,
And ſee the wanton Moon-ſhine play,
To light us in our dolefull way.
Come, come, come Ladies, come,
The night's not blind, though deaf and dumb.

Ladies, have you ſeen a toy
Called Love, a little boy?
Almoſt naked, wanton, blind,
Cruel now, and then as kind,
If he be 'mongſt you, Ladyes, ſay,
That he is *Venus* run-away.

Marks he hath about him plenty,
You may know him amongſt twenty;
As his body is on fire,
And his breath out-flames deſire;
So being ſent like lightning in,
He wounds our hearts, but not our skin.

If any here can but diſcover,
Where this winged wag doth hover,
For her pains ſhall have a kiſſe,
When or where her heart can wiſh:
But ſhe that can but bring him to his Mother,
From *Venus* and her boy ſhall have another.

7. *A Song.*

WHy, ſhould paſſion lead the blind,
'Cauſe thy Miſtreſſe is unkind?
She's yet too young to know delight,
And is not plum'd for *Cupid*'s flight.

She cannot yet in height of pleaſure,
Pay her lovers equall meaſure:
But like a Roſe, new blown, doth feed
The eye alone, but yield no ſeed.

She is as yet but in her ſpring,
Cold in love, till *Cupid* bring
A hotter ſeaſon with his fire,
Which ſoon will kindle her deſire.

Autumn will ſhortly come and greet her,
Making her taſt and colour ſweeter:
Her ripeneſſe then will ſoon be ſuch,
That ſhe will fall even with a touch.

8. *A Song.*

LIe ſtill my dear, why doſt thou riſe?
The light that ſhines comes from thine eyes:
The day breaks not, it is my heart,
To think that you and I muſt part.

Oh

Oh ſtay! or elſe my joyes will dye,
Or periſh in their infancy.

'Tis time, 'tis day! What if it be?
Wilt thou therefore a iſe from me?
Did we lie down becauſe of night?
And ſhall we riſe for fear of light?
No, ſince in darkneſſe we came hither,
Inſpight of light we'l ly together,
Oh let me dye on thy ſweet breaſt,
Far'ſweeter then the Phœnix neſt.

9. *The Troopers ſong.*

FRom hunger, cold, who lives more free?
Or who leads merrier life then we?
Our bellies are full, our backs are warm.
And 'gainſt all pride our rags are charm,
Enough is a feaſt and for to morrow
Let rich men care, we feel no ſorrow.
Both City and towne, and every village,
Affords us either armes or pillage;
But when the weather is cold or raw,
Then in a Barn we tumble in ſtraw.
In Summer together like Bees we do flock.
And tumble in the graſſe, or in the hay-cock

10. *A Song.*

SInce love hath brought me,
And I have caught thee,
Here in this bower;
Nor ſhall thy faigning,
Nor thy complaining;
Thy cauſeleſs chiding,
Thy ſhort abiding,
Thy crafty ſmiling,
Thy quaint beguiling,
Thoſe thy ſtruglings,
With all thy juglings.

Can

Can make me leave thee,
No, no, thou ſhalt no more deceive me.

11. *Song.*

HE that will court a wench that is coy,
That is proud, that is peeviſh, and antick,
Let him be careleſſe to ſport and toy,
And as peeviſh as ſhe is frantick;
Laugh at her and ſlight her
Flatter her, ſpight her,
Raile and commend her again.
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such girles will love ſuch men.

He that will court a wench that is mild,
That is ſoft and kind of behaviour;
Let him kindly woo her,
Not roughly come to her,
'Tis the way to win her favour.
Give her kiſſes plenty.
Shee'l take them were they twenty:
Stroke her and kiſſe her again,
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Such girles do love ſoft men.

He that will court a wench that is mad,
That will ſqueak and cry out if you handle her,
Let him kiſſe and fling, till he make the houſe ring,
'Tis the only way to tame her:
Take her up and rouz her,
Salute her and rouze her,
Then kiſs her and pleaſe her again:
It is the way to woo her,
If that you mean to come cloſe to her,
Mad girles do love mad men.

12. A Song.

A Nymph (when as the Summer's beams
made hot the colder aire)
Into a fountain's Cryſtal ſtreams,
to bathe her did repair:
And by degrees ſhe boldly did
at length thoſe parts unhide:
Which to the baſhful, nature made
ſo curious to be ſpyed.

Oft downwards would ſhe caſt her head.
and bluſhing look away;
Then twiſt her arms, and twine her thighs,
as fearfull to betray
Her ſelfe unto her fearfull ſelf:
thus frighted ſhe at laſt,
Into the fountain's ſwifteſt ſtreams,
her pureſt body caſt.

The waves did proudly bear her up
and yet the ſilver-brook,
Seem'd not to cleanſe her as ſhe ſwum,
but, from her, purifying took.
And underneath the Cryſtal ſtreams,
as ſhe did gliding paſs,
She ſeemed like a Lilly fair,
that ſunk into a glaſſe.

And as ſhe did her dainty arms
in ſundry ſort diſplay.
Oftimes ſhe would *Narciſſus*-like
With her own ſhadow play.
Oft would ſhe lie upon her back,
With legs and armes both ſpred,
And imitate thoſe wanton joyes,
that women uſe in bed.

Women their modeſty forget
and often lay aſide;
This Nymph, that thought her ſelf unſeen,
was by a Shepheard ſpy'd:
Who raviſht with the ſight he ſaw,
no longer ſtaid to woo her,
But flung away his hook and ſcrip,
and boldly ſtept unto her.

She ſcreeking div'd, thought to have hid
her ſelf, but all in vain,
The Waters to preſerve her life,
did beare her up again;
The Shepheard caught her in his armes,
and laid her on the brink,
And what he did without delay,
you know or elſe may think.

14. *A Song.*

AMongſt the Myrtles ſate my Love,
With a more downy skin,
And tender breaſt than *Venus* Dove,
And clearer from all ſin.

For her I pluckt the Mary-gold,
Whoſe leave ſhut with the evening dew,
I ſaid to her, riſe and behold,
What pretty riddle this doth ſhew
Thoſe leaves ſhut in like to a cloiſtered Nun,
Will open when they feel the radiant Sun.

What mean you by this riddle, Sir, ſhe ſaid,
I pray expound it: then, I thus began;
Know, maids are made for men, and men for maid,
Which ſaid, ſhe chang'd her colour, and looked wan.
Since you the riddle, Sir, ſo plain have told,
Be you my Sun, I'le be your Mary-gold.

15. *A Song.*

AS I travers'd to and fro.
And in the fields was walking,
I chanc'd to hear two Sisters,
That secretly were talking:
The younger to the elder said,
Prethee why dost not marry?
In faith, quoth shee, I'le tell to thee,
I mean not long to tarry.

When I was fifteen years of age,
Then I had suitors many:
But, I a wanton peevish wench,
Would not sport with any:
Till at the last, I sleeping fast,
Cupid came to woo me;
And like a lad that was stark mad,
He swore he would come to me.

And then he lay down by my side,
And spread his armes upon me,
And I being 'twixt a sleep and wake,
Did strive to thrust him from me.
But he with all the power he had,
Did lie the harder on me.
And then he did so play with me,
As I was plaid with never;
The wanton boy so pleased me,
I would have slept for ever.
And then me thought the world turn'd round,
And *Phœbus* fell a skipping,
And all the Nymphs and Goddesses,
About us two were tripping.
Then seemed *Neptune* as he had pour'd
His Ocean streams upon us;
But *Boreas* with his blustring blasts,
Did strive to keep him from us.

Limping

Limping *Vulcan* he came,
As if he had been jealous,
Venus followed after him,
And ſwore ſhe'd blow the bellows;
Mars call'd *Cupid* Jack-an-apes,
And ſwore he would him ſmother,
Quoth *Cupid*, ſaid I ſo to thee,
When thou layd'ſt with my mother?
Iuno then and *Jupiter*;
Came marching with *Apollo*;
Pan came in with *Mercury*,
And then began the hollow:
Cupid ran and hid himſelf,
And ſo of joyes bereft me;
For ſuddenly I did awake,
And all theſe fancies left me.

16. *A Song.*

I'le gaze no more on that bewitching face,
Since ruine habors there in every place;
For my inchanted ſoul alike ſhe drowns
With calms and tempeſts of her ſmiles and frowns.
I'le love no more thoſe cruell eyes of hers,
Which pleas'd or anger'd, ſtill are murtherers.
For if ſhe dart like lightning through the ayr
Her beams of wrath, ſhe kills me with deſpair;
If ſhe behold me with a pleaſing eye,
I ſurfet with exceſs of joy, and dye.

17. *A Song.*

LOvers rejoyce, your pains ſhall be rewarded:
The god of love himſelf grieves at your crying,
No more ſhall frozen honour be regarded,
Nor the coy faces of the maids denying:
No more ſhall Virgins ſigh, and ſay, We dare not,
For men are falſe, and what they ſay they care not.
All ſhall be well again, then do not grieve,
Men muſt be true, and women ſhall believe.

Love

Lovers rejoyce, what you ſhall ſay henceforth,
When you have caught your ſweethearts in your (arms,
It ſhall be accounted oracle, and worth
No more faint-hearted girles ſhall dream of harmes.
And cry they are too young; the god hath ſaid,
Fifteen ſhall make a mother of a maid.
Then wiſe men pull your roſes yet unblown,
Love hates the too ripe fruit that fals alone.

18. *A Song.*

HOw ill doth he deſerve a lovers name.
Whoſe pale weak flame
Cannot retaine
His heat, in ſpight of abſence or diſdain;
But doth at once, like Paper ſet on fire,
Burne and expire,
True love did never change his ſeat,
Nor did he ever love that could retreat.
The noble flame which my breaſt keeps alive,
Shall ſtill ſurvive,
When my ſoul's fled.
Nor ſhall my love dye, when my bodie's dead,
They all wait on me to the lower ſhade,
And never fade.
My merry aſhes in their Urn,
So like a hallowed lamp for ever burne.

19. *A Song.*

Shepherd. TEll me deareſt what is love?
Nymph. 'Tis a lightning from above.
'Tis an arrow, 'tis a fire,
'Tis a boy they call deſire,
'Tis a ſmile doth beguile
The poor hearts of men that prove:
Shep. Tell me more, Are women true?
Nymph. Some love change, and ſo do you.
Shep. Are they fair, and ever kind?
Nymph. Yes when men turn with the wind.

Shep. Are they froward?
Nymph. Ever toward
Thoſe that love, to love a new.

20. *A Song.*

COme Shepherds come,
Come away without delay,
Whil'ſt the gentle time doth ſtay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any
Thoſe deare kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet imbraces that are given,
Dainty pleaſures, that would even
Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give Virgin blood deſire:
Then if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it;
Think not I
Dare deny,
If you crave it.

21. *A Song.*

WOuld you know what's ſoft? I dare
Not bring you to the Down or Air;
Nor to the ſtars to ſhew what's bright,
Nor to the ſnow to teach you white.
Nor if you would Muſick hear,
Call the Orbs to take your ear.
Nor to pleaſe your ſenſe bring forth
Bruiſed Nard, or what's more worth:
Or, on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you Nectar for your taſte.
Would you have all theſe in one,
Name my Miſtris, and 'tis done.

22. *A Song between two Boyes.*

THis Lady ripe, and calm, and freſh,
As Eaſtern Summers are,

Muſt

Muſt now forſake both time and fleſh,
To add light to a ſtar.
2. Whilſt yet alive, each ſtar decai'd,
She may relieve with light;
But death leads beauty to a ſhade,
More cold, more dark then night.
1 The ſaucy faith of man doth blind
His mind, till it conduce
To deſtine all his abject kind
Form ſome external uſe.
2 Then ask not bodies doom'd to die,
To what abode they goe,
Since knowledge is but ſorrows ſpy,
It is not ſafe to know.

23 *A ſad ſong to a Lute.*

YOu Virgins nine, from whence there flows
Words able to expreſſe our ill,
Teach me to warble out my woes,
And with a ſigh each accent fill;
Infuſe my breaſt with doleful ſtrains;
Whoſe heavy note may ſpeak my pains,
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile my eyes with ſleep.

The pleaſing murmures of the aire,
That gently fan each moving thing,
I being heard, ſtrait doe repaire,
And bear a burthen, whilſt I ſing
A heavy burthen, doleful ſong
The fathers grief, the ſubjects wrong:
O let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep

The grieved *Flora* hangs the head,
Of every youthfull plant and tree.

And ſloury pleaſures are ſtark dead
At my lamenting melody.
Then all my muſes keep my ſtrains.
To reach the depth of bitter pains,
Oh let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

Me thinks I hear the ſinging ſpheres,
Tune their melodious ſtrains to mine,
The dewy clouds diſſolve in tears,
As if they griev'd to ſee me pine,
And all things joyn to help my moan,
Thus ſeldome comes true ſighs alone:
Then let me ſigh, and ſighing weep,
Till night beguile mine eyes with ſleep.

24. A *ſong.*

MY Miſtriſs loves no wood cocks
Yet loves to pick the bones,
My Miſtriſs loves ſome Jewels,
And other pretious ſtones.
My Miſtriſs loves no hunting,
Yet loves to hear the horn.
My Miſtriſs loves not Iriſh,
Yet loves to ſee men born.
My Miſtriſs loves no wreſtling,
Yet loves to catch a fall.
My Miſtriſs loves not all things,
Yet loves my Maſter withall.

25. A *ſong.*

AH me, thou never lov'd'ſt me yet;
Faith and troth are but a fit,
But to try, if that I
Would deny, or comply
With thy falſe diſſembling wit,
Hoping my heart, by thy cunning wit and Art

T.

To betray, as a prey for thine own.
Not to prove, or to love,
But deceave, and bereave
Of the hope that it feeds upon,
Oh then wonder not at me,
If I find in thy mind ſuch deceit:
Twere more ſtrange not to change,
But to yield in the field,
Where love doth ſo faintly beat.
Bluſh not then, thou haſt found out the cauſe
Of thy ſhame, then blame not my deſert:
'Tis ſuſpicious to be vicious,
Or give fire to deſire,
When Love inflames but ſo in part.

26. A *Song.*

STill to be neat, ſtill to be dreſt,
as you were going to a feaſt;
Still to be powdered, ſtill perfumed,
Lady it is to be preſumed,
Though arts hid cauſes are not found,
all is not ſweet, all is not ſound,
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes ſimplicity a grace:
Robes ſweetly flowing, hair as free,
ſuch ſweet neglect more taketh me,
Than all the adulteries of art,
they wound mine eyes, but not my heart.

27. *A ſong.*

FLow, flow, freſh Fount, keep time with thy ſalt
Yet ſlower, yet, oh faintly gentle ſprings, (tears
Liſt to the heavy part, the muſick bears,
We weep out her diviſion, when ſhe ſings.
Drop herbs and flowers,
Fall grief in ſhowres,
Our beauties are not ours.

Oh I could ſtill,
Like melting ſnow upon ſome craggy hill,
Drop, drop, drop, drop,
Since Nature's pride is now a wither'd Daffadil.

28. *A Bridall ſong.*

HOld back thy hours, dark night, till we have done;
The day will come too ſoon.
Young maids will curſe thee, if thou ſteal'ſt away,
And leav'ſt their bluſhes open to the day.
Stay, ſtay, and hide,
The bluſhes of the Bride.
Stay gentle night, and with thy darkneſſe cover
The kiſſes of my lover.
Stay, and confound her tears, and her ſhrill cryings,
Her weak denials, vows, and often dyings.
Stay and hide all:
But help not though ſhe call.

29. *A ſong.*

Strph. COme my *Daphnis*, come away,
We do waſte the Cryſtall day:
It is *Strephon* calls. *Daph.* What ſayes my love?
Streph. Come follow to the Myrtle grove,
Where I with *Venus* will prepare,
New chaplets to adorne thy hair.
Daph. Strephon, were I ſhut in this tree,
I'de break the bark to follow thee.
Streph. My ſhepherdeſs make haſte,
The minutes fly too faſt;
Let's to thoſe cooler ſhades, where I.
Blind as *Cupid* in thine eye,
Betwixt thy breaſts will ever ſtray.
Daph. In ſuch warme ſnows,
Who would not loſe his way?

30. *Chorus, Strephon, Daphnis, together*

WE'll laugh and leave this world behind,
And *Jove* himſelfe who ſees,

Shall

Shall envy us ſuch, but ne'er ſhall find
Such pleaſure in his Deities.

31. *A ſong.*

BAck again, fond man forbear.
Buy not a minuts play too dear:
Come with holy flames, and be
Welcome to vertue, and to me,

32. *Citizens ſong of the Courtier.*

COurtier if thou needs wilt wive,
From this Leſſon learne to thrive:
If to match it be thy fate,
Let her ſurpaſſe in birth and ſtate:
Let her curious garments be
Twice above thine own degree.
This will draw great eyes upon her,
Get her ſervants, and thee honour.

33. *Courtiers ſong of the Citizens.*

POor Citizen, if thou wilt be
A happy husband, learn of me,
To ſet thy wife firſt in thy ſhop;
A fair, kind, ſweet wife, ſets a poor man up:
What though thy ſhelves be ne'er ſo bare?
A woman ſtill is currant ware;
Each man will cheapen, foe and friend;
But whilſt thou art at the other end,
What ere thou ſeeſt, or what doſt hear,
Fool have no eye to, nor no ear,
And after ſupper, for her ſake,
When thou haſt fed, ſnort, though thou wake:
What though the Gallants call thee Mome,
Yet with thy Lanthorn light her home:
I am confident, but will not tell,
Where ſuch a Citizen doth dwell.

34. *A ſong.*

LOve, a thouſand ſweets diſtilling,
And with Nectar boſomes filling.

Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us.
And whileſt we thy pleaſures taſte,
Inforce time it ſelfe to ſtay,
And by the fore-lock hold him faſt,
Leſt occaſion ſlip away.

35. *A Song.*

THere was an inviſible Fox by chance,
Did meet two inviſible Geeſe;
He led them a fine inviſible dance,
For a hundred Crownes a piece.
Inviſible all but his head, he would go,
But when it came to be tride,
Not onely his hand which was left he did ſhow,
But a fair pair of heels beſide:
Inviſible ſince their wits have been,
But yet there is hope of either;
Their wits and their crownes may returne againe,
Inviſible altogether.

36. *A Song.*

IF Love his arrowes ſhoot ſo faſt
Soon his feathered ſtock will waſte,
But I miſtake in thinking ſo;
Loves arrows in his quiver grow,
That he wants no artillery,
That appears too true in me.
Two ſhafts feed upon my breſt,
Oh mak't a quiver for the Reſt:
Kill me with love thou armed ſon
Of *Citherea*, or let one,
One ſharp golden arrow flye,
To wound her heart for whom I die.
Cupid, if thou beeſt a child,
Be a good boy, be more mild.

37. *A ſong.*

ROom for the melancholly wight,
Some call him willow-Knight
Who theſe pains had undertaken,
To find out Lovers are forſaken:
Whoſe heads becauſe but little witted,
Shall with Garlands ſtraight be fitted,
Speak who are toſt on *Cupids* billows,
And receive the crown of Willows:
This way, that way, round about,
Keep your heads from breaking outs

38. *A Song.*

SEek not to know my Love, for ſhe
Hath vowed her conſtant love to me.
Her mild aſpects are mine;
Shalt only know a ſtormy brow:
For if her beauty ſtir deſire,
In me her kiſſes quench that fire.

Or can I to loves fountaine go,
Or dwell upon thoſe hills of ſnow;
But when thou burn'ſt ſhe ſhall not ſpare
One gentle breath, to cool thy air,
Thou ſhalt not clime thoſe Alps, nor ſpie
Where the ſweet ſprings of *Venus* lye.
Search hidden nature, and there finde
A treaſure to inrich thy mind.
Diſcover Arts not yet revealed,
But let my Miſtris live concealed.
Though men by knowledge wiſer grow
Yet here 'tis wiſdom not to know.

39. A *Song*,

VVElcome, welcome again to thy witts,
This is a Holy day:
We'le have no plots, nor melancholly fits,
But merrily paſſe the time away:

They are mad that are ſad,
Be ruled by me,
And none ſhall be ſo merry as we,
The Kitchin ſhall catch cold no more,
And We'll have no key to the Buttery door,
The Fidlers ſhall ſing,
And the houſe ſha'l ring
And the world ſhall ſee
What a merry couple,
M rry couple
We will be.

40. *A ſong.*

LOve is a bog, a deep bog, and a wide bog,
Love is a clog, a great clog, and a cloſe clog.
'Tis a wilderneſs to loſe our ſelves;
And a halter 'tis to nooſe our ſelves,
Then draw Dun out of the mire,
And throw the clog i'th fire:
Keep in the Kings High way
Sol er, and you cannot ſtray.
If you admire no female elf,
The halter may go hang it ſelfe,
Drink wine and be merry, for love is folly,
And dwells in the houſe of melancholly.

41. *A ſong.*

THe bluſhing-Roſe, and purple flower,
Let grown too long, are ſooneſt blaſted.
Dainty fruits, though ſweet, will ſower,
And rot in ripeneſſe left untaſted;
Yet there is one more ripe then theſe,
The more you taſte, the more ſhe'l pleaſe.
Beauty though incloſ'd with Ice,
Is a ſhadow chaſt as rare;
Then how much thoſe ſweets intice,
That have iſſue full as fair.

Earth

Earth cannot yield from all her powers
One equall for Dame *Venus* bowers.

42. *A Song.*

FOnd fables tell of old,
How *Jove* in *Danaes* lap,
Fell in a ſhower of gold:
By which ſhe caught a clap;
O! had it been my hap.
How e'er the blow doth threaten,
So well I like the play,
That I could wiſh all day,
And night to be ſo beaten.

43. *A ſong.*

CHant birds in every buſh,
The Black-bird and the Thruſh,
The chirping Nightingale,
The Linnet and the Wagtail,
The Mavis and the Lark,
O how they do begin, hark, hark!

44. *A ſong on the Fairy Queen.*

COme follow, follow me,
You Fairy elves that be,
Come compaſſe in this green,
And follow me your Queen.
Hand in hand let's dance a round,
For this place is Fairy ground.
When mortals are at reſt,
And ſnorting in their neſt
Unheard, or uneſpi'd
Through Key-holes we do glide;
Over tables, ſtools, and ſhelves,
We trip it with our Fairy elves.
Then if the houſe be foul,
With platter, diſh, or bowl,

Up

Up ſtairs we nimbly creep,
And find the ſluts aſleep.
Then we pinch their armes and thighes,
None us heares, none us eſpies
But if the houſe be ſwept,
And from uncleanneſſe kept,
We praiſe the houſhold maid,
And ſurely ſhe is paid:
For every night before we go,
We drop a teſter in her ſhoe.
Upon a Muſhroom head,
Our table-cloath is ſpread,
A corne of Rie or Wheat,
Is the dyet that we eat:
Pearly drops of dew we drink
In Acorne cups up to the brink.
The braines of Nightingales,
With unction fat of Snailes,
Between two Muſcles ſtew'd,
Is meat that's eaſily chew'd:
Braines of Wormes and marrow of Mice,
Do make our feaſts of wondrous price
The graſhopper, Gnat, and Fly,
Serve for our Miſtriſs high,
Grace ſaid, we dance a while,
And ſo we do the time beguile:
And when the Moon doth hide her head,
The Glow-wormes light us to our bed.
O're tops of dewie graſſe,
So nimbly we do paſſe,
The young and tender ſtalke,
Ne're bends where we do walk:
But in the morning may be ſeen,
The night before where we have been.

45. *A Song.*

SAy *Clarinda* while we prove
The mutuall acts of bliſſe and Love;
Why weep'ſt, theſe are no maiden feares,
That hath our kiſſes in thy teares.
What faith hath taught thee to begin,
Repentance in the act of ſin?
Or do theſe grieved ſprings run o're,
Becauſe we did not meet before?
Or do thoſe ſilver fountaines flow
In envy of thoſe ſilver pearles below;
Or ſorrow melt thy fairer eyes,
Becauſe my *clare* would be too wiſe?
No, no *Clarinda*, I have found
Of all thy griefs the perfect ground:
And thou muſt needs be ſorry for't,
That ſport ſo ſweet ſhould be ſo ſhort.

46. *A Song.*

DRink, drink, all you that think
To cure your ſouls of ſadneſſe;
Take up your Sack 'tis all you lack,
All worldly care is madneſſe.
Let Lawyers plead, and Schollers read,
And Sectaries ſtill conjecture,
Yet we can be as merry as they,
With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

Let gluttons feed and ſouldiers bleed,
And fight for reputation;
Phyſicians be fools, to fil up cloſe ſtools,
And cure men by purgation.
Yet we have a way far better then they,
Which *Galen* could never conjecture
To cure the head, nay quicken the dead,
With a Cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.

We do forget we are in debt,
When we with liquor are warmed;
We dare out-face the Sergeant's Mace,
And Martiall Troops though armed.
The Swediſh king much honour did win,
And valiant was as *Hellor*;
Yet we can be, as valiant as he,
With a cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
Let the world's ſlave his comfort have,
And hug his hoards of treaſure,
Till he and his wiſh meet both in a diſh,
So dies a miſer in pleaſure.
Tis not a fat farme our wiſhes can charm,
We ſcorne this greedy conjecture;
'Tis a health to our friend, to whom we commend,
This cup of *Apollo's* Nectar.
The Pipe and the Pot, are our common ſhot,
Wherewith we keep a quarter;
Enough for to choak with fire and ſmoake
The great Turk and the Tartar.
Our faces red, our enſignes ſpread,
Apollo is our Protector;
To reare up the Scout, to run in and out,
And drink up this Cup of Nectar.

47. *A ſong on a Scold.*

WE lived one and twenty yeer,
As man and wife together,
I could no longer keep her here
She's gone I know not whither.
Could I but gueſs, I do proteſt
I ſpeak it not to flatter;
Of all the women in the world
I never would come at her.
Her body is beſtowed well,
A handſome grave did hide her,

And

And ſure her ſoul is not in Hell,
The Divels would not abide her.
I rather think, ſhe's ſoar'd aloft,
For in the laſt great thunder,
Me thought I heard her very voice
Rending the clouds a-ſunder.

47. *A ſong.*

LOve not me for lovely grace,
From my pleaſant eye or face;
Or for any outward part,
No not for my conſtant heart.
These may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I ſhall ever ſerve,
Keep therefore a true womans eye,
And love me ſtill, and know not why;
So haſt thou the ſame reaſon ſtill,
To dote upon me ever.

48. *A ſong on Prince* Charles,

FAir fare the Muſes, which in well-chim'd verſe
Our Princes noble birth do ſing:
I have a heart as full of joy as theirs,
As full of duty to my King.
And thus I tell,
How every Bell
Did ſound forth *Englands* merry glee:
The Bonefires too,
With much adoo,
It were great pity to bely her,
Made *London* ſeem as all on fire,
A joyfull ſight to ſee.
2. The wiſeſt Citizens were drunk that day,
With Beer and Wine moſt ſoundly paid:
The Conſtables in duty reel'd away.
And charged others them to aid,
To ſee how ſoon
Both Sun and Moon

And ſeven ſtars forgotten bee,
But all the night
Their heads were light,
With much exalting from their horn.
Becauſe the Prince of *Wales* was born.
A joyfull ſight to ſee.

3. The Dutch-men they were drunke ſix dayes before,
And pray'd unto us to excuſe their joy;
The French-men vow'd ne're to be ſober more,
But drunk healths to the Royall Boy;
In their own wine,
Both briſk and fine,
The valiant Iriſh cram a cree,
It pledged hath
In Uſque bath,
And being in his joyfull vain,
He made a bog even of his brain;
A joyall ſight to ſee.

4. The Scots their joy in bonny-Ale did ſing,
And wiſht the royall Babe a man,
That they might beg him, but to be their King,
And let him rule them when he can.
The Spaniard made
A Shrug, and ſaid,
After my Pipe come follow me.
Canary-ſack
Did go to wrack,
Our Gentlemen with them took part,
The Papiſt drank it with one heart.
A joyful ſight to ſee.

5. The Welch for joy her Couſen Prince was born,
Do mean to change Saints *Davids* day,
Swearing no Leek hereafter ſhall be worn,
But one the twenty nine of May.

None

None so merry,
Drinking Perry,
And Metheglin on her knee.
Every man
His crack and Can:
Thus arm'd the divell they defied,
And durst tell Belzebub he lyed.
A joyfull fight to see.

49. *A Song.*

HE that will wo a widdow must not dally,
He must make hay while the Sun doth shine,
He must not sue with a shally, shally,
But boldly say, Widdow thou art mine:
'Tis vaine to woo a widow over-long,
In once or twice her mind you may perceive,
Widows are subtle, be they old or young,
They know so much they quickly can deceive;
Strike home at first, she quickly will be kind,
Or else she'll be as fickle as the wind.

50. *A Song.*

SHew me no more the Mary-gold,
Whose leaves like greived armes do fold,
My longings, nothing can explain,
But soul and body rent in twain.
Did I not moan,
And sigh and groan,
And talk alone,
I should beleeve my soul were gone from home:
She's gone, she's gone away, she's fled,
Within thy breast to make her bed;
In me there dwells her Tenant woe,
And sighes are all the breath I blow,
Then come to me,
One touch of thee
Will make me see,
Whether living thus alive or dead I be.

51. *A ſong.*

IF my Miſtriſs bid me begin,
Shall I ſay no, no; it is a ſin?
If ſhe bid me kiſſe and play,
Shall I cold fool ſhrink away?
If ſhe clap my check, and ſpy
Little *Cupid* in my eye,
Pinch my lips, and ſtroke my hair,
Shall I like a faint heart fear?
O no, no, no, no, I can't do ſo.

52. *A ſong.*

SLaves are they that heap up mountains,
Still deſiring more and more;
Lets carouſe in *Bacchus* fountains,
Never dreaming to be poor.
Give us then a cup of liquor,
Fill it up unto the brim;
For then me thinks our wits grow quicker,
When our brains in liquor ſwim.

53. *A ſong.*

NOr fate nor Love can I accuſe,
For that my love did me refuſe,
But O mine owne unworthyneſſe,
That durſt preſume to mickle bliſs:
Too mickle far for me to love,
A maid ſo like the Saints above;
An Angels face, a Saint-like voice,
O too divine for humain choice!

54. *A ſong.*

WEre my love a ſilly ſhepherd,
I would be his ſhepherdeſſe,
Or were he a poor neat-herd,
I would love him ne're the leſſe;
But he is one that is well known,
To be a man in every part:
And he alone ſhall be my own,
For in faith I love him with all my heart.

55. *A ſong.*

I Am confirm'd, a woman can
Love this, or that, or any man;
To day her love is melting hot,
To morrow ſwears, ſhe knows not what:,
Let her but a new object find,
And ſhe is of another mind,
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.
And if I love the fair one, Why?
For nothing but to pleaſe mine eye;
For her that's muſicall I long,
When I am ſad to ſing a ſong;
And for the fair and ſmooth-skin'd dame
I flatter to appeaſe my flame:
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.
I give my fancy leave to range,
In every face to find a change;
The black, the brown, the fair ſhall be
But objects of variety:
I court you all to ſerve my turne,
But with ſuch flames as ſhall not burn.
Then hang me, Ladies, at your door,
If ere I dote upon you more.

56. *A ſong.*

HAve you a deſire to ſee
The glorious heavens epitome
Or an abſtract of the Spring,
Adonis Garden, or a thing?
Here behold it open laid:
More full of wonder Natures ſhop diſplaid
Hung with the choiceſt peeces ſhe hath made,
Here behold it open laid,
Or elſe would you bleſs your eyes.
With a type of paradiſe?

Or,

Or behold how Poets fain,
Jove to ſit amidſt his train
Or ſee what made *Acteon* rue,
Diana 'mong her Virgin crew.
Lift up your eyes and view.

57. *A Song on a Star falling over the Arbor where his Miſtreſs ſate.*

AS I beheld the quick deſcent
Of laſt nights falling ſtar,
I ask't of many What it meant,
Or what it came down for?

Some ſaid, it was a Planet ſure,
That wandring miſt his way,
And finding there a heaven more pure,
Would there be fixt, and ſtay.

Some ſaid, the gods were all o're-ſeen
When they beheld thy feature;
They lookt on thine, and thought had been
Too fair for any creature.

Mars ſwore 'twas *Venus* his deſire,
And to the gods did ſay,
Let's ſend a flame of *Vulcan's* fire
To light her in her way.

But ſweet, if thou wouldſt have me tell,
This my opinion is;
When the other gods had view'd thee well
They needs would begg a bliſs:

They ſent this ſtar to fetch new light
From thy more radiant eye;
'Twould grace the heavens in cleareſt night,
And beautifie the skie.

But keep thy ſplendor ſtill ſo rare,
And thou ſhalt ſhortly ſee,

They will be forc'd to have thee there,
Or they'l come down to thee.

58. *A ſong.*

GAther your roſe-buds whilſt you may,
Old time is ſtill a flying,
Thoſe bloſſoms which do bloom to day
To morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lampe of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The ſooner will his race be run,
And neerer he's to ſetting.

That age is beſt that is the firſt,
When youth and blood are warmer,
Expect not then the laſt and worſt,
Which ſtill ſucceds the former.

Then be not coy but uſe your time:
And whilſt you may, go marry,
For having once but loſt your prime,
You muſt for ever tarry.

59. A *ſong.*

FIre, fire, lo here I burn in ſuch deſire
That all the tears that I can ſtrain,
Out of an empty love ſick brain.
Cannot allay my ſcorching pain.
Come *Humber*, *Trent* and ſilver *Thames*,
Dread Ocean, haſte withall my ſtreams,
And if thou canſt not quench my fire,
Oh drown both me and my deſire.

Fire, fire, there is no help for my deſire,
See all the Rivers backward flye,
And th' Ocean doth his aid deny,
For fear my heart ſhould drink them dry.

Come heavenly ſhowres, come pouring down,
Come you that once the world did drown.
Some then you ſpar'd, but now ſave all,
Which elſe muſt die, and with me fall.

60. A *ſong.*

I Love a woman, be ſhe tall,
Be ſhe low, or thick, or ſmall;
Be ſhe fair, or be ſhe brown,
So ſhe hath nothing of the Clown,
Tis behaviour that doth give
Beauty, whereas none doth live.
Which though it cannot ſpeak her mind,
It doth teach how to be kind:
If her tongue do over-run,
Kiſs her, and ſhe will have done;
If her carriage ſtately be,
That doth more enamor me.
If her looks be meek and humble,
She will yeild, although ſhe grumble;
If ſhe be ſtudious, and love books,
Learning hath a thouſand hookes.
If intelligent and witty,
She's the apter to take pitty;
If ſhe ſing unto the Lute,
Who can in her praiſe be mute?
If good qualities ſhe want,
Think her yet no ignorant;
If her hair be black or white,
Colour hinders not delight.
As I began, I'le end my Song,
I love a woman ſhort or long.

61. *A Song.*

VAin men! whoſe follies make a god of love,
Whoſe blindneſſe beauty doth immortall deem;
Praiſe not what you deſire, but what you prove,
Count thoſe things good that are, not thoſe that ſeem

I can-

I cannot call her true that's falſe to me,
Nor make of women more then women be.

62. *A Song.*

HAppy were he could finiſh forth his fate
In ſome unhanted deſert, moſt obſcure
From all ſociety, from love and hate
Of worldly folk, there might he reſt ſecure:
Where when he dies, his tomb may be a Buſh,
Where harmleſs Robbin dwells, with th' harmleſs
(Thruſh.

63. *A Song.*

AUrora to bluſh have I ſeen,
I have viewed the leaves of the Roſe,
By the new faln Snow have I been,
And where the white Lilly grows;
Yet never ſaw in any place
Pure white and red, but in your face.

64. *A Song.*

HAve you ſeen the white Lilly grow
Before rude hands have toucht it?
Have you markt the fall of the ſnow
Before the ſoyl hath ſmutcht it?
Have you felt the wool of Beaver,
Or Swans down ever?
Have you ſmelt of the bud of the Bryer,
Or the Nard in the fire,
Or taſted the bag of the Bee?
O ſo white, O ſo ſoft, O ſo ſweet is ſhe!

65. *A Song.*

IS't for a grace or is't for ſome miſlike,
Where others give the lip, you give your cheek?
Some hold it for a pride of your behaviour,
But I do rather take it for a favour.
Wherefore to ſhew my kindneſſe, and my Love,
I'le leave both lips and cheeks, and kiſs your Glove.

The

The reaſon is to make you full acquainted,
Your glove's perfum'd, your lips & cheeks are painted.

66. A Song.

NOt wiſe enough to rule a State;
Not fool enough to be laught at;
Not childiſh young, nor Bedlam old;
Not fiery hot, nor Icy cold;
Not richly proud, nor baſely poor,
Not chaſte, yet no reputed whore;
If ſuch a one I chance to find,
I have a Miſtriſs to my mind.

67. A Song.

SLeep, ſleep, fair virgin ſleep in peace
Pitty thou dyeſt without increaſe;
Strangers weep that do but hear
How good thou wer't, and how ſoon gone?
Well may the loſer ſpend a tear,
That knew the joy of ſuch a one.
To thy ſweet memory ſhall be paid
A plenteous dew each morn and even;
Farewell for ever lovely maid,
A Virgin-Lamp on earth, a ſtar in heaven.

68. A Song.

IPrethee leave me, love me no more,
Call home that heart you gave me;
I but in vaine that Saint adore
That can, but will not ſave me.
Theſe poor halfe kiſſes will me quit,
Was ever man thus ſerved,
Amid'ſt an Ocean of delight
And pleaſure to be ſtarved?
Oh *Tantalus* thy paines ne're tell,
By me thou art prevented,
'Tis nothing to be plagued in hell,
But thus in heaven tormented.

69. *A Song.*

Like Hermit poor in penſive place obſcure,
I mean to ſpend my dayes of endleſs doubt;
To wail ſuch woes as time cannot re-cure,
Where none but Love ſhall ever find me out:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

A gown of gray my body ſhall attire,
My ſtaff of broken hope whereon I'le ſtay;
Of late repentance link'd with long deſpair,
The Couch is form'd whereon my limbs I'le lay:
And at my gates deſpair ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

My food ſhall be of care and ſorrow made,
My drink nought elſe but teares faln from mine eyes;
And for my light in this obſcured ſhade,
The flames may ſerve which from mine heart ariſe:
And at my gates deſpaire ſhall linger ſtill,
To let in death when love and fortune will.

70. *A Song.*

WOods, rocks, and mountains and you deſart places,
Where nought but bitter cold and hunger dwels,
Heare a poor Maid's laſt wil, kil'd with diſgraces.
Slide ſoftly, whilſt I ſing, you ſilver Fountains,
And let your hollow waters like ſad bells
Ring to my woes, whilſt miſerable I
Curſing my fortune, drop a tear, and dye.

71. *A Song.*

SWeet golden ſlumbers kiſs your tender eyes,
Sweet ſmiles awake you, when you mean to riſe;
Sad care is heavy, therefore ſleep a while,
So ſhall ſweet ſleep thy ſad-fac'd care beguile.
Stay gentle *Morpheus* while ſhe ſleeps her fill:
And bleſs her with ſome ſweet illuſion ſtill:

Sleep gentle creature, ſleep and ceaſe to cry,
While I ſit here and ſing thy lullaby.

72. *A Song.*

1.

LEt her give, her hand, her Glove,
Let her ſigh and ſwear ſhe dyes,
He that thinks he hath her love,
I ſhall never think him wiſe:
Then be the old love ne're ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

2.

One naile drives another forth,
Land muſt loſe when Sea doth win:
Next that comes, though leaſt of worth,
Drives him forth that firſt was in.

3.

Store of diſhes makes a feaſt.
Shift of cloathes is ſweet and clean:
Change of paſture fats the beaſt,
Think you then ſhe will be lean?
Then be the old love ne're ſo true,
She is ever for the new.

73. *A Song.*

OH let me groan one word into thine ear,
And with that groan break all my vitall ſtrings;
Thou that would'ſt never, now vouchſafe to hear
How *Leda's* bird on ſweet *Meander* ſings:
So dying tapers have their fiery flaſhes,
And deadlieſt embers have ſome burning aſhes.
Thoſe were the looks that once maintain'd my ſtrength
Thoſe were the words that all my parts did cheriſh,
And what unkindneſs wilt thou gain at length,
If by the ſame I miſerably periſh?
That frown, I ſay, did in a minute ſtarve
That, which a ſmile did many yeers preſerve.

74. *A song.*

HEnce all you vaine delights
As short as are the nights,
Wherein you spend your folly;
There's nought in this life sweet,
If men were wise to see't,
But onely Melancholly:
Come folded arms and fixed eyes,
A sight that piercing mortifies.
A look that's fastned to the ground.
A tongue chain'd up without a sound

75. *A song*

GO spend thy time some other way,
Unthrifty boy, leave courting play,
For be a woman what she can,
She's at the best not worth a man.
Quench thy flames. and let them dye:
Reason bids thee, and not I;
She's a woman, goe no higher,
It is enough to cool thy fire.
Women are but for the sight,
Glo-worm like they'r best in night,
But if you needs must loving be,
Let it be no more a she:
Love thy Selfe, and love thy Friend.
Love thy Sack, and there's an End.

76 *A song.*

THou sends to me a heart was sound,
I took it to be thine;
But when I saw it had a wound,
I knew the heart was mine.

2

A bounty of a strong conceit,
To send mine owne to me.
And send it in a worse estate,
Then when it came to thee.

3.
The heart I ſent thee had no ſtain,
It was intire and ſound;
But thou haſt ſent it back again
Sick of a deadly wound.

4.
O heavens! how would'ſt thou uſe a heart
That ſhould rebellious be;
Since thou haſt ſlain mine with a dart,
That ſo much honoured thee.

77. *A Song.*

YOu that think Love can convey,
no other way,
But through the eyes into the heart,
his fatall dart;
Cloſe up thoſe Caſements, and but hear
this Syren ſing,
and on the wing
Of her ſweet voyce it ſhall appear,
That love can enter at the ear.
Then unveil your eyes, behold
the curious mould.
Where that voice dwells: and as we know
when the Cocks crow,
And Sol is mounted on his way,
we freely may
gaze on the day:
So may you, when the Muſick's done,
Awake and ſee the riſing Sun.

78. *A Song.*

MAdam be cover'd, why ſtand you bare,
It fits not with your female ſex,
We know you carry worthy ware,
Which found may be without Index.
Theſe bare ſignes do but bid us look
For unknown ſtuff in your two leav'd book.

Sparta

Spartane Ladies ſome there be
Which to their ſuitors naked ſtood,
And you your bare breſts let us ſee,
Which tells your hidden parts are good.
Thus wanton *Venus* drew on *Mars*:
A bare breaſt ſhews an open——

They hang forth ſignes at common Inns
That ſtrangers may know where to lodge,
And you ſhew forth your naked twins,
And uſe them as a Brothel-badge;
Theſe wanton ſignes direct mens *gratis*
The high way to your *nunquam ſatis*.

Diana being naked ſeen,
Did hornifie *Acteons* creſt,
And the fair ſtript *Hebrew* Queen
Her husbands fore-head finely dreſt;
Shut up then Madam, fly mens ſcorns,
For open breaſts breed ſecret horns.

The *Perſian* Matrons when their men
Before the *Medes* did flye, and fall,
For to incourage them again,
Shew'd them their bellies bare; and all.
You with your fair breaſts would (be-like)
Move even a heartleſſe man to ſtrike,

Our grandam *Eve* before the Fall,
Went naked and ſham'd not a whit,
You not to one, but, unto all,
Shew both your hills and naked pit:
Very well read in Rhetoricks ſchool,
You ſhew us but a part for th' whole.

The mask you wear upon your face.
Upon your breaſts would better ſhew,
By nature that's a naked place.
Then Madam uſe your Mask below,

Leſt that ſome gazing fellow venter,
And ſo deſcend to loves low center.

79 *A ſong.*

HE that loves a roſie cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from ſtar-like eyes doth ſeek
Fewel to maintaine his fires;
As old time makes theirs decay,
So his flames muſt waſte away.

2

Gentle thoughts and calm deſires,
Hearts with equal thoughts combined
Kindle never dying fires.
Where they are not, I deſpiſe,
Loves cheeks, or his Lips, or eyes.

3

Celia now no tear can win
My reſolv'd heart to returne,
I have ſearch'd thy ſoul within,
And find nought but pride and ſcorn,
I have learn't thine art, and now
I can diſdain as much as thou.

80. *A ſong*

COme ſorrow, come, bring all thy eryes,
All thy laments and all thy weeping eyes,
Burn out the living monuments of wo,
Sad ſullen griefs now riſe and over-flow;
Virtue is dead, oh cruel fate,
All youth is fled, all our laments too late.
Our noble youth to thy ne're dying name;
O'a happy ſoul to thy ne're dying fame;
To thy long peace on earth, this ſacred kneil
Our laſt love rings; Farewel, farewell, farewell.

81. *An Ode*

BEauty clear and fair;
Where the ayr

Rather

Rather like a perfume dwells,
Where the Violet and the Roſe,
In blew veins their bluſh diſcloſe,
And come to honour nothing elſe.

2.

Where to live neer,
And plaated there,
Is to live, and ſtill live now,
Where to gain a favour is
More then life, perpetual bliſs;
Make me live by ſerving you.

3.

Dear, again back recall
To this light,
A ſtranger to himſelfe and all.
Both the wonder and the ſtory
Shal be yours, and all the glory,
I am your ſervant and your thral.

82. *A Song.*

FAir maid, you did but caſt your eye ere while,
your ripening eyes,
Upon a bank of Camomile,
And ſtreight a bluſhing birth
of ſtraw-berries
Began to ſmile,
And all to gild the earth,
Would you have every harveſt here
Still laſt, then do no more
But kiſs your Sycamore,
That Myrtle or that Bay;
And berries will appear,
Not only ripe for this whole day,
But dangling all the year.

83. *A Song.*

I Can love both fair and brown, (betraies,
They whom abundance melts, and her whom want

Her who loves lovelineſſe, and her whoſe ſports and playes,
Her whom the country formed, and her whom the town,
Her who believes, and her who cries,
Her who ſtill weeps with ſpungy eyes,
And her who is dry cork and never cries.
I can love her, and her, and you, and you,
I can love any, ſo ſhe be not true.
Will no other vice content you,
Will it not ſerve your turn,
To do as did your Mother?
Or have you all old vices worn,
And now would find out other:
Or doth the ſhame that men are true, torment you?

2.

Oh we are not, be not you ſo,
Tell me, and do you twenty know?
Rob me, but bind me not, and let me go:
Muſt I come to travell through you,
Grow your ſubject becauſe you are true?

Venus heard me ſing this ſong,
And by loves ſweeteſt name ſhe ſwore,
She heard not this till now, it ſhould be ſo no more.
She went, enquired, and return'd ere long,
And ſayes alaſs, ſome two or three
Poor heretick in love there be,
Who think t' eſtabliſh dangers conſtancy
But I have told them, ſince you will be true,
You ſhall be true to them, who 're falſe to you.

84. A *Song.*

GOod morrow to the day ſo fair,
Good morrow Sir to you;
Good morrow to mine own torn hair,
All dabled in the dew.

2 Good

2.
Good morrow to this Cow-slip too.
Good morrow to each Maid,
That will with flowers this tomb bestrew,
Wherein my Love was laid.

3.
Ah wo is me, wo, wo is me,
Alack and welladay,
For pitty Sir, find out that he,
That bore my love away.

4.
I'le seek him in your Cities brave,
I'le seek him in your eyes,
Nay now I think you have made his grave
I'th bed of Straw-berries.

5.
I'le seek him there, I hope ere this,
The cold, cold earth doth shake him;
But I will go, or send a kiss.
By you, Sir, to awake him.

6.
Pray hurt him not, though he be dead,
He knows well who doth love him,
And who with green turfs rears his head,
And who doth rudely move him.

7.
He's soft and tender, pray take heed,
With bands of Balsam bind him,
And bring him back, but 'tis decreed,
That you shall never find him.

85. *A Song.*

SEest thou those Jewels which she wears,
In that rich Caskanet,
And those on her dishevel'd hair,
Fair Pearl in order set.
Believe young men all those are tears,
From sundry wooers sent.

In Bubbles Hyacinth and Rew,
Emblems of diſcontent,
Which when not warmed by her love,
By bold neglect each one,
Congeal'd to pearl and ſtone,
Which now the ſpoiles of love upon her
She wears as Enſignes of her honour:
Wherefore young man beware, and thus ſurmiſe,
She that will wear thy tears, will wear thy eyes.

16. A *ſong.*

OH what a ſhow
From the top to the toe,
How rich, how dear,
Thoſe garments appear.
How't does a man good,
And ſtirs the life-blood,
To touch and to take
How the ſenſes awake:
How the whiſtling ſilke
Our fancy doth milk
How every thing ſhowes,
And how the waſte growes
From little to leſſe,
Oh I could gueſſe,
But 'tis a faucy ſin,
Give me the luſty, luſty life within.

17. A *ſong,*

PReſerve thy ſight, unthrifty girle,
To purifie the air,
Thy tears to thread inſtead of Pearl,
On bracelets of thy hair.

2.

The trumpet makes the Eccho hoarſe.
And wakes the talking drum,
The expreſſe of grief gains no remorſe,
When ſorrow ſhould be dumb,

3.

For I must go where silken peace
Hath lost her drowsie head,
And for the sport of Kings, increase
The number of the dead:

4.

But first I'le chide thy cruell theft,
Can I in war delight,
That being of my heart bereft,
Have no heart left to fight?

88. A *Sonnet.*

IT is not feature nor a face,
That doth my free election grace,
Nor are my passions only led,
By a well temper'd white and red,
Could I enamour'd be of those,
The Lilly and the bulshing Rose,
United in one Stock might be
As dear unto my thoughts, as she.
But I search further, and do find,
Far richer treasure in her mind;
Where something is so lasting fair,
That age nor art can it impair.
Hadst thou a prolpective so clear,
That thou could'st view my object there,
Thou'ldst wonder and confess that I
Had cause to love her, and learn thence,
To love by judgement, not by sense.

89. *A Song.*

SO doth the earthly Lark salute the day,
So the young Birds do skip and play,
When the Suns cheerfull beams arise,
Such is the precious lustre of thine eyes.
For without that light,
With me 'tis endless night.

By them I live, I ſpring and grow, and have
By their Eclipſe a mournfull grave.
When our hard parents interpoſe,
A world of earthly thoughts, which doth procure
Great pain till it renews again:
But we wil borrow from Love's fire,
To kindle and enflame deſire;
That though our joyes meet not, we may
By that warmth think ther's another day.
Then meeting 'twill appear,
A thouſand times more cleer.

90. *A Song.*

AWay, away delights,
Away your follies all!
Dwell here no more,
You that are wanton, proud and fear no fall,
Your ſins deplore.
You that are high,
Sit and deſie fair fame,
Hark that muſt follow,
Oh a dying name:
Hark what muſt follow,
Oh an endleſs ſhame.
A lovely face, and not a vertuous mind;
Fair hope flies from, and leaves deſpaire behind.

91. *A Song.*

COme hither you that love,
And hear me ſing
Of joyes ſtill growing,
Green, freſh, and luſty as the pride of ſpring,
And ever blowing.
Come hither you that bluſh,
And dare not know what is deſire.
And old men worſe then you,
That cannot blow one ſpark of fire.

And with the power of my inchanting song,
Boyes shall be able men, and old men young.

92. *A Song.*

WHen doth love set forth desire?
In prime of youth men say.
And when again will it retire?
When beauty falls away.
Then you in youth that think on this,
Taste what the sweetness of love is,
The night comes not at Lovers calls
Being comes stayes not their leasure,
Hours that are sweet, are swift withall,
And attend not on our pleasure:
Then you in youth, that think on this,
Taste what the sweet of beauty is,

93. *A Song.*

SAd sorrow! put thy cypress Garland on,
And in a habit that may make joy weep,
Present thy self, that when thy part is done,
There's not an eye thou maiest not force to sleep,
And that his song if any yet dare sing,
May be the fall, may be the fall, of some unhappy King.

94. *A Song of sleep.*

FAir eyes let fall, let fall your tender covers,
Case up those sparks ye gem of lovers.
In calmness rest.
Thy pillow shall be *Venus* breast,
Lullabie, lullabie.

95. A *Song of the holy husk.*

CLear the eyes of the Watch!
Lazie sleep we dispatch
From hence as far as *Dedford*;
For your flock-bed and your feather
We expose to the weather,
And hang all the sheets in the bed-cord.

Chorus,

Chorus.

Then ſleep, ſleep, and enjoy your beds,
Your quiet drowſie heads:
May the furies of the night,
Scarlet Fleas, you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow,
But the plump browny louſe,
Scornes the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is a ſouldiers fellow.

Their Goblings and their Gig,
We regard not a fig;
Our fancies they cannot vary;
We ne're pitry girles that doo
Find no treaſure in their ſhoo,
But are nipt by the tyranous Fairy:
Chorus. Then ſleep, &c.

Liſt! the noiſe of the chairs,
Wakes the wench to her prayers,
Queen *Mab* comes worſe then a witch in;
Back and ſides ſhe intails
With the print of her nails,
She'l teach to ſnort in the Kitchin,
Chorus. Then ſleep, &c.

Some the night-Mare hath preſt,
With that weight on their breſt,
The returns of their breath cannot paſs;
But with us that tale is addle.
We can take off her ſaddle,
And turn out the Night-mare to graſs.
Chorus. Then ſleep, &c.

Now no more will we hearke
To the charmes of the Larke,
Nor the tunes of the early Thruſh;

All

All the woods ſhall retire
And ſubmit to the quire
Of the birds of the holy buſh,
Chorus. Then ſleep,&c.

While the Countrey Laſſe
With her Dary doth paſſe,
Our joyes no tongue can utter;
For we Centries ſtand,
And exact by command
The exciſe of her Lips and Butter.
Chorus. Then ſleep,ſleep, and injoy your beds,
You quiet drouſie heads,
May the furies of the nights
Scarlet Fleas you affright,
And pinch you black and yellow;
But the plump browny louſe
Scorns the ſhelter of the houſe,
Oh he is the Souldiers fellow.

96. A *ſong.*

PRepare thy hollow womb, O earth,
To take unto thy dead arms and embrace
A tear-dew'd herſe, in death now do him grace.
O never was derived from human birth,
A King ſo lov'd ſo honour'd, ſo renown'd,
Peace to thy ſoul, life to thy name,
Death to our joyes, O thy dear name!
Stop tears drop heart, never was wound
So deep, ſo deadly to a Land,
O cruel ſtroke, O fatal hand!

97. A *ſong.*

URns and Odors bring away,
Vapours ſighs darken the day;
Our griefs more heavy look,
Then dying youth too ſoon took

Our

Our dolefull chears
Be ſacred Vials fill'd with tears,
Our clamours through the wild air flying,
All ſad and ſolemn ſhews of dying,
What ever's ſerious to mirth's foes,
Attend upon our funerall woes.

98. A *ſong.*

ADverſe fortunes ever flie thee.
No dyſaſtrous fate come nigh thee:
O worthy of worthieſt name, adorned in this manner,
Lead bravely thy forces on, under wars martiall banner.
Love and fortune may they ſtill,
Be guided by thy noble will,
Arts and forces victory, attend thee nigh,
Whilſt fame ſings loud thy powers,
Triumphant fall on thee bleſt ſhowres;
Arms and honours enrich thy ſtory,
To thy fames eternall glory.

99. A *ſong*

FLow ſtreams of briny ſalt from thy ſad eyes,
To celebrate his mournfull obſequies;
My love is dead, he's dead, I muſt remaine,
To draw my poor life in continuall pain,
Till I have paid to his clear memory,
A Sea of love; O then moſt willingly.
Drown'd in my tears, as he in waves, I'le dye.

100 A *ſong.*

LOſe no time nor youth, but be
As kind to them as they to thee;
The fair Lillies that do grow
In thy cheeks, and purely ſhow,
The Cherry and the Roſe that blow:
If too long they hang, they'l waſte,
Winter comes which all will blaſt.
Thou art ripe, full ripe for men,
In all thy ſweets be gathered then.

101. A *Song.*

AWay, delight! go ſeek ſome other dwelling,
For I will bid farewell;
Falſe hope! thy tongue is ever telling
Lye after lye;
For ever let me reſt now from thy ſmarts
Alaſs for pitty,
Stay and fire ſome other hearts
That have been hard to thee,
Mine was not ſo, nor ſhall not be,
Never again deluding love ſhall know me,
For I will dye,
And all thoſe griefs that over-grow me,
Shall be as I,
For ever will I reſt, whileſt poor maids cry
Alaſs for pitty ſtay and let us dye,
That men may
But mock our clay.

102. A *Song in praiſe of Ale*

WHen that the chill Charocco blows,
And Winter tells a heavy tale;
When Pies and Daws, and Rooks and Crows,
Do ſit and curſe in froſt and ſnows,
Then give me Ale.
Ale in a Saxon Kumkin then,
Such as will make grim *Alkin* prate;
Bids valour burgeon in tall men,
Quicken the Poets wit and pen,
Deſpiſes fate.
Ale the abſent battell fights,
And ſcorns the march of Sweediſh drum,
Diſputes of princes, Laws and rights,
What's done and paſt, tells mortall wights,
And what's to come.

Ale

Ale that the Plow-mans heart up keeps,
And equalls it to Tyrants thrones.
That wipes the eye that fain would weep,
And luls in ſweet and dainty ſleep
The o're wearied bones.

Grand-child of *Ceres*, barlyes daughter,
Wines emulous neighbour if but ſtale,
Ennobling all the Nymphs of the water,
And filling each mans mouth with laughter.
Oh give me Ale.

103. *A Song.*

A Liberall heart makes our Fidles ring,
And a free-heart commands us to ſing,
The Steward is our tune and ſtring,
Heig ho now play any thing
Of *Dick* and *Tom*, he that vexes at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer ſtar reigned at his birth.

Such a Steward ever live,
To be merry and to give,
To be Lord of every one, to be honour'd without lowring.
That keeps the good March-beer from ſowring,
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

Let us ſing time away.
Some drink, ſome laugh whilſt we do play,
The Steward gives us wine and pay,
heigho holyday.
The Steward is our tune and ſtring,
Strike up boyes, play any thing
Of *Gill* or of *Joan*-----
He that vexeth at our mirth,
A ſmall-beer Star reigned at his birth.

104. *A ſong.*

FRom the temple to the board,
From the board unto the bed
We conduct your Maiden head;
Wiſhing *Hymen* to afford
All the pleaſures that he can,
'Twixt a woman and a man.
So merrily, merrily we paſſe along,
With our joyfull, with our joyfull bridall ſong.

105. A *ſong.*

CUpid is *Venus* onely joy
But he is a wanton Boy
He ſhoots at Ladies naked breſts,
He is the cauſe of moſt mens creſts,
I mean upon the fore-head,
Inviſible, but horrid;
Twas he firſt thought upon the way,
To keep a Ladies lips in play.

106. *A ſong.*

COme my hony, my douſe, my del, my dear,
We have neither houſe nor land, yet never want good cheer.
We take no care for lands or rents
We lye, we ſwear,
We ſport in tents,
We rouſe betimes, and quickly ſteal our dinners,
We'r ne're taken
Without Hens and Bacon,
And that's good meat for ſinners.
At wakes and at Fairs, we courzen
Poor Country folkes by the dozen.
Some one diſburſes,
Whileſt the other they pick their purſes,
When thus out of uſe,
We cover our cloathes,

Our

Our boots, and our jingling rowels.
With ſhirts or with ſmocks, with ſheets or with towels.
We dance and we friske,
And merrily whisk
Our morrice unto the taber;
The fools that would ſee
My Marrian and me,
We tickle their ſobs for our labour;
Then live with us, with us, all you that love your eaſes.
He thats a Gipſie.
May be drunk or tipſie
At any hour he pleaſes;
We laugh, we quaff, we ruffle.
Then live with us, &c.

WE all ſee how faith and fame,
Are followed by deſire and ſhame,
How that women wanton are;
Their follies foul, their faces fair;
Oh a handſome maid did moan,
Alas, for her maiden-head was gone;
For loſſe of which ſhe did aske men (den-head
Till that ſhe were ſped, who 'twas had found her mai-
I'th City Sir, we ſaw beſides the market-place,
A maid that cry'd, a handſome maide, gon it was,
Tell me, O tell me, where have you been,
And what have you ſeen?
Did you heare what was her moan,
Oh her maiden head was gone.
Maids that do loſe that jewel amongſt men,
They know not how to find it, find it they know not (when.

Fancies

Fancies, Devices, and flouriſhing Expreſſions on Love-Tokens, &c.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

Take this Scarf, bind *Cupid* hand and foot,
So Love muſt ask you leave before he ſhoot.

Upon a pair of Sciſſers preſented.

Theſe Sciſſers do your ho:ſwifry betray
You love to work, though you were born to play.

Upon a looking glaſſe preſented.

Blind fortune doth not ſee how fair you be,
But gives a glaſs, that you your ſelfe might ſee.

Upon a fan preſented.

You love to ſee, and yet to be unſeen;
Take this fan to be your beauties skreen.

On a plain gold Ring preſented.

Fortune doth lend you, hap it well, or ill,
This plain gold-Ring to wed you to your will.

Upon a pair of Bracelets preſented.

Lady, your hands are fall'n into a ſnare,
For *Cupids* manacles theſe bracelets are.

Upon a Scarf preſented.

O Faireſt, wear this Scarf which I do ſend,
It will your beauty from the wind defend;
For whatſoever breathes, this air will be
Deſirous for to kiſſe thy lips like me.

On a Looking glaſs preſented.

In this ſame Looking glaſſe my watry eye I ſee,
But I do wiſh that thou would'ſt ſhew
Her cheerfull countenance to me.

But why do I accuſe thee here?
'Tis not thy fault, for thou art clear.

On a Fairing, requeſted.

Let them whoſe heart diſtruſts a Miſtriſs faith,
Bribe it with gifts, mine no ſuſpition hath;
It were a ſin of a deep ſtain for me
To thinke you falſe, as, ſo my ſelfe to be:
If to reward for that you have expreſt,
You may expect a preſent, 'tis confeſt,
'Twere Juſtice from another, but I am
So poore, I have not left my ſelfe a name
In ſubſtance, not made thine by ſtyle before,
He that beſtows himſelf, can give no more.
If thou wilt have a Fayring from me then,
Give me thy ſelfe, I'le give my ſelf again.

A Country Clowns Preſent.

I ſend the here a Ribbon a whole yard,
I had ſent thee Garters, but the worlds ſo hard;
If Ribbon will not pleaſe thee, then let ſhe
Hang in her old Garters, ſhall have no new for me.

On a Knife.

May this ſame Knife,
Elſe end my life.

On his Picture cut in Silver preſented

Pray take me, kindly Miſtris, kiſs me too:
The ſubſtance will do more for you.

On a twiſt of her hair.

When this about thine arme doth reſt,
Remember him that loves thee beſt

On a pair of Gloves preſented.

Faireſt, to thee I ſend theſe Gloves,
If you love me leave out the G
And make it a pair of Loves.

Another

Theſe Gloves I ſend for thy delight,
For to ſet off thy purer white.

On

On a ſilver Bodkin preſented.

My deareſt ſweet, like this is love:
It muſt be thruſt in, and then it muſt move.

Written on a Gentlewomans Violl in the time of her abſence.

Mournfull tunes to her complain,
And now ſhe is gone, ſigh her diſdain:
When that ſhe gives thee next a touch,
Beg I may play on her as much.

On a Ropes-end preſented in mirth to his Miſtriſs.

Leſt our loves ſhould part or ſever,
Here's a Rope to tye us together.

Her anſwer.

The Rope is old, the Jeſt is new:
I take the Rope, a Rope take you.

On his ſending a handkerchiefe.

Here back to thee I do re-ſend thy Clout,
Take away C. and then I ſend thee Lout.

On a pair of Gloves ſent his Miſtriſs.

With theſe love-bands
I bind thy hands.

The Lover perſwades his Miſtriſs to pin on her Mask, and preſents her with theſe verſes.

Thy Mask put on, thy beauties lighter,
This darkneſs makes thoſe flames ſhine brighter;
The Sun gilds clouds; but from thine eyes
A day through night more cleer doth riſe.

On a knife given to his Valentine.

Fair Valentine, ſince once your welcome hand
With your warm touch did my new life command;
Vouchſafe the ſame hand ſtill, to ſhew thereby
That fortune did your will no injury.
What though a knife I give, your beauties charm
Will keep the edge from doing any harm;

Wool

Wool dul's the ſharpeſt blade, and will not ſuch
A weak edge turn, meeting a ſofter touch?

On the Letters of a Wife.

The *W.* is double wealth,
The *I.* an everlaſting joy.
The *F.* a friend unto thy health,
The *E.* doth end even all annoy.

The reply.

The *W.* is double woe.
The *I.* nought elſe but jealouſie,
The *F.* a fleering flattering foe,
The *E.* an earthly enemy.

On his Miſtreſſes Watch.

Go and count her better hours,
That more happy are then ours;
The day that gives her any bliſs,
Mak't as long again as 'tis;
The hour ſhe ſmiles in, let it be
By thine Art encreaſt to three;
But if ſhe frown on thee or me,
Know night is made by her, not thee;
Be ſwift in ſuch an hour, and ſoon
Make it night though 't be but noon.
Obey her time, who is the free
Fair Sun, that governs thee and me.

On an empty Purſe.

Heaven's a place, ſome ſay, where Angels dwell,
My purſe wants Angels, therefore call it hell.

A Parſon to his Miſtriſs.

My perſon is divine, my parſonage large and fair,
Come joyn thy love with mine, we'l make a loving pair.

Her anſwer.

Your perſon is divine, your Parſonage during life,
But if you chance to dye (then) wher's the Parſons wife?

To

To his Miſtriſs, tying a Ribbon about his wriſt.

THis ſilken wreath that circles-in mine arme,
Is but an Embleme of the myſtick charm;
Wherewith the Magick of your beauty binds
My captive ſoul this round about it winds
My fleſh alone; that hath impal'd my minde,
That to your beauty onely is confin'd;
Time may wear out theſe ſoft weake bands, but thoſe
Strong charmes of love fate never ſhall unlooſe.
This holy reliqne may preſerve my wriſt,
But my whole frame doth by that knot exiſt:
To that, my prayers and ſacrifice; to this,
I onely pay a ſuperficiall kiſs:
This but the idol, that's the Deity;
Religion there is due, here Ceremony:
That I receive in faith, but this in truſt;
Here I may render duty, there I muſt:
This moves like aire, that like the center ſtands;
That knot your vertues tyed, this but your hands;
That nature framed, but this is made by Art;
This makes my arme your priſner, that my heart.

Upon Nothing left for a new-years gift.

Theſe coſtly Kalends put me to my ſhift,
What I ſhould ſend th e for a New years gift;
Nor India, nor Ophire, yield me gem or gold,
I want thoſe knacks that in the Burſe are ſould,
Chains, bracelets, ear-rings, *Ariadnes* lawn,
The curious worke by holy Sisters drawn,
Are far above my reach to compaſſe; ſo
All that I have is Nothing to beſtow.
Accept, I pray, the gift beſeems you well,
For you do Nothing want that I can tell.
Scorn not the preſent, look on't, and you'll find
'Tis of great worth, Nothing contents the mind
Nothing is happy, Nothing is truely good,
For Nothing we pick quarrels, and draw blood;

And though for nothing Lawyers ſpeak not now,
Yet about nothing they make much ado.
So rare is nothing, that now adayes 'tis made
Reward unto deſert, ſervice is paid
Richly with nothing: therefore do not grieve
To wear this rare new-nothing on your ſleeve.

Poſies for Rings, and other pleaſant things.

RIngs and true frends,	Are without ends.
The Ring is grac'd.	That ſo is plac'd
The love that is chaſte	Doth never waſte.
It was not ſent	In complement.
Think on me,	Thoughts are free.
Let us ſhare	In joy and care.
In thy breſt,	My heart doth reſt.
Good wives and health	Are mans beſt wealth.
Love is here	In the tru ſphere.
This wreath of gold	Two hearts doth hold.
No force can move	A fixed love.
Deſpiſe not me,	I joy in thee.
Reading this	Wiſh me a kiſs.
I vow to kiſs	Her that reads this.
Abſence ne're parts	Two loving hearts,
This and the giver	Are thine for ever.
Abſence will prove	The trueſt love.
Ah, be not coy	My deareſt joy.
The love I owe	I muſt ſhow.
Of all the reſt	I love thee beſt.
Rather never	Then once & not for ever.
No turtle Dove	Shall ſhew more love
As I affect thee	So reſpect me.
Well directed	If accepted.

The love I owe — I fain would ſhow,
This give I you — Love to renew.
O that I might — Enjoy my delight.
If you to harbour me deny.
I periſh in the waves and dye.
When this you ſee — Think well of mee.
Virtue and love — Are from above.
Like to a circle round — No end in love is found,
More neer to me — Then life can be.
This and I — Untill I dye.
Had I not ſpoke — My heart had broke.
Your conſent — Is my content.
'Tis love alone — Makes two but one
You and I — Will lovers dye.
Though friends croſs love — We'll meet above.
Sweeteſt, thou art — My deareſt heart.
I languiſhing dye — If you deny.
Faithfull love — Can ne're remove.
Deſire like fire — Doth ſtill aſpire.
All born to live — And live to love.
We lingred long, — Yet lik'd at laſt.
I ſeek to be — Not thine but thee.
In thee each part — Doth catch a heart.
I love none — But you alone.
Loves knot once tyed — Who can divide?
In bodies two, — In heart but you.
My heart, ah me — Is fled to thee.
As I to thee — So with to me.
When *Cupid* fails — The eye prevailes.
True love appeares — In midſt of teares.
Be thou mine — As I am thine.
Ile rather dye — Then my promiſe deny.
My love for this — Deſerves a kiſs.
Till death doth call — My heart and all.
My fancy is — Endleſs as this.
My joy will die — If you deny.

Some comfort give
Hit or miſs
What I call mine
My faith once paſt
My conſtant love
Love's delight
Thy true affection
So decreed
Each day I die
We muſt become
No change whatſoever
Till death us part
Be firme to me
God above
My heart liveth
Nothing for thee
I joyn in one
My love by this
More I cannot
Heart and hand
Though far apart
The love I owe
Where this I give
By this token
No recompence
My hearts love
Once reſpected
I wiſh to have
Your ſight
In thy breſt
Let friend not foe
My love to thee
Your friend am I
Take this in part
Beſt election
I fancy none

By this I live.
Have at thee *Siſs.*
Shall all be thine.
Shall ever laſt.
Shall ne're remove.
Is to unite.
My perfection.
And ſo agreed.
If you deny.
Or I ſhall be none.
Shall part us ever.
Thou haſt my heart.
As I to thee.
Increaſe our love.
Where it loveth.
Too dear can be.
But injoy none.
Preſented is.
Leſs I will not.
At your command.
Yet neer in heart.
I cannot ſhow.
I wiſh to live.
You are beſpoken.
But a remembrance.
Shall endleſs prove.
Now neglected.
But bluſh to crave.
Is my delight.
My heart doth reſt.
This ſecret know.
Like this ſhall be.
And ſo will die.
Of my true heart.
Is conſtant affection.
But thee alone.

For

For a kiſs Take this.
In every grief Love yields relief.
Its in thy will To ſave or kill.
Where hearts agree No ſtrife can be.
As true to thee As death to me.
I joy to find A conſtant mind.
Loves knot once tyed Who can divide?
In conſtancy I live and dye.
I am yours Whil'ſt life endures,
Love never dies Where vertue cries.
Is all perfection from above? Then ſurely, love.

FEar God and love thou me,
That is all I crave of thee.

Thee did I find, thee did I chooſe,
Thee do I bind, till death doth looſe.

My fancy firſt hath choſen thee,
By faith I well requited thee.

I love thy beauty, but thy virtue moſt;
Vertue is found when beautie's loſt.

As I expect ſo let me find,
A faithfull heart, a conſtant mind.

Paſt, preſent, and in future time,
I was, I am, and ever ſhall be thine.

Be it my fortune, or my fault,
Love makes me venture this aſſault.

Be not too raſh, deny not flat,
For you deny you know not what.

My eyes did find, my heart made choice,
Of her that makes me now rejoyce.

The ſacred purpoſe and decree,
Is manifeſt in chooſing thee.

God hath kept my heart for thee
Grant that our love may faithfull be.

My faith is given, this pledge doth ſhow,
A work from heaven, perform'd below,

Where virtue is the cauſe of love,
Nothing till death can it remove.

God hath thee choſen a mate for me
I'le honour him in loving thee.

The eye findeth, the heart chooſeth,
The hand bindeth, and death looſeth.

Wit, Wealth, and Beauty, all do well,
But conſtant Love doth far excell.

Such liking in my choice I find,
That none but death ſhall change my mind.

Innumerable are the Stars I ſee,
But in my heart no Star like thee.

A ſhort ridling entertainment.

Queſt. MY fleſh, and my skin is red,
But white is all my heart,
Where round about the Wall is ſet,
Beaten with every Dart?

Sol. *It is a Cherry and a Cherry-ſtone.*

Queſt. What is that, is as white as ſnow,
And yet as black as any Crow.
And more pliant then a wand
Tyed in a ſilken band;
And every day a Princes Peer
Looks on it with a mirth that's cleer?

Sol. *It is a book, tyed with a ſilken lace,*
Whoſe paper is as white as ſnow.

Ink

Inke as black as any Crow.
And leaves more plaint then any wand,
Queſt. Learning hath bred me, yet I know no letter,
I have lived among books, yet am never the better;
I have eaten up the Muſes, yet know not a verſe,
What ſtudent is this, I pray you reherſe?
Sol. *A worm bread in a Book.*
Queſt. One evening as cold as cold might be,
With froſt, and hail, and pinching weather,
Companions about three times three,
Lay cloſe all in a pound together.
Yet one after another they took a heat,
And dyed that night all in a ſweat?
Sol. *A pound of Candles.*
Q. It was not, it is not, nor never will be,
Hold up your hand, and you ſhall ſee
Sol. *It is the little finger that was not, nor is not, nor never will be, ſo great as the other fingers.*
Q. Sweet Lady, ſuch a boon I crave,
As being got again, you have.
Nay if you ſurfeit of my requeſt,
Your gift returnes with intereſt,
'Tis not ſo wanton, as't may ſhow
A *Venus* bluſh, a *Cupids* bow,
Such as your beautie ſympathizes,
When *Cupid's* q uivered in your eyes;
That bliſſe which anſwers my deſire,
May parallel *Diana's* fire
'Tis ſuch as in a moments play
Is given, and is gone away;
Yet if you grant a bliſs,
Sweet Lady tell me what it is?
Sol. *A kiſſe.*
Q. My Coat is green, and I can prate
Of divers things within my grate,
In ſuch a Priſon I am ſet,

That hath more trap-holes then, a net?

Sol. *A Parrot in a cage of wyre.*

Queſt. In open feild I cannot lye;
Within a box of Ivory
My Lady reſts me quietly?

Sol. *A Fan of feathers in a Ladies Cabinet.*

Queſt. What part of man may that be
That is an implement of three,
And yet a thing of ſo much ſtead,
No man would without it wedd.
And by which thing, or had or loſt,
Each marriage is but made or croſt?

Sol. *The heart of man is, a triangular figure, The beginning of love.*

Queſt. Round I am yet cannot reſt,
When I am mounted at the beſt,

Sol. *A Tennis Ball.*

Queſt. Far in the Weſt I know not where,
Are trees, men ſay, that Oyſters bear;
That Oyſters ſhould be bred ſo high,
Methinks it ſoundeth like a lye
That femall plants I know it is true,
In London ſtreets bear Oyſters new:
And Fiſh, and Fleſh, and now and then,
They bear I tell you handſome men;

Sol. *Every man and woman is a tree, and by ſuch trees, you know what fruits are born in* London.

Queſt. Tell thy maſter in my name; when trees are turned, and wells be dry;
And dead, for quick then come will I?

Sol. *'Tis mid-night, when a gentlwoman correcting her meaning, promiſed her lover that ſhe would come.*

A Propoſition or queſtion about a Garland.

Queſt. Betwixt two ſuitors ſate a Lady fair,
Upon her head a Garland ſhe did wear,

And

And of th' enamour'd two, the first alone
A Garland wore like her, the other none,
From her own head she took the wreath she wore,
And on him plac'd it that had none before;
And then these Lovers browes were both about
Beset with Garlands, whilst she sat without;
Beholding then these rivals one each side
Of her thus plac'd, and deckt in all their pride;
She from the first mans head the wreath he had
Took off, and therewith her own brows she clad
And now this Lady, and the second were
In Garlands deckt, and the first man sat bare:
Now which did she love best, of him to whom
She gave, or him she took the Garland from?

Sol. *In my conceit, she him would sooneſt have*
From whom she took, not him to whom she gave;
For to bestow divers respects may move,
But to receive none should perswade but love:
She grac'd him much on whom her wreath she placed,
But him whose wreath she wore, she much more graced;
For where she gives, she there a servant makes,
But makes her self a servant where she takes.
Then where she takes, she honours most, and where
She doth most honour, she most love doth bear.

Queſt. As bitter as gall, as sweet as milk,
As high as a wall, and soft as silk?

Sol. *A Wall-nut upon a tree.*

Queſt. I am called by the name of man,
Yet am as little as a mouse,
When Winter comes, I love to be
With my red Target neer the house.

Sol. *A Robbin red-breſt.*

Queſt. Ten mens length, and ten mens strength,
And ten men cannot rear it?

Sol. *A Cable-Rope.*

Queſt. I was not, I am not, nor shall not be,
Yet I do walk, as men may see.

Sol. *It is a man whose name was Not,*

Q. In the last minute of mine age, I doe wax young (again,
And have so still continued, since the world did first (begin;

Sol. *It is the Moon.*

Q. I do owe most yet nothing pay,
Evil I am, and the worst I say?

Sol. *Ingratitude.*

Q. Beyond the seas there is an Oak,
And in that Oak there is a Nest,
And in that Nest there is an Egge,
And in that Egge there is a yolk,
Which calls together Christian folk?

Sol. *It is the clapper of a Bell within a steeple: for the Church is taken for the Oak, the steeple for the Nest, the Bell for the Egge, the Clapper for the Yolk.*

Q. Oooo. Children beautifull, of this my body bred
Both sons and daughters finely deckt, alive and they are dead:
My sons were put to extreme grief, by such as loved (them well;
My daughters dyed of extreme age, by whom I cannot (tell

Sol. *The mother is the Tree, the Sons the fruit, and the Daughters the leaves.*

A mysterious Epitaph.

NOt born, not dead, not christned, not begot,
So here she lies, that was, and that was not,
She dy'd, was born, begot, baptiz'd, and more,
Was in her life, not honest, not a whore;
Reader, behold a wonder rarely wrought,
Which whil'st thou seem'st to read, thou readest *Not Quest*. There are thick bushes, little ones,
Where on grow prickles and precious stones,
Which fair Maidens often pull,
'Tis hard, 'tis round, 'tis plump, 'tis full,
They put it in, and still they move it,
Which makes it melt, and then they love it.

Th

The ſweet ſuckt, they ceaſe to play,
And caſt the empty skin away.
Sol. *4 Gooſeberry.*

Choiſe Apothegms and Proverbs collected from divers Authors, upon ſundry occaſions.

A Fair wife, and a Frontier Caſtle, breed quarrels
2 An old wiſe mans ſcabberd, is better then a young buzzards ſword.
3 Vertue never growes old.
4 To a fair day open your window.
5 Old wine, and an old friend, are good proviſions
6 Too much familiarity breeds contempt.
7 She ſpins well that breeds her Children.
8 Marry your Son when you will, your daughter when you can.
9 Dally not with money, nor women.
10 None is a fool alwais, every one ſometimes
11 I wept when I was born, and every day ſhewes why.
12 He that playes his money ought not to value it.
13 They that know one another, ſalute a far off.
14 Think of eaſe but work on.
15 A woman and a glaſſe are ever in danger.
16 Truth and oyl are ever above,
17 Honey is ſweet, but the Bee ſtingeth.
18 He hath great need of a fool, that playeth the fool himſelf.
19 He that ſtumbles and falls not, mends his pace,
20 Building and marrying of children, are great waſters

21 Ploy

21 Play with a fool at home, and he will play with you in the market.

22 The Eye and Religion, can beare no jesting.

23 An ill wound may be cured, not an ill name.

24 On painting and fighting, looke a loof off,

25 Marry a widdow before the leaves mourning.

26 Good words quench more, then a bucket of water.

27 By Suppers more have been killed, than *Galen* ever cured.

28. Many kisse the hand, they wish cut off.

29. He that strikes with his tongue, must ward with his head.

30 Since you know all, and I nothing, tell me what I dreamed last night.

31 If you would know secrets, look them in grief, or pleasure.

32 Fine words dresse ill deeds.

33 Praise a Hill, but keep low.

34 If the wise erred not, it would go hard with fools.

35 Water, fire, and souldiers, quickly make room

36 Fair words, makes me looke to my purs.

37 The offender never pardons.

38 He that is angry at a feast, is rude.

39 Before you make a friend, eat a bushell of salt with him.

40 He that hath horns in his bosome, let him not put them on his head.

41 In life you loved me not, in death you bewail me.

42 The hearts Letter, is read in the eyes.

43 He that lives in hope, danceth without musick

44 Chuse a horse made, and a wife to make.

45 The Court hath no Almanack.

46 The ignorant hath an Eagle's wings, and an Owles eyes.

47 The Cholerick Drink, the melancholick hates, & the flegmatick sleeps.

48 Converſation makes one what he is.

49 Wine is a turn-coat, firſt a freind, and then an enemy.

50 Many things are loſt for want of asking,

51 Love makes one fit for any worke.

52 Love makes his Kingdome without a Sword.

53 Love makes all hard hearts gentle.

54 Love makes faith, and faith firmneſſe.

55 Love and buſineſſe, find eloquence.

56 He that Loves the tree, loves the branch.

57 Love, and a Cough, cannot be conceal'd.

58 Love is not found in the Market.

59 Love is the true price of love.

60 A houſe and a woman ſute excellently.

61 Diſcret women have neither eyes nor ears.

62 Things well fitted abide.

63 In chuſing of a wife and buying of a ſword, we ought not to truſt another.

64 Fair is not fair, but that which pleaſeth.

65 Who lets his wife go to every feaſt, and his horſe drink at every water, ſhall never have a good wife, nor a good horſe.

66 The tooth-Ach is more eaſie then Love.

67 Willows are weak, yet they bind others.

68 Gaming, women, and wine, whileſt they laugh, make men pine.

69 In the husband wiſdome, in the wife gentleneſſe.

70 Beauty draws more then Oxen,

71 If the mother had never been in the Oven, ſhe had never ſought her daughter there.

72 Three women make a market.

73 He that marries for wealth, ſells his liberty.

74 A gentle heart is tyed with an eaſie thread.

75 Fair language grates not the tongue.

76 Women laugh when they can, and weep when they will.

77 He

77 He that marries late, marries ill.

78 Words are women, deeds are men.

79 Pleaſure long expected is deare enough ſold.

80 A woman conceales what ſhe knowes not.

81 He that tells his wife news, is but newly married.

82 All truthes are not to be told,

83 A long tongue is a ſign of a ſhort hand.

84 What your glaſſe tells you, will not be told by Councell.

85 Mills, and wives, ever want.

86 He that hath a Fox for his mate, had need have a Net at his girdle.

87 Prettineſſe dyes firſt.

88 A Poore Beauty finds more husbands then Lovers.

89 Who hath a wolf for his mate, needs a Dog for his man.

90 He that is not handſome at twenty, nor ſtrong at thirty, nor rich at forty, nor wiſe at fifty, will never be handſom, ſtrong, rich or wiſe.

91 Hearken to reaſon, or ſhe will be heard,

92 He that will learn to pray, let him go to Sea.

93 I had rather ride on a horſe that carries me, then an Aſſe that throws me.

94 While the diſcreet adviſe, the fool doth his buſineſſe.

95 Who doth dis own buſineſſe, foules not his hands.

96 Diſgraces are like cherries, one draweth another.

97 He playes well that wins.

98 The Royall Crown cures not the head-Ache.

99 He that contemplates, hath a day without a night.

100 Nothing dries ſooner then teares.

101 Long jesting was never good.
102 Sweet discourse makes short dayes and nights.
103 Night is the mother of counsel.
104 Soft and fair goes far.
105 A ship and a woman are ever repairing.
106 The best of the sport is to do the deed, and say nothing.
107 He thinks not well, that thinks not again,
108 Gifts enter every where without a wimble.
109 He that is at ease, seeks vanities.
110 The first and the last Frost, is the worst
111 A cool mouth, and warm feet, live long.
112 He that will take the bird, must not scare it.
113 Ill ware is never cheap.
114 Were there not fools, bad ware would not passe.
115 Who is so deafe as he that will not heare?
116 They that are booted are not alwaies ready,
117 Send a wise man of an errand, and say nothing to him.
118 In the World, who knows not how to swim, goes to the bottome.
119 Though the Sun shine, leave not thy Cloak at home.
120 Far shooting never kill'd bird,
121 He that hath the spice, may season as he lists,
122 Water afar off quencheth not fire.
123 The wearer knows where the shoo rings.
124 One flower makes no Garland,
125 A fool may throw a stone into a well, which a hundred wise men cannot draw forth.
126 To the counsel of fools, a word is best,
127 There are many waies to fame.
128 The shortest answer, is, Doing.
129 A bird in the hand, is worth two in the bush.
130 Lit-

130. Little dogs ſtarts the Hare, the great ones get her.

131 Wiſdome hath one foot on the Land, and another on the Sea.

132 Wine in Bottles, doth not quench the thirſt.

133 An idle head, is a box for the wind.

134 If things were to be done twice, all would be wiſe.

135 At Court, every one is for himſelf.

136 'Tis good walking with a horſe in ones hand.

137 In an hundred ells of contention, there is not one inch of love.

138 You muſt loſe a flye to catch a gnat.

139 For a Morning-rain leave not your journey.

140 The Mill cannot grinde with the water that is paſt.

141 The fault of the Horſe is put on the Saddle.

142 Whoſe houſe is of glaſs, muſt not throw ſtones at another,

143 Milk ſayes to Wine, Welcome friend.

144 The houſe ſhews the owner.

145 Quick believers need broad ſhoulders,

146 He that ſends a fool, means to follow him.

147 Never had ill workmen good tools.

148 When prayers are done, my Lady is ready.

149 He that ſtudyes his content, oftentimes wants it.

150 Health without Money, is half a ſickneſs.

151 There is no equity in keeping an unjuſt promiſe.

152. It is better to give one ſhilling away, then lend twenty.

153 Before thou marry; have thy dwelling place.

154 Handſome women without portions, find more ſweet-hearts then husbands.

155 Happy is he that oweth nothing.

Phraſes for the beginning of Letters, for our *reater ſpeed in our urgent occaſions.*

DEſiring to refreſh the memory of your good-will, I thank you for the curteſie I received at your hands.

I pray you honour me ſo much, as to bear my Necce company.

Let me requeſt this courteſie at your hands.

I muſt intreat you to have me excuſed.

I am wonderfully taken with the reading of your Letters.

Sir I am not ignorant of the affection you bear to me.

There ſhall be nothing wanting in me, who have been allwaies tender of your honour.

Sir, I have well conſidered of your freindſhip, and the worthy affection you beare to me.

Sir, Let me adviſe you not to ſlip any opportunities to make me happy in your commands.

Sir, Excuſe me, if my haſt force me to be familiar with you.

Phraſes for the concluſions of Letters in haſte.

WHerefore let me intreat you to adviſe me, or give me counſell, ſince in all things you may diſpoſe of me.

Wherefore I do again deſire you to repute me for one of your adorers.

I will imploy all my power in it.

The beſt intereſt, or uſe, which you ſhall have for the

the money you lent me is: that I will here confeſſe and ſubſcribe my ſelf yours, &c

Sir, So as you will have a little patience, I will do you reaſon, or I will do all that ſhall be fitting, to expreſs my ſelf your ſervant.

When you ſhall have need of my ware, or of any thing my ſhop affords, it is at your command or ſervice, as I am, &c.

In any thing wherin I ſhall have the means to ſerve you, I will do it with a very good will, whileſt I am, &c.

If you have need of me, I pray you ſpare me not, ſince I am alwaies yours.

If you thinke good, I pray you ſend for it, for it is at your command, as I am.

Sir, I ſhall acquit my ſelf therein, as I ſhould do in my own buſineſſe, that moſt chiefly concerns me, for I am, &c.

You ſhall find me alwaies ready to obey you to my power, *F.G.*

If you deal well with me now, you will give me occaſion to pleaſure you another time, for I am at your diſpoſure.

If you ſend not the ſum you owe me, you will conſtrain me to take ſome other courſe.

I pray you adviſe him in it, who is yours, L. *W*,

I will be ready to do it with all my heart.

'Tis the leaſt part of that ſervice he ows you, who is your friend.

I will not fail to advertiſe you.

All that I have is at your command, as I am.

I will take the boldneſſe to ſalute you, with my moſt humble recommends.

I ſhall do it with as good a will, as I now recommend me to your good favour, with my prayers to God, to give you even what your heart deſires, and I remain yours. Deſi-

Desiring God to give you the continuance and increase of all kind of prosperity; with my prayers to God to give you, with your perfect health, the accomplishment of your wishes, and desires. Yours, *G. L.*

Praying to God for your contentment, even so I take my leave.

And so I rest, or remain ever, Yours, &c.

The Garden-knot of faire and rare Letters of Complements.

An offer of service. 1.

SIR,

THese strokes of my hand, shall serve to intreat you to honour me with yours, and to confirme to you anew, the purpose I have always had in my soul, which is a perfect will to live faithfully, that I may dye constant, *Yours, Sir,*

Another.

SIR, This my duty shall confirm the rest, which I desire to yield you by service, with this request, that you hold me still in your remembrance, as him that shall never affect other merit, then that of obeying you, whereby to be by you esteemed, Sir, the most obedient of all your servants.

Another upon the sending of a token.

See, *SIR,*

I Do not forget you, witness this present, and a thousand more evidences, which I shall give you for a security of my continued affection; and in all occasions, you shall find me what I profess, that is, *SIR,*

Yours,

A Letter of requeſt to entertain a friend. 4.

SIR, if I can tell how to crave of you, much better can I obey you; but for lack of your commands, I make my prayers to you, and eſpecially for this, to honour this friend of mine with your favour; we both ſhall be obliged and bound to you; he, as an humble ſuitor, and I Sir, as,

Your moſt affectioned ſervant.

Another to the ſame effect 5.

SIR,

MY paſſionate deſire to do you ſervice, emboldens me to take pen in hand, to beſeech you to do this friend of mine a favour; the matter is but ſmall, but the acknowledgment ſhall be great. I ſhall expect this courteſie from you, as you from me will look for all manner of ſervice, ſince in very deed, I am

Your moſt humble ſervant.

SIR, *A Letter for anſwer to requeſts. 6.*

I Honour your requeſts too much to refuſe them, much more your commands, to diſlike them; ſo that by obliging you, I content my ſelf. I have therefore effected your will, which I account mine own, with as much vehemency as ſhall be requiſite for your ſervice; for whileſt I am any thing, Sir, I am, *Your ſervant.*

Another humble expreſſion of ones ſelf to a friend. 7.

SIR, I am ſo deſtinate to obey you, that I never had a more paſſionate deſire in my ſoul for any thing: endeavour then to content me, by making uſe of my ſervices, for they belong to you; and I beſtow them on you, without reſerving ought, but the honour of that employment, ſince that will make me ſtill appear, whereſoever I am, like my ſelf, which is,

Your moſt humble, &c.

SIR, *Another. 8.*

YOur requeſts are effected, and by conſequence, my deſires are accompliſhed; the one depending

on

on the other : for the leaſt of thoſe things that may pleaſure you, ſhall be alwayes my contentment. Spare not then to command my utmoſt endeavours, for they proceed, Sir, from *Your moſt humble ſervitor.*

A Complementall Letter. 9.

SIR,

I Have nouriſht in my ſelf a continuall care of ſeeking opportunities to do you ſervice, and take more delight in rendring my ſelf yours, then in the wayes of the world : I beſeech you therefore to honour me with your commands ; I acknowledge my ſelf an enemy to Courtſhip, but I dare proteſt this, That though you may have more powerfull, you can never have a more conſiderable ſervant : For *I* am,

Yours moſt affectionately.

Another. 10.

SIR, It is my publick profeſſion to appear, in all places, a ſervant to your merits ; your intereſts have obliged me, to which I ſhall alwayes remain indebted, making more account of the leaſt of them, then of all the reſpects I am able to render you, which may witneſs the paſſion I have to maintain the quality, Sir, of. *Your very humble ſervant.*

A *Letter of ſilence.* 11.

THe only way, Sir, to conſerve me in your memory, is to write to me. Silence is a ſworn enemy to friendſhip : If you have heretofore taken an oath to write no more to me, ſend me my Letters back againe : You may ſo change your humour when you pleaſe, if you deſire not to renew Obligations of my ſervice : I honour you ſo extreamly, that I muſt of neceſſity addreſs theſe lines to you : The proteſtations I have made to live and dye yours, have raiſed in me this reſolution, not to loſe the honour of your remembrance, though you ſhould make little eſteem of him, who is, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

The

SIR *The Anſwer.* 12.

ACcuſe me of importunity rather then of neglect; for ſo you may find me guilty: a treſpaſs which out of my reſpect to you, I ſhall carry with me to my grave. I know that friendſhip cannot be conſerved without Letters, and that there muſt be reciprocall & continued aſſurances; if you will but force your ſelf to believe this, I cannot ſuffer under the misfortune of neglect; for though intereſts have for a ſhort ſpace reſtrained my pen, my hand ſhall hereafter be for ever on the paper, to expreſs how much I am,

Your faithfull friend and ſervant,

A Letter of gratitude. 13.

SIR,

YOu have ever ſo purſu'd me with your favours, that I am made capable of no other pleaſure in the world, but to entertain them: inſomuch, that ſhould I offer up my being unto you, 'tis impoſſible for me, but in part, to diſ-ingage my ſelf; ſo that of neceſſity I muſt want both words and ſervices, to expreſs how unfeignedly I honour you, and am,

Yours.

The anſwer. 14.

SIR,

THe exceſs of your Noblene ſſe hath bereft me of all Complements: ſo that I have bought your thanks at too dear a rate, and muſt be familiar: whereas I received from you a miracle of Courtſhip, give me leave in plain termes to expreſs, that you will be more weary of acknowledging, then I in executing the office of a friend, being undeſervedly,

Yours to command.

Another anſwer. 15.

Sir,

IF you eſteem me for one of your friends, why do you uſe me thus, to thruſt upon me with ſuch unneceſſa-

ry

ry acknowledgment? It is an ill cuſtom you have got: I proteſt to you Sir, I deſire not to know the Language of Complements from you: conſider of me without the ſuperfluity of ſuch Ceremonies; and be but more familiar in the commerce of your letters: and I ſhall acknowledge it for a full ſatisfaction and favour above all merits of mine.

Your friend, L.M

A Letter of intreaty. 16.

Sir,

I Doubt not of your power, and leſſe of your nobleneſs and therefore p eſume to take the freedome to implore your favour in the proſecution of that buſineſſe you are allready acquainted with: I have ſo much honour in this misfortune, as to make your goodneſſe knowne to the world (by my engagements), eternally conſerving the memory of all your other favours; which ſo extreamely obliges me, that though for the preſent I am one of your moſt unprofitable ſervants, I ſhall not fail hereafter to merit it, or to carry a ſorrow with me to my grave.

Yours, I. P.

The Anſwer. 17.

Sir,

IF I have done all you have deſired, I ſhould ſtill intreat you to preſerve new commands; I take ſuch pleaſure in them: ſo that I blame nothing but the facility of their execution; having more thanks to retribute you for my imployment, then you can returne me for my ſervice. Whereas you write of the preſerving of their memory, I ſhall deſire no greater glory from you, than new proofs of my obedience: ſo all the ſatisfaction I expect, is to be made more, if it were poſſible,

Yours, J. R.

A congratulatory Letter for the good fortune of a friend. 18.

Sir

THe exceſſe of my gladneſſe, like the merits of your affection, is not in any reſpect vulgar: for all my paſſions do but wait upon your good fortunes. Pardon therefore the defect of my Eloquence, ſince it is ſupplied with the joy which reigns in me, which hath made me ſo ſenſible of that extraordinary contentment, that in honoring you the world is poſſeſſed of; which long before this, foreſaw that the felicity of this event belonged to your merits: perhaps moſt of your friends have prevented me in this congratulation: but this zeale and affection, , cannot come too late for him, that is more then he is able to expreſſe, *Yours.*

The anſwer. 19.

Sir,

YOu have ſo ſenſibly touched me with your Letter, your joy (as it were to the life) mingling my intereſt with yours, that, ſhould I not render thanks to you, I ſhould dye of a deep impatience; I acknowledg, I never merited the effects of ſuch nobleneſſe, as that you ſhould account of me, as an object for your virtuous inclinations: the pleaſure I intertain to conſider your goodneſſe, is more ſatisfaction to me then my advancement; as I prefer before other intereſts the happineſſe of your affection, and the new aſſurance of your friendſhip: Which that I may the more ſeriouſly contempla e, I ſhall for ever reſerve in my admiration, and remain in the number of your beſt friends; *Yours*, L. D.

A Letter acknowledging a notable favour. 20.

Worthy Sir,

THe exceſſe of your goodneſſe hath forced me to a ſilence, that I am not able to render you ſufficient thanks for ſo great a favour: You are ſo extreamely gene-

generous that I cannot be ſenſible enough: All the happineſſe that I am furniſhed with, is, that you would be pleaſed to grant my innocent obſervance ſo much liberty, as to importune you at all times to honour me with your commands. For, I am

Your humble ſervant.

A Letter to a Lord. 21.

My Lord,

I Boldly confeſſe my incapacity to expreſſe to you Lordſhip, the reſentment which your obligation cauſe in me; as alſo my diſability, in meeting with occaſions to acquit my ſelf; ſo that I have no other power left me, but an acknowledgment of your generous actions, which can only recompenſe themſelves in publiſhing your Lordſhips noble mind to the whole world, together with the quality,

My Lord, of your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

A Letter intreating pardon for a fault 22.

Sir, It is not that I fear my innocency, but to purchaſe the quiet of my mind, that I preſent theſe lines to you: in the errour I committed, there was more contributed by my nature and the ſuddenneſſe of the occaſion, then from any free will of mine: I confeſſe my fault, not onely in hope of your pardon, but alſo of a better acceptance, ſince the acknowledgment proceeds from

Your truly ſorrowfull friend

A Letter complaining of a falſe report. 23.

Sir, I fear you have forgot that eſteem which I made of your deſerts, and thoſe paſſions which I ever had to do you ſervice, or elſe you could not be ſo forgetfull, both of me, and your ſelf, as to undertake ſo dangerous an imployment. I adviſe you ſuddenly to reſtrain theſe exorbitances of your tongue, or I ſhall force you to ſuch a long ſilence, that you ſhall nev-

be heard to ſpeak again. This is a charitable advice if you are ſo carefull of your ſelf as to follow it.

Your ſervant, G.K.

The Anſwer. 24.

Sir, If, as you write, you had rightly called to your remembrance the nature and quality of a true friend, I could not have met with ſo violent an encounter from you, in a buſineſſe of ſuch importance, without better information; which when you take the paines hereafter to be more ſerious in, you will chaſtiſe your ſelf for your raſhneſſe, and with an acknowledgment endeavour to renew the intereſts of

Your friend and ſervant.

Another more complementall anſwer, to the ſame purpoſe. 25.

Sir, I do aſſure you, with your better permiſſion, that your accuſation is moſt falſe; yet ſo highly do I approve of your judgment, that I do begin to queſtion my innocency, till you appear more a friend, to let me peaceably enjoy it.

Your moſt humble ſervant.

To his friend newly married 26.

Sir, With the ſame joy that I formerly imbraced your friendſhip, I entertained the good newes of your happy marriage. Fame hath given an excellent report of the civility and ſweetneſſe of this your other-half, to whom you now have divided part of the power, that you had acquired over my affections; I rejoyce in your happy election, and as your friend muſt ever love you with the ſame paſſions, and, as extreamely as before, profeſs my ſelf *Yours*

Sir,

The anſwer. 27.

I Am confident that our contentments are never to be divided from you. The lines I received from you, were as ſo many characters of your good nature and noble

noble mind; for which I am extreamly obliged to you: but I can assure you also, in the election I have made of a Wife, you have obtained a new Servant, since she partakes already in the passions which I have to serve you, being as my Wife, your Friend, Sir, I am *Your most humble servant.*

A Letter of protestation of freindship. 28.

Sir, THough I have made a vow to be your most perfect honourer all my life, and not to remit one point of the passion I have to do you service; yet I shall never content my selfe, except some occasion be offered me suddenly, whereby I may appeare to you to be more then verball. 'Tis the only good fortune I expect with impatience, being not a little grieved that I cannot expresse my selfe, to the extent of my desires.

Your freind and servant.

The Answer. 29.

Sir. THe eternity of your love is best expressed in the frequency of your Letters, which are to me above all other pleasures; which though they cannot render you more perfect then you are, yet they seem to be the accomplishment of your vowes, as mine doe assure you, that whatsoever happens you shall find me to be *Your most humble and obedient servant.*

Another. 30.

Sir, THe desire which I have to give you fresh assurances of my service is such a degree of honour and delight to me, that I cannot but write to you upon every opportunity that presents it selfe, it being the onely consolation that I have in your absence, to put you in minde, that I will be eternally *Your most humble servant*

The anſwer. 31.

SIr, What proofs ſoever you give me of your friendſhip, they are not able to diminiſh the price of mine being in ſuch an heighth of perfection, as not to be named; which truth, if I am ſo unfortunate as that you ſhould doubt, I will ever maintain, with the honour alſo that I have acquired; which is, that whatſoever happens, I will never be otherwiſe then,

Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.

A Letter of excuſe. 32.

THough you were deprived of my Letters, you were not of my remembrance; but if the want of a good opportunity will excuſe me, my good will muſt ſatisfie you. And indeed I had no news to ſend you, Sir, ſave only that I am alwayes. *Yours.*

To a ſick freind. 33.

SIr, Being aſcertaind of your ſickneſſe, I was the more in doubt of mine own health, ſince the leaſt diſtemper you feel, is to me an extreame griefe. Now if my prayers can doe any thing for your health, and conſequently for my comfort, you will be ſoon well and I content, Sir, who am *Your humble, &c.*

A Letter to his Sweet-heart. 34.

YOu binde me, and unbinde; pardon me, faireſt, if this word offend thee; when you tell me you love me, can I have any greater obligation? The offence is not ſmall that you have not written to me, but that you promiſed me; for I am indebted to your promiſe, and not to your love. Remember, I beſeech you, that I am not yours, becauſe I have promiſed you, but becauſe I am truely yours; and that I deſire not Letters for the conditions that are between us, but for the ſole witneſſe of your good will, not welcoming them as merchandizes, but as being ſent me from a wounded heart. Thus I am thine. *Farewell.*

A Letter from a Quondam Miſtriſs. 35.

Sir, ſince I am conſtrained by my fathers commands, I muſt intreat you to end that love, which heretofore I conjured you to keep eternal. I am intended for an advancement, yet can I not leave ſenſibly to feele the ſeperation of our loves; yet ſince it is folly to contrary that which muſt fall out otherwiſe, I counſell you to arme your ſelfe with ſtrong reſolutions, and not forget all that hath paſt between us, that you have no memory of me; as I, for duties ſake, am conſtrained to forget you, *Being now not my own.*

His anſwer. 36.

GO paper, more happy then him that ſends thee, accompained with thy blots, inſtead of tears; kiſſe her hands, which having kiſt, ſince ſhe hath robbed me of my heart, certifie her, that day and night I turn my ſelfe into ſtreams of tears, to waſh away her perjuries and falſe vowes: Tell her, faithfull paper, that by unbending the bow ſhe can never heale the wound which ſhe hath made in her faith and my love, and that my griefes ſhall witneſſe to the world, that as ſhee is moſt fair, ſo ſhe is moſt inconſtant to her lover who can find content in nothing, and therefore bids her for ever farewell.

37

Sir, I received your letter, and withall peruſed thoſe undeſerved commendations of my perfections, as you call them: To which you annexed the proteſtations of your ſervice, which you muſt give me leave to queſtion: for I ſhall alwais doubt whether ſo honourable a perſonage, as your Lordſhip, can yield ſervice to ſo mean a Lady; or if love had ſuch power, whether you would obey. Now, worthy Sir, upon theſe warrants, and your free offers of ſervice, I bind you by a courteous requeſt, to conclude a ſpeedy peace, that I may without danger of hoſtility repair to *Diana*'s Temple; ſo ſhall I be bound to do you any honourable favour. *Farewell.*

His ſhort anſwer. 38.

MY *Deareſt*, if the diſſembling which you accuſe me of, be to cauſe me to die of grief, you may eaſily do it with a frown, and then my death will give you a ſpeedy and deplorable demonſtration how truly I have loved you. *Farewell.*

Her Anſwer. 39.

IF there be any thing in you that pleaſes me, your death is the leaſt: The acknowledgment of your fault hath ſatisfied me, and I will have no other revenge of your boldneſſe, then the miſerie you ſuffer. Know your ſelfe better hereafter.

Farewell and live, cheriſh your ſelfe and hope.

A *Letter to his Miſtriſs in his abſence.* 40.

Faireſt, I left thee with grief, but am returned with pleaſure and contentment; deny me not therefore thy preſence, but let me ſee thee, that I may recount my fortunes to thee, who art the fortune of my fortunes. *Farewell.*

A Letter proteſting affection. 41.

IF I have not alwaies loved you; let me never be loved of any; if my affections do ever change, let my preſent misfortunes never change; if you believe not the oath I have made you, take what proofe you will of me, and you ſhall find that I am more yours then I can aſſure you by my true, but moſt feeble, words. *Fare well.*

A Letter in favour of another. 42.

SIR, If you ſhall be pleaſed to imploy ſome part of your credit in the behalfe of this Gentleman, without any conſideration but my requeſt, I ſhall account his obligations as mine owne, your deſert and condition having made you ſo conſiderable and neceſſary, that I could not but preſume to importune you in this particular. I ſhall hereafter preſent what you are pleaſed to doe for him. *Your ſervant.*

The anſwer. 43.

SIr, I only waited for an employment from you, that I might expreſs my joy to ſerve you, ſo that I eſteem my ſelf happy in this little occaſion. Your commands are my honour; think of this buſineſſe as done;

Your ſervant.

A Letter complaining of abſence. 44.

SIr, The great eſteem I have ever had of your friendſhip, ſuffers me not to endure your abſence any longer. This tyranny of your humour or inclination is too ſevere a puniſhment for me to groan under: For the eclipſes of your better ſelf ſeeme to me to be a retirement to your affection; let me therefore intreat you to return ſpeedily; I conjure you by all thoſe charms of paſſion, I have ever been at your ſervice, to make a ſpeedy redreſs to him, who is, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

The anſwer. 45.

SIr, I make leſſe account of my abſence from the Court, and from my affairs, then from you; your friendſhip is the onely buſineſs of my ſpeedy return. I have already chid my ſelf, and now have no more to do, but to precipitate my haſte, and in perſon to make my excuſe, with the tenders of all manner of ſervice. in the quality of *Your moſt humble ſervitor.*

A Letter clearing ones ſelf of falſe accuſation. 46.

SIr, I hope that all the paſſions of my ſervice have given you ſufficient proofs, never to doubt my loyalty, in which my innocency hath ever ſhined clearer then the beſt language my pen can expreſſe, ſo that the malice of that perſon was but ill contrived, whoſe knavery I will make your ſport; and if you pleaſe but to reveal his name, I will ingage mine honour to make him ſigne me an acquittance with his blood. I expreſs my ſelf thus far, that at any rate I may purchaſe your higher eſteem of me, or be for ever forgotten;

Your abuſed friend.

The answer. 47.

SIr, I have more discretion, then to be tempted to give credit to a false report, that I knew my self also to be interessed in: And, before I shall declare you guilty, I will consider of that reputation you bear in all places of the world, which will also convince me of your integrity. Your accuser is not worthy of your foot, much lesse of your sword: satisfie your self, that it is impossible, that I should lose the esteem which I have ever had of your deserts, being Sir,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to a sick friend. 48.

THis is the protestation of your friend, That your sickness is mine, your indisposition is mine; and if you leave not your bed, I shall suddenly take Physick. There is a distance of miles betwixt us; but you have infected me here. You can have no greater assurance of my friendship, then my life, which is indangered, till I hear of your recovery.

Your languishing friend.

The answer. 49.

PRaised be Heaven, I have so much strength, as to hold my pen to render these thanks to you, and to be still sensible of the goodnesse of such a friend I have some hopes of recovery, which as you expresse, is the weapon-salve of your health. Use me as kindly in the care of your selfe. *Yours.*

A complemental Letter. 54.

SIr, I am not guilty of errors to make me blush: As for errors of my birth and condition, to live and die yours, certainly I cannot be accused, or convicted, they carry so much honour with them, to justifie me; or if they doe not, think not that I complement, for my pen and heart ever conspire together, else I should never have taken up a resolution to go beyond my grave;

Sir, your most humble and most obedient servant.

The

The anſwer. 51.

Sir, I am ſo unfeignedly, and without reſervation yours, that when you give me any teſtimonies of your freindſhip, I am touched with impatience; much more when you would be your owne accuſer in what you deſerve: But as I could never merit from you, you ſeem to be moſt unreaſonable in ſuch expreſſions, which proceed from too much zeal; and you ſtill puniſh me with the miſfortune of my diſability, to be ſo admirably tranſported in my Letters. I know it is your delight to oblige all the world thus. I beſeech you to believe me, that I am honeſtly envious of your nobleneſſe; and till I have encountred with ſome means to requite you, I will onely repreſent the diſquiet of my minde, & then allways ſeek occaſions to teſtifie to you, how much I am, *Your moſt humble and obliged ſervant.*

52

Sir, It would be very hard for me to expreſſe how ſtrictly I am yours: For your freindſhip commands me to ſerve you, you do ſo continually oblige me: yet thus far as in expreſſion of my obedience, I dare challenge the world, in which I would meet with the moſt ambitious, to know if there were any amongſt them that could vaunt with that reaſon, that they are to the height, as I am.

Your moſt humble and moſt obedient ſervant.

A Letter of moſt exceſſive favours. 53.

Sir, You are ſo noble in all reſpects, that I am one of your enviers, as well as one of your admirers, and grow ſomewhat jealous of that generoſity you exerciſe in my behalfe, ſince you will not give me leiſure to acknowledge your favours, they come ſo faſt upon me, that in the end I ſhall be conſtrained to ſeem ingratefull, though I both have, and would profeſſe, myſelfe, to my laſt minute,

Your moſt humble ſervant.

A Letter to a friend, upon the death of his brother. 54.

Sir, I am truly what you have ever believed, and will be everlastingly a pertaker of your greif, and am so much your friend, that 'tis impossible I should be so insensible as to remain dumb; or that my passions, which serve and honour you, should fall asleep when yours are in their extremity. I know you have too good an opinion of me to think I could be so forgetfull; yet pardon me, Sir, if in my Letter I flatter you not; for in this point you exempt all reason from you, and your greifes are so unlimitted, that they are become your crimes, as you are uncharitable to your selfe, or would call a Saint from happinesse. Sir, though your misfortunes are in their flood, they have not drowned that respect full observance I shall ever bear and coffin up, with the love I have vowed to you. Let me intreat you therefore, no longer to inculcate his dearth in your memory, unlesse you will deprive your self of my freindship, by your too much immoderate grieving. Pardon me, Sir, if I say, that your passions are mine, that at this time my pen falls out of my hand, and my teirs blot out what I am writing Sir, I am your admirer and faithfull servant, be pleased to accept this counsell from me, together with an assurance that I will live and die

Your most passionate servant

A Letter of presentation of service. 55.

Sir, I have take hold of this occasion, to expresse the inclination I have to esteem you more then all the world. Pardon my presumption, since it is accompanied with a resolution, everlastinly to be

Your servant.

The Answer. 56.

Sir, I am much obliged to you, for the good will you witnesse in my behalfe; but I have no other liberty left

left me, except to give you thanks, as I do very humbly, assuring you that I will continue your remembrance in an acknowledgment of the quality of

Your most humble servant.

A Letter to demand an answer. 57.

SIr, Your silence nourisheth a doubt in me, whether my service be acceptable to you, or not: you may resolve me when you please by some short answer, if you judge me worthy of such a favour.

Your servant.

Another. 58.

SIr, This Letter is so curious to learne news of her former companion, that she would needs be gone in that pursuite, almost against my will. Let me know then, if you please, whether the first were acceptable or not, to the end, that either I may continue my service, or cease to be further importunate: This is the request of

Your most obedient servant.

The answer to them both. 59.

SIr, I am obliged to you for two Letters, in which you have given me such absolute proofs of your love: in answer to them, briefly, I must acquaint you with thus much, That though you earnestly expected to hear from me, till now I had not the liberty to indite, not a convenient Messenger to direct my mind to you by: I have no more to write, but that I am extreamly sensible of your love, which affords me so much power as to publish my respects to you, in the stile of

Your most humble servant.

A complaint of her absence. 60.

To his Mistris.

MAdam, since you are born into the world for no other end then to be admired, why do you eclipse your self from him who should admire you, and would lose a thousand lives to serve you, and give a testimony

of your worth, to which long ago I dedicated my ſelf; *Madam, Your moſt humble and obedient ſervant.*

The anſwer. 61.

Sir, You know I am not accuſtomed to credit the complaints of Lovers; their afflictions do paſs with me for Fables, and their diſeaſes ſeem to me very eaſie of cure. Thus I give you a firmer aſſurance of my conceptions of love, then you can give me of the conſtancy of any that you profeſſe you entertain; yet be your affections what they will, I will render my ſelf, as far as a chaſt liberty permits, *Your humble ſervant.*

A Letter returning love and fidelity. 62.

Miſtriſſe, If you prove conſtant, I will loſe my life ſooner then part with thoſe reſolutions I have entertained to ſerve you. This is not a diſcourſe of complement, but the ſoul of my thoughts, which knows no other object then your deſerts, onely as they have an abſolute power for ever to oblige my life and honour at your diſpoſure; for I will hazard the one and the other, when you pleaſe to command them in your ſervice, ſince it intereſſeth my happineſſe to be, eternally

Your moſt humble and faithfull ſervant.

The anſwer 63.

Sir, You are too eloquent to be amorous, and too paſſionate to be conſtant, and I am too unworthy of ſuch proteſtations of your martyrdom: Yet your deceit is not ſo diſpleaſant to me, as that I ſhould ceaſe to be obliged, ſince you are pleaſed to reckon me in the number of *Your humble ſervants.*

A Letter of complaining of neglect. 64.

Madam, Since I have learned the leſſon of love, I have been ſufficiently inſtructed with ſuffe rings. Tis true, the ſlavery wherewith I am tyed, forbids me to demand a reaſon for what you can do, yet I dare allow my ſelf ſo much liberty, as to tell you that

you

you are too rigorous to be so beautifull, and that, except you change this severe humour, wherewith you tyrannize over me, you will run the hazard to lose,

Madam, Your most humble and faithfull servant.

To congratulate a Friend. 65.

SIr, I much rejoyce at the success of your businesse; and even so, as if it had arrived to me, I could not more celebrate it in my soul; so much do I tender your content: but this is but a duty to the friendship I owe you, and a necessity to the zeal I have to your service, to which I shall ever be obliged, Sir,

Your most humble, &c.

A farewell to a friend going a voyage 66.

SIr, The Law of necessity must deprive me awhile from the honour of your presence (but not without grief,) for your conversation is so pleasing to me, that I have always preferred it before all manner of delights. Judge therefore, if separated from you, I can live content: But though I suffer for the present in your absence, it is my joy, that I can never forget you; and whersoever I remain, it shall appear to you that I am, Sir,

Yours.

A Letter of excuse. 67.

SIr, If lawfull excuses exempt duty, I am absolved of the promises I have made you, through the importunity of affairs that have befaln me: it grieves me, nevertheless, for not keeping my word with you; and that griefe, with my good will, may satisfie you; I shall shortly do my selfe the happinesse to see you, and the honour to serve you,

Sir, *Since I am yours, &c.*

Of a new married man to his Brother in Law. 68.

SIr, The honour of your alliance is so dear to me, that I shall never think my selfe more happy, then when I shall know my selfe capable to deserve it: this

expression

preſſion of my duty will witneſſe to you how conſiderable you are with me, which at once hath given me, with the deſire to obſerve you, the will to ſerve you; I have no other paſſion in my ſoul, nor other ambition in my deſignes; it is all I hope for: it is every thing I look for, yea with ſo much patience, as I have left off my liberty (after ſo ſweet a ſervitude) to live faithfull that I may dye conſtant,

Sir, *The moſt humble of your ſervants.*

A Letter by way of Proteſtation. 69.

Sir,

THe honour of your friendſhip ſo obligeth me to make ſome worthy acknowledgment, that I am moſt reſolute to ſerve you; but as full of defect in the performance: I will therefore wait the time and occaſion, wherein, by your command, I may ſignallize my obedience, which ſhall awaies, and whereſoever I remain, make me appear,

Sir, *That I am yours,* &c.

Another to a friend obliging him by favours. 70.

Sir,

YOu ſtill delight in obliging ſuch as are moſt beholding unto you: I am witneſſe of it, and your courteſie is the triall; ſo that I am aſhamed to be alwaies ingaged, without ſo much as the hope ever to acknowledg the favour rightly. Nevertheleſſe, it a fervent paſſion, perfectly zealous for your ſervice, can ſatisfie you for my defect, accept of it I beſeech you, ſince it proceeds.

Sir, *From your moſt humble ſervant,* &c.

To complain for ſome offence 71.

SIr, Your words offend much, and your deeds much more; I pitty them both, the one makes you ſeem mild, and the other raſh; I think you are not the man to repent it, but he that doth ill, is not abſolved for being ſorry for it; he muſt do penance withall hereafter.

Look

Look to your on affairs, that you may never talke of other mens. I take nothing in jeſt when one pinches me. If you doubt it, there's his name who will make good his words,

N. B.

A preſenting of ſervice. 72.

Miſtriſs,

IT is long ſince, that too much deſcretion hath kept me from writing to you; and it may be too much boldneſſe permits it me now; I pray you therefore pardon me, before you judge me guilty, that ſo I may be rather abſolved then accuſed; For though I had no other purpoſe then to render you my ſervice, as now I do, with my faith to boot, for aſſurance of my fidelity; yet am I fearfull of too much undertaking; but howſoever, chaſtiſe me as you pleaſe, *Miſtriſs*, here's my Name and Sirname,

Your humble and moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another of Love. 73.

Miſtriſs,

SInce at the ſole aſpect of your eye, my heart ſighes for love, as taken with your wonders; I ſhall inceſſantly bleſſe the day of your acquaintance, and conſequently of her that is the moſt perfectly fair on earth: and already reſigning my will to yours, I will ſo paſſionately cheriſh my thraldome, that the fear alone of being free, will render me miſerable. Make good my purpoſe then Sweet *Miſtris*;

But alwaies in this quality of your moſt affectionate ſervant.

Another. 74.

Miſtriſs,

WHen to admire you, I ſtaid mine eyes at your object, my heart inſenſibly taken, bewailed her captivity, ſo as I found my ſelfe in love, before

before I had ſo much as the hope to be ſo. And yet I ſhould not complaine, but I rather bleſſe the day that bereft me of my liberty, by the ſole arms of your merits, without reſerving any freedome to my ſelfe, *Miſtriſs*, other then the word to ſpeak me,

Your ſervant.

Another. 75.

Lady, I have ſuch an inclination to your love, that I muſt needs be deſtined for your ſervice. Now if it be a fatall inſtinct in me, that my obeyſance ſhould wait upon the honour of your commands, is it not neceſſary for you, *Miſtriſs*. To believe me to be.

Your ſervant.

Another. 76.

Miſtriſs,

IF admiration have onely eyes for your beauty, and if *Cupid* hath gain'd his eyes again on purpoſe to guard you from danger: can I have an heart without loving you, or a ſoule without adoring you? And can I be mortall and not ſenſible of your charms? Oh no, *Miſtriſs*, I have too much honour in being your captive, and too much glory, in being your ſlave.

Another. 77.

Miſtriſs, This inſtant Letter will tell you, I am your ſervant: If you aſk me the cauſe, it is your merit, and the effect ſhall be my obedience: If you deem me as worthy of your commands, as you are of my ſervices, I have a Miſtriſs to my wiſh, and by conſequence am,

Your ſervitor. &c.

Another. 78.

Miſtris, I am yours: for having nothing to offer you worthy of your merit, I beſtow my ſelf, but it is as your captive and ſlave:

Another

Another. 79.

SInce your eyes have wounded my heart, the wound is mortall. If I muſt die, it muſt be for love. Happy death! Happy cauſe! I will have no remedy, for my heart is too noble to crave a cure. Confeſſe onely you have vanquiſhed me, and I ſhall confeſſe the defeat, being it proceeds from the moſt perfect creature on earth.

A Letter of a deſpairing lover. 80.

SOmetimes love, at this time the deſpair of love, hath put the pen into my hand, with a purpoſe, if it returne me no redreſs, to change it into a ſword which promiſes me a full, though a cruell, healing. The blank paper which you have ſent me for an anſwer is a teſtimony of my innocency, ſince it is, as if you had ſaid, you have found nothing to accuſe me of: From whence otherwiſe, could your ſilence proceed? If you have any remembrance of my faithfull ſervice, for pitty, I deſire of you, either life or death; this is all that is requeſted at your hands, by your deſpairing Lover.

Her anſwer. 81.

DRaw from your evill, the knowledge of your good: if you had not been beloved, you could never have had a ſenſe of any thing: till you are forgiven, you ſhall not know your offence: in the mean ſpace, hope and live.

To a Lady, promiſing revenge on his enemy. 82.

Madam, Who doubts of my innocency, ſhall be guilty, and offend againſt truth; cloſed-eyes ſee not the light, though without a ſhadow it ſhines on them, eſpecially when thoſe eyes are ſhut againſt the brightneſſe of my juſtice. Therefore, if the blood of mine enemy cannot waſh away my ſtain, I will voluntarily add thereunto mine own; ſince that I have no other way to preſerve my life left me, I am ready to render it. *Farewell.*

Her

Her answer. 83.

SIr, The wounds of the body are not alwaies healed, though they be out of danger; no more they of the mind: but having removed the difficulties by your valour and prudence, you must give time leave to work her ordinary actions; in the mean space, she that loves you, waits an opportunity till the blemishes of your honour are washt off by the expressions of your vertues, that you may appear cleer, and as bright as day again in the eyes of her that admires you.

A Lover's offer of his service to his Mistris. 84.

FAir Mistris, had I art to perswade you, as you have power to make me love you, the discovery of my blazing affections would melt you, were you a mountain of Ice, to pity; but for that love is more vehement in the heart then in the tongue, I appeal to your motions for grace, if you have ever loved; if not, I hope for such justice at *Venus* hands, that though I place no confidence in my own wishes, because they convert to ayr, yet I presume on my own endeavours, for that I have vowed my life to death to do you service; of which you can have no better assurance, then to imploy me; nor I a higher favour, then to be

Yours.

A Letter of a Lover requesting speedy Remedy. 85.

GOod *Madam*, Martyr me not with doubts, since my affections are so violent, and the excellency of your beauty doth so exceed, so that the full power of love hath made me in the state of flaming Flax, which is presently to be quenched, or it will suddenly burne: thus longing for your gracious and sudden answer, I kiss you hand, and am

No more my own.

A Letter from a languishing Lover. 86.

MOre out of zeal to do you service, then desire I have to live, I here present you my consumed self.

ſelfe only kept alive by the light of your fair beauty, that ſitteth crowned in the palace of my heart, which bleeding at your feet, beggeth the means of my cure. If you vouchaſe it, I live: if not, you muſt ſee my death: and thus doubtfull between both, till I kiſſe your ſweet anſwer, I remain unto my laſt gaſp,

Yours.

Her Anſwer. 87.

I Am not cruell, though with difficulty I conſent to love: and for that your paſſions are ſo extreame. I keep your picture in my boſom, but with what thought, I bluſh to write, though pitty be my warrant, ſo that I leave the event of our loves to your conſideration: for know, ſweet Sir, that being overcome to ſee your paſſions ſo great, I cannot but commit my love, my honour, my ſelf, and all, to your affection and wiſe government.

Farewell.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs. 88.

Faireſt,

SInce it is a common thing to love, and a miracle to ſubdue affection, let it not ſeeme ſtrange, that I am a ſlave to your beauty; nor wonder, though I ſue for grace, ſince the Lover, like a ſick patient, is inforc'd to ſeek comfort of his Miſtriſs: To prove that I love you, needs no other teſtimony then the witneſſe of your rare perfections, which are of force to create an amorous heat in the moſt ſevereſt *Anchorite*: for the preſent, I balme my wounds with a hope that I ſhall kiſſe your gracious hand, and that your anſwer will returne an acceptance of the ſervice of him

Whoſe heart waiteth on your beauty.

A Letter to his Miſtriſs upon ſervice enjoyned. 89.

FAir Nymph, may all contents and pleaſures dwell with you, as all mine depend on you! I perceive now

now you command me to action: but love, which is ever accompanied with doubts, commands me to tremble: but let heaven do with me what it pleaseth, I am confident that earth will not denie me a grave.

A Letter complaining of the cruelty of his Mistriss. 90.

Fairest,

IF your eyes were as full of pitty, as they are to cause love, the sweetness which they promise at the first, would make me to adore them with as much contentment as they have produced in me vain hopes; but so far are they from the performance of their deceitfull promises, that they will not so much as glance at them and so wide from healing my hurt, that they will not acknowledge themselves authors, as if with you they purpo'ed to equal cruelty with beauty, since you have ordained that the affection that you have caused to be born in me, should cruelly dye in me: being unable to suffer so great an injustice, I am resolved to carry my affections with me into the grave, hoping that the heavens moved at the last, will, through my patient suffering, make me as dear to you, as you are now cruell to me. *Farewell,*

A Letter from a Despairing Lover. 91.

IF you have regard to the presumption which hath forced me to love, my death which follows it, shall revenge it for you; but if it be indifferent to you, I assure my selfe, that this last act of my affection shall gain somewhat more on your soul: which if it fall out so, I shall cherish the resemblance of your beauty more then my birth, since by it I came into the world, to be troublesome to you; and by the other, I goe out of it, and leave you.

Another. 92.

Mistriss, My heart is yours, my obedience belongs to your commands, and my whole will is yours:

so

ſo that I have nothing free but my pen to expreſſe how I am *Your Servitor.*

Another. 93.

Miſtriſs, from the time that with your beauty I had the knowledge of your merits, I felt ſome ſecret power, which ſweetly inforced my will to honour you, and my heart to aſpire at nought but your love. If ſo be then that my ſervices, whereof Heaven hath reſerved the integrity for your commands, may be never ſo little pleaſing to you; permit, *Miſtris*, that I may honour my ſelfe with this title of

Your ſervant.

Another Letter of ſervice. 94.

Sir, I have been honoured with a Letter from you, in which I have ſeen the ſubmiſſions of ſervices that you do me, but undeſervedly: for that I am more beholding to your courteſies, than to any merit of mine. Now to except of them were unreaſonable, as to refuſe them would be held diſdainfull. I do therefore receive the proffer, but leave the effects to your ſelfe, that ſo you may not ſerve, *Sir*,

Her that favours you.

Another. 95.

Sir, If the ſervices which your honeſty will needs yield me, gather only life from my merit or beauty, they have but their name; for there can be no effect, if there be no cauſe: ſo that I never having any beauty or merit, you are but my ſervant, Sir, in words onely; but I am yours in my living actions.

L. M.

Another. 96.

Sir, If my duty have entertained yours, my honeſtie hath refuſed your offers, as too worthy of me, and I am unworthy of them; I ſhall nevertheleſſe, for mine own ſake, reſerve the honour to my ſelfe, to be

Your ſervant.

Ano-

Another to the ſame effect. 97.

Sir, I accuſe my duty for your ſatisfaction, for that I have deprived you of my letters, and confeſſe my ſelf guilty, before you accuſe me, the rather to merit grace. Deny it me not then, I beſeech you, as you regard him that begs it, who is,

The moſt affectionate of all your ſervants.

Another to the ſame effect. 98.

Albeit one ſelfe-ſame cauſe makes us pardonable, for having been alike ſilent, yet I do know my duties intereſt, in having unjuſtly deprived you (being obliged to you as I am) of the effects of remembrance, which grieves my ſoul; which grief I preſent to you but alwaies in my quality, Sir,

Your humble ſervitor.

A *Letter deſiring better acquaintance.* 99.

Sir, although my merit be not ſuch as may preſume to deſerve the honour I have to write to you; yet the deſire nevertheleſſe I have to introduce my ſelfe into your acquaintance and friendſhip, hath emboldened me to preſent theſe lines to you, and to receive the honour of your commands, and to tender to you the offers of my ſervice. *Yours.*

A *Letter from one to his Miſtriſs.* 100.

It is impoſſible to ſee you without loving you, but much more to love you, without being extreame in that affection, ſo that, if for my defence, it ſhall pleaſe you to conſider this truth, when this my paper ſhall preſent it ſelfe before your eyes, I aſſure my ſelfe, that the greatneſs of my hurt ſhall obtaine by pitty as much pardon from you, as the boldneſs which hath raiſed me to this worth, may merit juſt puniſhment, attending the judgment which I ſhall give. Suffer me a thouſand and a thouſand times to kiſſe your faire hands, and reſt,

Yours.

A Letter to Celia. 101.

MIſtriſs, If perfection be not in the world, but to make you be admired; if love be not love, but to make you be beloved; if ſacrifices are not, but to make you be adored, who can ſee you without admiration? Who can admire you without love; And who can love you without adoration? He muſt be one that hath neither eyes, heart, nor ſoul: for if my eyes admire you, affection will have it ſo: if my heart love you, reaſon commands it; if my ſoul adores you, Heaven permits it; ſo that theſe three neceſſities forming it for you, I preſent it to you, Dear Miſtriſs, under the Title of yours. *Eugenius.*

A Letter. 102.

SIR,

IT is needleſſe for me to ſay I love you, ſince my actions hitherto have given you no teſtimony to the contrary; I can write little, but my deeds ſhall ſpeak for me, and tell you that in effect I will, during life, be *Yours.*

A Letter of acknowledgment. 103.

WHat worthy acknowledgment can I give to your noble favours, when their extremity bereaved me of the hope, my duty remains penſive at the exceſſe of your courteſies: for being never able to render you other then unworthy effects of your merits I have indeed but the will, and that is but a ſhadow for the body; yet accept it, I beſeech you, whilſt you remember how it proceeds from, *Your moſt humble ſervant.*

Another. 104.

SIR, With what kind of duties ſhall I acknowledge your courteſies, which have ſo obliged me, that to expreſs them right, I muſt be ſilent? To offer you my ſervice, it is already your own. To preſent my ſelf, I am yours long ſince; I then have nothing but deficiencies for your ſatisfaction, though I have a thouſand

ſervices

ſervices at your command, for my being in generall, dependeth on that particular of,

Your moſt humble Servitor.

Anſwer. 105.

Sir, I have nothing, yet I owe much. To preſent you with wiſhes for effects, were but too weak recompences; I will therefore give you mine endeavours for all your courteſies, honouring and ſerving you whileſt I live: All which life of mine is deſtined for no earthly thing, but your commands.

Another. 106.

Sir, Your courteſies have too much obliged me, ever to forget them; I ſhall celebrate them particularly in my ſoul, whereby to be able to acknowledge them, in the leaſt preſenting ſerviceable occaſion; and live alwaies with this will, never to die beholding to you;

Sir, Your moſt humble Servitor.

Another. 107.

Sir, I can honour your merits by reaſon, and acknowledge by duty your courteſies, which have too much obliged me, then to be ingrateſull; though I can never make you worthy ſatisfaction, yet ſhall I have alwaies both the deſire, and hope of it: and in the mean while, a ſtedfaſt will to live and die; *Sir, Yours*

For telling of News. 108.

Sir, Deſirous of your contentment, as of mine owne, I have taken pen in hand, to tell you whatſoever hath paſt. Now you have ſeen what is new, take the old with it, which is that I am alwayes, Sir *Your Servitor,*

A Letter of acknowledgment of his being beloved. 109.

SHall I conceal ſuch an exceſſive happineſſe, as to be loved by thee, *My deareſt*? Or, ſhall I publiſh it, to make it greater? No, no, my ſilence may honour it, yet my words ſhall make it more glorious, but not more conſtant by doing ſo, for I cannot deprive my mind by forgetfullneſſe; yet I will have my lips continuall

tinually closed up, against the confession of it, that my memory may be taken up with the thought of it, and my soul wrapped in the sole object of its *Idea*, that so by blessing my birth, for the happinesse of yours, that your death may be my tombe. In the mean space, my whole happinesse and glory shall consist in the quality of,

Your most humble servant.

A Letter of absence. 110.

Mistress, Since the day of your departure, which was also reckoned the same of my discontentment, tears and griefs have been inseparable with my life; all kinds of objects are to me defective, nothing pleases me, but what dislikes me. And if your memory did not still accompany me in my actions, I should forget my self, and instead of preserving my life for your service, should destroy it for my own content. If you desire to judge of my grief, judge what you are your self, *Mistress*, who are the faireſt in the world, and I the most afflicted of all your servants.

Another. 111.

Mistress, Since your absence, I endured all that ever can be conceived, of rigorous torments: the day shines not on me, but to enlighten my misfortunes; so the Sun laughs at my pain, as I scorn his brightnesse, in that I acknowledge none worthier than that of your eyes, long since my conquereſſes, and still mine idolls. But what shall I say, I am born to endure, and to love you, *Mistresse*, but alwaies in the quality of,

Your most humble servant.

Letters of absence. 112.

IF those griefs which are still present, since your absence, did not make me hope for a speedy death, I should bewail the birth of my daies; that do enlighten me without shining: for, deprived of the brightnesse of your eyes, I can acknowledge no other in the

world, as they have vanquiſhed me; and that with ſo many charms, as that they are not content that I adore them, but that they are ſtill burning me. Well, this is ſomewhat too much, but yet too little for your merits. Wherefore I will never be weary of ſuffering, no more then of loving you. Believe this my affliction, that your belief may be my remedy, and my honour, the quality, *Miſtreſſe*,

Of your moſt humble ſervitor.

Another. 113.

Miſtreſſe, If the ſorrow which your abſence hath cauſed in my ſoul, could give me as many words to expreſſe it, as I have griefs to bewail it, I ſhould think my ſelf ſatisfied. But for too much enduring, I muſt be ſilent in my torment, but never in my expreſſions, how I am one *Of your moſt humble ſervants.*

Anſwer. 114.

Sir, WHat kind of trouble can ſuch an indifferent abſence bring to your content? It can be but an imaginary feeling to you, though it ſeems reall, as by your own words may be perceived, which ſpeak you unable, being there's no ſuch thing to expreſs it; and therefore your ſilence will be your greateſt advantage, ſince it layes aſleep your torments, without ſaying any thing to them; but not the title which your fair carriage gives you, of being my *Servitor*. As to me, it doth likewiſe the endeavour, *Sir*, of deſerving the ſtyle and quality of *Your ſervant.*

115.

Sir, I Can give but a faigned remedy to an imaginary torment, like yours: for my abſence is of too different a nature, to cauſe your grief or trouble. And I beſeech you, diſpence with me for believing it, ſince alſo mine own knowledge forbids it, as reaſon doth otherwiſe, to ſay, I am, *Sir*,

Your ſervant.

Vpon

Upon a point of rigour. 116.

IF love and cruelty be two contrary things, your love muſt needs be fained, ſince your rigour is real. Ceaſe then to make me ſuffer, and I ſhall believe you love me; for my pain and your cruelty, are too oppoſite to perſiſt together.

Adieu to the faireſt, though cruelleſt of all thy ſex.

Another. 117.

Sir, You complain of my abſence, and I of yours. You would enjoy my preſence, but my diſcretion forbids it you, and me the happineſſe to ſee you; but my want of power oppoſeth: ſo that grievances ſhould be leſſe, in that they are equally ſhared; but not the quality which I take, *Sir*, *Of your ſervant.*

Another. 118.

TO ſee you without admiration is paſt my power; to admire and love you, is a neceſſity. You have ſo much merit, that one can hardly deſire, much leſſe hope, for the honour of your good favours. Judge then, who can but worthily ſerve you? Sure he is yet unborn, nay, in earneſt, I'le pawn my life on't; yet with your leave, *Miſtreſſe:* *For I am yours.*

To his Lady. 119.

TO deſpiſe ſuch as honour you, to diſdain ſuch as love you, to make no account of ſuch as faithfully ſerve you; are theſe the actions of a fair ſoul like yours? Or are they but words, that honour me with a hope, of ſome effects of your good remembrance! Oh, it is a little too rigorous! Confeſſe it, that you may repent, and give him content, who cannot be abſent from you, *Miſtriſſe,* *As your moſt humble ſervitor.*

To a Kinſwoman. 120.

Miſtreſſe, Albeit your actions in appearance have witneſſed, that I was no otherwiſe in your eſteem, than of an indifferent quality; yet my deſires being ſtill ſecretly zealous for your ſervice, in their

naturall inſtinct, aſpiring at nothing but your good, have diſarmed my purpoſe, bent to your diſgrace; ſo to reſtore me to my ſelf, and make me the ſame, I profeſs my ſelf to you, which is,

Miſtreſs, your moſt affectionate ſervant and kinſman.

Upon the inconſtancy of a ſervant. 121.

SIr, Our ſex is not alwaies accuſed of inconſtancy, and yet I now take that aſperſion from you; you, I ſay, whoſe oaths gave ſuch faithfull teſtimonies of affection, that I durſt not doubt of it, for fear of offending my ſelf. And yet, hath the wind carried away your words, but not your love, for you never had any. So that now when I blame my ſelf, for having believed you, I praiſe my ſelf withall for imitating you, but alwaies with the ſorrow of not being your example; for it was fit I ſhould prec de you, as your *Miſtreſſe*

Sir, *though at the preſent, your ſervant.*

A Letter. 122.

Miſtreſs, It is to be feared, that you have no love, ſince you have eyes to ſee my unworthineſs Love is blind, you ſhould be ſo too, in regard of my meri's. Let it ſuffice you, that I love you, and that I adore you, even as the moſt faireſt, and moſt perfect creature on earth. *A Letter from a diſpairing lover.* 123.

THere is no creature, *Madam*, ſo bereaved of reaſon, or deprived of ſence, which being oppreſſed with direful calamities, feeleth not by meer inſtinct of nature, a preſent medicine for his malady; man onely excepted, who by reaſon of his want, may juſtly accuſe the Powers of injuſtice: The Unicorn being ſick, recovers his health, by ſwallowing the buds of a Date-tree; the Deer being ſtrucken, feeds on the herb *Dictamnum*, and recovers: But man hath no ſecret ſalve ſo excellent, nor plaiſter ſo perfect, by whoſe ſecret vertues, he may appeaſe his paſſions. This, *Madam*, I now know by proof, and therefore ſpeak by experience; for your divine

vine beauty, and the perfections of your mind, have kindled such a flame in my heart, that by no means I can quench, but it will turn my body into dry earth, and cinders; unlesse by the drops of your pitty, it be speedily extinguished. Therefore, fair one, now at last be merciful, and let not my service and loyall love be recompensed with such disloyall refusalls. Strive not for my life, since you have my liberty: seek not my death, since you are the Saint to which I offer up my devotions. *Madam*, let the sweet balm of your benevolence salve the sore, which so painfully afflicteth my carefull conscience; and with the dew of your grace redeem him from misery, whose life or death standeth in your answer: which I hope shall be such, as belongeth to the desert of my love, and the graces of your beautifull minde. *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 124.

IT is impossible, Sir, to strain moist liquor out of the dry flint, to procure a heat in that which is key-cold, or to force the sturdy stream to run against their common course. Know, Sir, you are the man I loath, and cannot like. Make therefore a vertue of your necessity, and asswage the flame your self, which I know not who else will quench, by an importunate persisting in your purpose, where no hope is; lest you prove your self rather a desperate Sot, than a discreet Souldier. Take my Nay therefore for an answer: if I would, I cannot; and if I could, I would not. So farewell.

No way yours.

To one who is not really what she seems. 125.

ADmire not, though I rail against thy follies, since thy mercilesse mind hath abused me, by thy ingratitude, and thy imperfections have delineated these impressions of my pen. For thy beauty, if I admired it once, it was when I knew not that thy ill conditions, like bad commodities, were to be put off with it:

but now making uſe of reaſon, I queſtion whether at that time I had ſenſe. Perſwade thy ſelf therefore, if I were to die preſently, and thou wert part of that I ſhould leave the world; I would bequeath thee, with thy good face, and bad conditions, for a Legacy to my moſt inveterate enemy. And for my own part, whilſt I do ſurvive, and thy remaining upon this earth yet afflicts me, be confident, thou painted ſepulcher, I will epitomize all thy vices, that the world, by reading thy volume, may ſhun thee, as the onely obſtacle to felicity, and learn the wages of vertue, by thoſe things that are thy contraries: For the preſent, admire not, though this paper be ſtained with the blemiſhes of thy ill name, ſince Nature her ſelf was deceived, which beſtowed her features ſo raſhly and inconſiderately on thee. Certainly, thou wert ordained to rectifie my mind, that by thee I may learn to know, that a good face is not alwaies exempted from a hoarſe voice. I proteſt to thee, I would not buy the diſtempers of thy ſoul at ſo high a rate, as to enjoy thy beauty: Much rather will I endeavour to expreſſe my gratitude to heaven, in that I fail not to practiſe this reſolution,

Never to enjoy thee.

Her anſwer. 126.

WOnder not, Sir, though you ſee an anſwer to your frantick Letter. Do you think, by bawling like a beggar, to become a King? No, Sir, as I know your knavery, ſo I paſs not for it, neither can your brags go for paiment. I marvel not, though your dogged Letters ſavour of *Diogenes*'s doctrine, You Cynical dunce, What felicity can you have in biting of thoſe, whom otherwiſe thou canſt not be revenged of? Indeed, gentle *Balaam*'s Aſs, if I had been ſo light to have loved you, for feeding my fancy on thy ill-favoured face, I might juſtly have reapt ſuch profit, ſince I then have fill'd my eyes ſo full with the figure of a fool. Hereafter keep

your

your Letters Patents in your beggars box. Adieu Sir dunce; the more you mislike me, the more I love my self, while I account it the greatest felicity of *S. M.*

To be rid of such a fool.

A Letter from a distressed Lover. 127.

Madam, AS my cares proceed from your cruelty, so let the effects of your courtesie procure my bliss; since the perfections of your beauty have made me miserable, let me beg of you to send the messenger of present consolation, to him that pineth away; and is yours onely and ever, *Still in hope.*

A Letter from a Lover, professing constancy. 128.

THey who have the honour to see you, run a dangerous fortune; if they love you, they are sawcy; if they love not, they are without judgment. Now, fair creature, I have chosen that which is most after my humour, and from which it is impossible for me to withdraw my self. Think it not hard, cruell *Diana*, that having seen you, I love you: If this boldnesse deserve punishment, you caused it, and it is no more in my choise; for I must, while I live, be your servant, or not be alive.

Farewell.

A Letter from an unconstant Lover. 129.

I Write not now to tell you, that I love, for you have believ'd that but too well; but to assure you, I shall love you no more. Perhaps you may be amazed at this alteration, for you have alwaies loved me above my desires. But that which drawes me from you, is, I must confesse, your misfortune, that will no longer continue to you the pleasure of our loves; or rather my good fortune, which will have me no longer stay at so poor a thing. And to the end you may live to complain of me, I bid you for ever *Farewell.*

Her Answer. 130.

Sir, It was your arrogancy perswaded you I lov'd you wherein you are most infinitely mistaken: I swear

to thee, by all the merits which thou thinkeſt thou haſt, but are not in thee, there was never any ſuch matter as love. As for the Letter you ſent me, I cannot be unthankfull for the pleaſure you have done me in it, ſince it hath taught me to reject hereafter, the importunities of ſuch coxcombs as your ſelf. In the mean time, to be content as I am, in being free of ſuch a burthen; believe me, Sir, it is no ſmall happineſſe.

Farewell.

A Letter to an inconſtant Miſtreſſe. 131.

IT is not to complain of you, *Miſtreſſe*, that I take up my pen, but onely to deplore my misfortunes, which makes me ſo contemned of you: ſince at other times you were not wont to uſe me in this ſort. I am the ſame man that hath ſerved you in all reſpective ſubmiſſion, and you are the ſame that at firſt were mine, ſince you received me for yours. I am become no leſſe, nor you greater: if it be ſo, why do you not judge me worthy of the ſame entertainment? I have called my ſoul to an account for her actions; ſince it pleaſeth you, I will diſplay them all before your eyes; for my part, I cannot accuſe any one of them: if you ſhall judge otherwiſe when you have heard them, it ſhall be no ſmall conſolation to the poor condemned, to know at leaſt the cauſe of his puniſhment. *Adieu, cruel one.*

A Letter. 132.

IF love taught me as well to ſpeak my torment, as to ſuſtain it, pitty would make you ſenſible of my plaint, but dumb in their too much ſufferance. I have but my conſtancy for remedy, that is all my hope, your ſweetneſſe for my deſire, and your command for mine honour, *Miſtreſs*; for my quality is,

Your humble ſervitor.

Another. 133.

SInce your merits cauſe my torments, I will never complain; the more rigorous you ſhall be, the more con-

conſtantly I will oppoſe all my reſpects to your neglects, my honours to your diſdain, and my fire to your ſcorn. If I breathe, it ſhall be love; if I ſigh, it ſhall be in paſſion for your ſervice: in a word, if it be, I will be,

Miſtreſſe, Your Servitor.

A Letter. 134.

TO have no ſoul, but to adore you; to have no heart, but to love you, and but one one'y life, for your ſervice, have you not cauſe to complain? You, whoſe beauty hath ſo many charmes, and merits ſo many habits, that one would deteſt this name of liberty, to die your ſlave. Should one talke of miracles, you are the example; in diſcourſe of rarities, you are above compariſons, ſo that Heaven and nature are in diſpute, for whom you were made. Now to ſay, I am *Your Servitor*, that is a quality too high; to ſay, I am *Your Slave*, that's yet too lofty. Behold my ſirname, now give me what name you pleaſe.

A Letter. 135.

IF for deſiring death, one were to loſe his life, I ſhould have been gone long ſince: for too much love makes me hate my ſelf; but me thinks, I ſhould ſtill live, and lengthen my dayes, and that, being wretched, I ought to live the longer; I flye that which flyes me, the grave; ſo as I have neither comfort of my life, nor hope of my death. And thus I am, *Miſtreſſe*, alwayes,

Your Servitor.

Another. 136.

TO love, and not to be loved, is, to live without hope, and by conſequent, to die. Have you reſolved my death, by diſdaining my ſervices, thus to forget their requitall? It is too much rigour for your beauty, and you will confeſſe it one day, but too little for your repentance; for I ſhall no longer by conſequence ſubſiſt, as I am for the preſent, *Miſtreſſe*,

The moſt humble of all your ſervants.

A Letter. 137.

Miſtreſſe, Thus to forbid me to love you, and to will me not to honour you, what would you have me to do, *my deareſt*? I muſt change my heart, if I would change my affections, and Nature muſt give me other inclinations, to deprive me of my reſpects and of my obedience. Forbid me to live rather, and I will die, but it ſhall be for love, and ſo at the end of my daies, I ſhall do you ſervice, leaving this truth for a remembrance to after-times.

A Letter from a Gentleman to his Miſtreſſe. 138.

IT is you (*fair creature*) that have gained this advantage upon me, that I forget my ſelf to remember you perpetually. Do not think, that unleſſe I ſee you ſhortly, I can longer ſurvive, whereby I might continue the affections of my ſervices to you. So that two things will infallibly bring me to my grave, your Abſence, and my Grief, for not acquitting my ſelf towards you as I deſire. Chooſe now (*fair ſoul*) whether you had rather have me dead for your content, or to ſee me daily offer you up the fruits of my ſervices, upon the altar of your merits, in the quality of

Your moſt loyall and moſt affectionate ſervitor.

A Letter of difference, betwixt a Gentleman and his Miſtreſſe. 139.

I Thought it was an inviolable vow that was betwixt us, when we ſwore ſo ſolemnly; but I perceive already, the change hath better pleaſed you, than the continuance of my ſervices. I know not whom I ſhall accuſe, you, or my ſelf; for poſſibly, the long time I have been without ſeeing you, is the cauſe of it; or elſe you have been drawn to it by your own naturall inclination. Make me what anſwer you pleaſe, no earthly thing ſhal hinder me from loving you; for I had rather chuſe a thouſand deaths, than to be inconſtant in my love: and will flie, with the hazard of my life, the reproach-

proach of disloyalty, whether you will or no.

Your servitor inviolably.

A Letter of a Gentleman after a visit. 140.

Mistress, The honour I received, in the late visit I made to my dear couzen, at your house, hath so oblig'd me to both of you, that I thought I should commit a heinous fault, if by some honest endeavour I should not witnesse a feeling of it. If ever I have the happinesse to see you at my home, which is all yours, I shall endeavour to make you as welcome as I can. I conjure you to come to see my sister, as you have promised her, otherwise, farewell all friendship: yet not so, nevertheless, but that in the mean space I desire to continue, *Mistress*, *Your couzen and best friend.*

A Letter of a fond Maid, that disdained the service and love of a gallant Gentleman, who was counselled to disdain her also. 141.

Forsake the Maid that forsakes you, and no more remember her forgetfulness. She hath changed, that she may not change her natures inconstancy; her small acquaintance should make you know her fault. Your good judgment may shew you, how little she hath. You cannot but get by the losse of her; if you lose a sweet-heart, you gain a liberty. You should keep some love for your self, and not cast it all away from you. If you love something, do not hate your self for all that: if fortune give you any thing, she will be well rewarded; but if she should take a heart from you, think it was not yours; that whersoever you go, you may remain content, and love not what is contrary to you, unlesse you would contradict him that loves you dearly, *Even to the grave.*

A Letter of love between two lovers. 142.

You have made me feel, fair *Calestena*, the ardent sparkles of your friendship, the memory whereof I shall stil honour, and esteem my self a great deal the

more

more fortunate, if my happineſſe may prove more ex-
treame, and I conſume in its flame, my ſoul ſhall then
live with a thouſand delights, and my heart reſum-
new life in its aſhes, & that I may be thus condemned
to this wiſhed puniſhment: nor let your faire minde
conceive any doubt of my loves eternity, ſince con
ſtancy ſhall be ever its faithfull companion, and the
fire which kindleth it, ſhall never be quenched though
it were combated by the moſt Icy proceedings o
feares you might have of your enviers. What if it were
ſo? yet ſhould they melt as ſoon as they do but con
template the Sun beames of my diſcretion. You may
as well aſſure your ſelf of theſe effects of my words, as
I do of the conſummation of my hopes, which have no
other ſcope, then to ſerve your merits, and to ſit up to
your uſe, *Your faithfull* Floridon, *&c.*

A Letter in anſwer 143.

YOur deſires are my laws (dear *Floridon*) and your
loyalty cannot finiſh but with mine: they ſhall
both alike ſhine bright over our lives, and nouriſh
themſelves with our flames: wherein I ſhall think my
ſelf very happy to live with you. That ſilence which
knit up my tongue at your fair diſcourſes, proceeded
only out of feare; you might know ſo much by my ex-
teriour ſignes, which ſufficiently ſhewed you how ſorely
it grieved me for your ſweet ſelfe: for I would not have
you to eſteem me to be fearfull of the fiery ſparks of
the envious, ſince nothing can withſtand that faithfull
love which from hence forward is contracted by,

Your dear Caliſta, &c.

Another. 144.

IF my ſtedfaſt love were not anſwered by yours,
(dear *Caliſta*) I ſhould have reaſon to complain of
you, and my complaints would be ſuch as never to ad-
mit of interruption; but ſo as for ever to open the
gates to my ſorrow: For, when I read your Letter,
which

which is an article of my faith, and that you ſuffer a thouſand tortures for my love; I doubt not, but envy hath been buzzing ſomething in my parents ear, of our affections, and that felicity her ſelf, as jealous of our contents, might put ſuch a poor trick upon us. But you have ſo fair a ſoul, and ſo generous, that you will conſtantly repulſe all thoſe onſets, to honour ſtill with your love, *Your faithfull* Floridon.

A Letter in anſwer. 145.

PLeaſures are of ſhort continuance, and their fair daies are too ſoon eclipſed; we cannot promiſe our ſelves long enjoyment of them, ſince they are in the hand of the great *Jehovah*. It is conſtancy that gives us happineſſe, after all our adverſities. You were the ſubject of my beſt ſorrowes, dear *Floridon*; but now your preſence ſerves me for Sun beams. Though indeed ſome doubts of future obſtacles, do even bury me in an obſcure night of anguiſh. And were it not that joy followes ſorrow, I had here this skipt over the ſtep of this life of mine, to be freed of my pain. But time will one day give us the happineſſe, to make each other amends, by receiving uſury for our patience. Be comforted then in your ſelf, and conſider well with your ſerious diſcretion, though I am this now overwhelmed with my fears, yet we are almoſt at the ſpire of our felicities, which we ſhall attain, I hope, ſhortly; or it ſhall be no fault of hers, who is,

Your faithfull Caliſta, *as much as you deſire with honour.*

A Letter, in demand of his Miſtreſſes picture. 146.

MAdam, That beautifull ſubſtance, whoſe features and graces you animate with ſo much ſweetneſs, appears in my ſight ſo admirable in the originall, that it would be my greateſt happineſſe, but to obtain the ſhadow: it will (if you pleaſe to honour me in this my requeſt) be a noble means of my teſtifying the reſentment in quality, *Of your.* A

A Letter of Sir J. S. *to* T. C. *diſſwading him from marrying of a widdow.* 247.

Sir, At this time, when the hot Planets fire the blood, and when the Lunaticks of *Bedlam*, themſelves are truſted abroad, that now you ſhould run mad, it is not ſo much a ſubject of your friends pitty, as their wonder. True love is a naturall diſtemper, a kinde of a ſmall pox, every one hath had it, or is to expect it; and the ſooner the better. Thus far you are excuſed; but having been well cured of a Feavour, to court a relapſe, to make love the ſecond time in the ſame place, is (not to flatter you) neither better nor worſe, than to fall into a quag-mire by chance, and to ride into it afterwards of purpoſe. It is not love, Sir, that doth the miſchief, but conſtancy of love; for love is of the nature of a burning-glaſſe, which held ſtill to one place, fires; changed often, doth nothing; a kind of a glowing coal, which being ſhifted from hand to hand, a man may eaſily endure. But then to marry, *Sir*, you had better live honeſt. Love, you know, is blind; what will he not do, when he hath fetters, and knows then what marriage is? 'Tis a curing of love the deareſt way, a waking of a loſing gameſter, out of a winning dream; after a long expectation of a ſtrange banquet, a preſentation of a homely meal. Alas, Sir, love-ſeeds, when they run into matrimony, are good for nothing; like ſome fruit-trees, love muſt be tranſplanted, if you would have it active, and bring forth any thing. You have now perchance vowed all that can be vowed, to ſome one face, and think, that you have not left any thing unſaid to it. Do but make love to another, and if you are not ſuddainly furniſh'd with new language, & freſh oaths, I'le conclude, *Cupid* hath uſed thee worſe, than ever he did any of his train. After all this, to marry a Widow, is a kind of a chewed meat. What a fantaſticall ſtomack haſt thou, that canſt not taſte a diſh,

until

untill another man hath cut? Who will wash after another, when he may have fresh water for calling for? If you must needs marry, as who can tell to what height you have sinned, marry a Maid; for if you are constrained to live in a Prison, it is better to lye in a private chamber, than in the hole. *Yours,*

Short and easie directions for inditing Letters.

What a Letter is.

IT is a kind of a conference, or communication of one that is absent, with another, as if he were present.

Why Letters were indited.

To inform friends in the time of their absence, of those occasions that chiefly concern them.

Severall kind of Letters, with their use and applications.

There are three things to be practised by those, that indite Letters, and each of them in its right order.

1. *Invention,*
2. *Disposition.*
3. *Elocution,*

First, He must invent his matter, which is, as it were, the materiall of a building.

Secondly, He must dispose his matter in a true order, frame, and method; to consider what will be best pleasing in the beginning of his Epistle, what in the middle, and what in the end. And this is, as it were, the framing of a building.

Thirdly, He must labour to deliver his minde in fit significant words, and in a pure and good phrase. And this is, as it were, the polishing and the beautifying of a building.

And these three; viz. *Invention*, *Disposition*, and *Elocution*, may be exceedingly furthered, by three other notable helps,

viz.

viz. *Art*, *Imitation*, *Exercise*.

Art directeth by example.

Imitation by precept.

Exercise by continuall use and practise.

As an Artist, First giveth to his scholar the rules of his Art.

Secondly, causeth him to look upon him writing, *&c.*

Thirdly, to make tryall by himself.

By which three conjoyned, he may with great ease attain to the perfection of his Art.

Letters demonstrative, are to declare, manifest, and lay open, the particulars of a businesse.

Letters consiliatory of counsell, are branched into those of perswasion, or of disswasion: these ought to be deliberative and judiciall, as they consist, and sometimes refer to the commendation, or dispraise of the person, or of his actions, or to things in agitation.

Letters Petitory, or petitionary of requests, should be of things possible, convenient, or necessary; they should be ever set off with modest desires, and free from the oppression of a friends good nature, not too much intrenching upon his generous disposition.

Letters that are morall and civill, should be grave and sententious.

Letters that are amorous and loving, should be full of passion, honestly expressed, full of sweet invitations, pleasant and beautifull descriptions, penn'd with fear when dispair prevailes; set off with confidence, when the love-sick inditer is encouraged.

Oeconomicall Letters of houthold affairs, are to be plain, and fraught with businesse, concise: and so writ, as not to detract from the respect of him that imploys, according to his preeminence, or the others more servile relations.

Letters gratulatory, or of thanks for benefits received, should carry with them a fervency of expressions, and of acknowledgment. Letters

Letters Accuſatory, are, when we touch the perſons or actions of others; they are to be indited with ſmooth pens, the grounds of jealouſie examined, leſt they appear too cenſorious, ever concluding with a diſlike, and unwillingneſſe of him that writes them, and a profeſſion of ingenious love to him he writes to.

Letters excuſatory, of clearing or pleading for our ſelves, or others, ſhould be ſubmiſſive, with reference to better judgments, yet not without extenuations; but ſuch as modeſty may gain upon the peruſer's candor and affection.

Letters Nuncupatory of Newes, ſhould be impartiall, but always (except upon certain knowledge) ſet off with a kind of diffidence, [*So it is given out, or reported*] leſt the inditer betraies his credit, and ſeems to him he writes to, to be a falſyfier of truth, the veniall ſins of the times, as ſome of our Intelligencers conſtant practices would make us believe.

How a Letter ſhould be writ.

It ought to have reference to the place, to the time, and to the perſon, or his affairs; and ſo take beginning from the riſe of ſuch things, as we are to write of.

How a Letter ſhould be adorned.

It is to be beautified with flowers of expreſſions, flouriſhed with ſimilitudes and grave ſentences, enriched and made firm with fervent vowes, and tenders of ſervice. In a word, it ſhould be moſt complementally fluent, in the neatneſſe and fitneſſe of the epithites, compariſons, and circumſtances.

How the forms of ſalutations ought to be ordered.

They are to be ſuch as are moſt Court-like, and in faſhion with the Nation, time, perſon, and circumſtances, as any of them in the method or phraſe, may admit of variation.

Generall

Generall directions, for the Styles and Superscriptions of Letters.

Excogitate and consider the person's relation, and qualifications, how he is honoured in the Commonwealth, and so accordingly make use of seasonable and fit applications, deviſing of such titles, words, and expressions, as are answerably requisite in respect of his preheminence of place, or supremacy of authority, either in Civill or Ecclesiasticall matters. More particular directions, for Superscriptions and Subscriptions, follow in their order.

Styles and Terms used to the King or Queen's Majesty, either in our speech, or in our Superscriptions of Petitions directed to them.

If you present any thing.

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

If you write in form of a Petition to the King.

Sir, may it please your Majesty to understand, or to grant.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

On the superscription of some businesse, directed both to the King and Queen.

To the most excellent and most high, *Cæsar Augustus.*

To the most excellent, most mighty Lady, the Queen.

A style used by men of quality, when they speak to the King.

Sir, May it please your Majesty.

To the Queen.

Madam, May it please your Majesty.

Stiles used to the Nobility in our Superscriptions, are divers; but the most generall are these.

If to a Nobleman eminent in place.

To the right Honourable.

Or otherwise.

To the Honourable.

To persons, of more inferiour degrees.

To the right Worshipfull.

Otherwise,

To the Worshipfull.

Superscriptions, with Subscriptions adjoyned to them, as they are most properly applyed.

TO the most sacred, most gratious, most high, most mighty, most puissant, and victorious Monarch, His Majesty of great *Brittain*, &c.

Your Majesties most faithfull and obedient subject.

To the most illustrious Prince:

To the most renowned Duke.

To the right Honourable Earl.

To the right Worshipfull Knight.

To the Worshipfull Esquire.

To the most just and upright Judge.

To the most circumspect and prudent States-man.

To the most grave, most sincere, most religious, and most learned Clergy-man.

To Professors of Sciences, (if Rhetoricians.)

To the most eloquent, most learned.

To the approved Physitian.

To Logitians, the term of most subtle or cunning.

To Poets, the style of the sacred adorers of the Muses.

To Lawyers, the superscriptions of skilfull, wise, singular and learned.

To

To the right Honourable.
Your Honours moſt humbly devoted.
To his honourable Lord.
Your Honours in all duty and ſervice.
To the Honourable, and his highly reſpected Lady.
Your Honours to command. Or,
Your Honours devoted.
To the Worthy and Noble. *Ever yours to ſerve you.*
To the right Honourable, and his highly eſteemed Patron. *Your Honours obſervant.*
To thoſe of conſanguinity, thus.
To his moſt loving, well-beloved, right good Father.
Your obedient ſon.
To his moſt dear, moſt loving Mother.
Your dutifull ſon.
To his beloved, and moſt affectionate Siſter.
Your loving brother.
To his dearly beloved Wife.
Your moſt loving husband.
To his loving Uncle. *Your obſervant kinſman.*
To the honourable Colonel.
Yours ſworn to worthineſſe.
To the onely life of his deſires.
Your afflicted friend.
To the fulneſſe of his contentment.
Your living and dying friend.
To the onely hope of his fortunes.
The honourer of your matchleſſe perfections.
To the noble and truly vertuous Gentlewoman.
Yours in death it ſelf.
To his beſt choice. *Yours in the midſt of fear.*
To his vertuous and dearly beloved.
Yours ever reſolved.
To the Miſtreſs of his thoughts. *Yours dying in conſtancy.*
To his beloved friends. *Yours aſſured.*
To the lovingeſt of all my friends. *Yours inſeparably.*

To

To his highly eſteemed friend.
Yours, as I have profeſſed.
To his tried and truſty friend. *Not living without you.*
To his honourable friend. *Yours in true friendſhip.*
To her newly diſpleaſed friend.
Yours, if you wrong her not.
To her beſt reſolved friend. *Yours whereſoever.*
To his well-adviſed friend. *Yours, and Vertue's.*
To his loving and long-expected friend.
Yours with good wiſhes.
To his reſpected friend. *Yours well aſſured.*
To his approved friend. *Yours in true liberty.*
To her moſt diſquieted friend.
Yours in honourable love.
To his loving Niece. *Your affectionate kinſman.*
To his deareſt brother. *Yours in all occaſions.*
To his well experienced, and moſt eſteemed noble friend. *Yours, as you can deſire.*
To his well diſpoſed friend. *Yours to truſt onely.*
To her deareſt husband. *Your ever loving wife.*
To his much diſordered friend.
Yours in reformation.
To his unkind friend. *Yours, if you will have it ſo.*
To his ill-adviſed ſon. *Your diſpleaſed father.*
To his miſerable rich friend.
Yours, if you can be your own.
To the worthy Lady. *Yours, as a lover of honour.*
To her unkind husband. *Your true wife till death.*
To his perj r'd and laſcivious wife.
Your husband, if you do not divide him.
To her jealous husband. *Yours in her very thoughts.*
To his ſuddainly diſpleaſed friend.
Yours, when you conceive aright of me.
To his well eſteemed friend.
Yours, whilſt mine own.
To her unkind friend. *Yours, and yet diſpleaſed.*

To

To his honourable and good friend.
Yours, if you think me worthy.
To his well esteemed friend.
Yours most dutifull, if you will accept of humiliation.
To his true helping friend. *Yours recovered.*
To his worthy friend, Adventurer in the Straits.
Yours undivided, though far off.
To his noble and constant friend.
Yours, though amongst Infidells.
To his respected and worthy friend.
Yours, as you have made me.
To his carefull friend. *Yours, mindfull of you.*
To the worthy Doctor. *Your sick patient.*
To his honourable, valiant, hardy, mercifull, worthy Captain. *Yours, though we never meet again.*
To his approved friend.
Yours in all places, and at all times.
To his speciall friend. *My own, if in your memory.*
To the most perfect Woman.
Yours in the midst of temptation.
To his honourable enemy. *Yours, ready for all danger.*
To his well-deserving friend. *Yours unfainedly.*
To his over-suspitious friend. *Yours to trust onely.*
To his wilfull and seduced friend.
Your poor abused friend.

For the Readers greater pleasure and variety, these Subscriptions are here onely placed by themselves.

YOur carefull father. Your dutifull son.
Your loving Master. Your obedient servant.
Usque ad aras. Affectionately devoted to your service.
The unfortunate. As you shall determine of me.
Your well-wishing friend. Thy discontented friend.
In all humble duty. Thy most constant friend.
Ever thine. Your Worships poor Tenant to command.
In all obedience. Yours, not safe till I enjoy you.
Faithfully

Faithfully yours.
Thy true friend.
Never lesse his own.
Thy sometimes friend.
Your honours most obliged.
Yours, as far as modesty wil suffer me.
Yours, if you please to accept of me.
Yours, prepared to suffer.
Your best counsellor.
Your injured Mistresse.
Your affectionate poor friend.
Your entire vassail.
Remaining your friend.
Yours, as a lover of vertue.
Yours, well affected.
Your worships to be commanded.
Animæ dimidium tuæ.
Yours in unutterable affection.
No longer your friend.
Yours, so I may be my own.
Your sorrowfull friend.
Your forsaken friend.
Your vowed servant.
Your enemy till death.
Yours most passionately, loyally, and perpetually devoted.
Yours wholly and onely, if you will.
Yours, as you shall deserve by your service.
Your friend, whether you will or no.
Yours, in all good sort to be entertained.
Desirous of your reformed imagination.
Yours, more sorry for your ill condition, then for the wrong you have done me.
Your most humble and passionate servant.
Yours, in the infringible bonds of affection.
The servant of your worthy vertues.

Yours in boundlesse affection.
Your servant in all humility.
Your loving Land-lord.
Yours irremoveably.
Yours, as I find cause.
Your true lover.
Thine to the end.
Yours more then my own.
Remaining your friend.
Yours in respective duty.
Once thy friend.
Your plain and true friend.
Yours in respective duty.
Yours fearfully loving.
Your friend to his ability.
Your loyall wife.
Your Imprisoned friend.
Thine, or not my self.
Your distressed debtor.
One alwaies yours.
Yours what you will.
Yours, ever to his power.
Thine own from all the world.
Your faithfull & ready friend.

Your moſt reſpectfully engaged.
Your ever friend and ſervant.
Your Lordſhips unfained, honoured, and loyall ſervant.
Your friend *dum Aurâ æthereâ veſcor.*

A Character of Complements.

COmplements are a ſhort collation of ſweet-meats, to banquet and pleaſe the daintieſt taſte; they are the quinteſſence of wit, the refiners of ſpeech, and fit the mind better, than the apparell doth the body; for the cloaths may be too ſtrait, or point device; but complements are the mind's free exerciſe. They have ſome droſſe in them, as well as ſilver. They are a kind of Bell mettall, they have in them both the preciſian and the paraſite; the morall of which is, That Wit and Women are frail things, gilded hypocrites, ſpecious outſides; to which, complements, like feathers to ſmall birds, make a proportion, though the body it ſelf be but little. They are multiplying glaſſes, and flattering mirrors, that conceal age and wrinkles. *Jayes* finely dreſt up for a preſent. A complementive ſubmiſſion, is the flatterer's and politician's key, to open the moſt ſecret cabinets of Princes breaſts with. For there is a Congee of the loweſt humility, that reaches to the higheſt flight of ambition. Thus complements may bring the Court with them; the Court, Behaviour; that Behaviour will make an iſſue in love; that love will conquer Maiden-heads. The preface to a complement, is the motion of that body; the grace of it, the diſpoſing of the countenance; the zeal or oath of it, the hand upon the book of the breaſt. Complements are the language of Gallants (the meltings

ings of their language) the muſical raviſhings of their perſwaſive tongues, the odours of their perfumed breaths; loving ſighes, and the buſineſs of their afternoons. To conclude, their power is ſuch, that they gain admittance into a Ladyes private retiring-room; or elſe by their force break open their locks and doors at midnight, to give us acceſſe to the miſtreſſes of our hearts.

The Poſtſcript.

VVOrthy Reader, I hope it wil fare with thee now, as with a gueſt, whoſe eye being firſt allured with a magnificent Banquet; his appetite is the better pleaſed, when he hath reliſhed ſome of thoſe dainties: So having but at the firſt delighted the eye of the fancy with the Architecture of the frontiſpiece of this Booke; and ſince with a more diſcreet peruſal you have now taken a view of every room; I know thou canſt not but be wonderfully pleaſed with the whole building and fabrick of this Academy: Love and eloquence lead thee with pleaſure into it; may thy content and favourable cenſure let thee forth again.

Thine, Philomuſus.

A Table for the underſtanding of the hard *Engliſh* words contained in this Book

A

ACute witty
Amiable lovely
Apt fit
Auſtere ſharp
Aſpire to look high
Abſtemious temperate
Ampl fie to enlarge
Adverti ſe to adviſe
Au ment to encreaſe
A ſpect to look upon
Abſurd fooliſh
Ar plaud to like
Altitude height

Acknowledgment confession
Attractive drawing to
Aspiration breathing
Abhor to hate
Audacious bold
Alacrity chearefulnesse
Apparent open
Abjure to forswear
Active nimble
Anguish griefe
Appertinent belonging to
Auspicious betokening successe
Abruptly unorderly
Ambiguity doubtfulnesse
Arrogant proud
Accommodate to make fit
Aggravate to make more grievous
Adverse contrary
Apprehension understanding
Affable courteous
Artificially workeman-like
Affectation curiosity
Academy university
Amity friendship
Abbreviate to shorten
Ardent hot
Adorn to beautifie
Antipathy contrariety
Adore to worship
Affectionate loving
Acurate curious
Act to do or performe
Accident chance
Assent to agree to
Accomplish to finish
Amaze to strike with wonder
Admire to wonder at
Absolutely fully
Adventure to hazard.

B

Beneficiall profitable
Blisse happinesse
Bashfull blushing
Brevity shortnesse
Benevolence goodwill
Bruit report
Barbarian a rude person
Beatitude b'esseднesse
Besiege to set upon or court

C

Complexion constitution of body
Convince to confute.
Credulity, rashnesse of belefe
Celestiall heavenly
Civility honest behaviour
Comprehend to contain
Circumspect heedy
Celebrate to keep solemnly
Compassion pity
Consequent following by order
Correspondent answerable
Contrite sorrowfull
Capacity largenesse of place
Circumstance quality of time and place
Condescend to agree to
Cogitation thought
Catastrophe the end
Credible to be believed
Contribution bestowing
Confirm to establish
Casualty chance
Compose to joyne
Clemency gentlenesse
Convenient fit
Consecrate to make holy
Center the point of a circle
Competent convenient
Circumvent to deceive
Compendious short
Certifie to give to understand
Confer to talk together
Corrivalls partners in affection

Con-

Contract to covenant
Circumscribe to compass about
Commencement the beginning
Contemptible to be despised
Commemoration remembering
Circumlocution many words
Converse to be familiar
Continent chast
Charm spels or witchcraft
Conduct guiding, governing
Curiosity neatness

D

Direct to rule or guide
Distracted mad
Divert to turn from another
Divulge to publish
Deliniate to draw a proportion
Desist leave off
Dissimilitude unlikeness
Disperse to scatter abroad
Deify God stead
Disloyal untrusty
Distinguish to put a difference
Decipher to describe or lay open
Distance place between
Dispose to appoynt
Deformed ill shapen
Disturb to disquiet
Dialect a manner of speech
Define to shew what a thing is
Dissolve to unloose
Dissuade to perswade to the contrary
Discusse to search narrowly
Digress to leave a matter
Decent comely
Dissamul to make void
Dilate to enlarge
Destitute forsaken
Defame to slander
Destined appointed
Disputable questionable
Determine to conclude
Dedicate to give for ever
Dismisse to send away
Difficult hard
Defraud to deceive
Desertion leaving
Display to spread abroad
Dexterity aptness
Dejected cast down
Demeanor behaviour
Diffuse to powre out
Disability unableness
Deprive to take away
Disjunction dividing
Deride to mock
Dismal unlucky
Diffident doubtfull
Delude to deceive
Dissent to disagree
Depend hang upon
Deliberate to take counsell
Dehort to perswade to the contrary
Degenerate to fall off from gogoeness
Defects weakness of capacity
Dissipate scatter abroad

E

Expression laying open of anything
Expert skilfull
Extract to draw out
Exact perfect
Erroneous full of errors
Effect a thing done
Emblem a shadow of a thing

Evident plain
Expect to wait or look for
Exempt free
Extinguish to put out
Efficacy force
Enflame to set on fire
Expedient fit
Expire to die
Extenuate to lessen
Essence the being of a thing
Ecche a sound
Experiment tryall
Extend to spread forth
Elaborate curious
Exhibite to bestow
Expostulate to chide with
Evasion an escape
Eclipse darknesse of the Sun
Ex tempore without study
Exanimate to trouble the minde
Education bringing up
Epithite a title given to any thing
Expence cost
Exasperate to anger
Evitable to be shunned
Excessive too much
Effeminate too womanish
Exorable to be intreated
Elegancy fineness of speech
Expedition speed
Exigent necessity
Election choice
Explicite unfolded
Elocution good expression
Exile banished
Explicate to declare
Estimate to prise or rate
Enjoy keep or possesse
Engaged indebted
Event end, successe
Extraordinary more then common

F

FRivolous trifling
Fortunate happy
Fiction a tale.
Fatal mortal
Fortitude valour
Fervent hot
Fulgent glistring
Figurative shadowed
Faculty power or ability
Finite having an end
Fruition enjoying
Fabulous feigned
Fraudulent deceitfull
Fragrant smelling sweet
Fallacy deceit
Fidelity trustinesse
Fantasie imagination
Felicity happinesse
Feature shape
Foundation ground work
Falsifie to break ones word

G

GRatifie to pleasure
Genuine naturall
Gratulate to be glad
Generosity nobility
Glorifie to give honour

H

HAbitude disposition
Heroicall beseeming a nobleman
Harmony agreement
Hereditary by succession
Habit apparell

I

IMproper unfit
Incident happening
Introduction entrance
Issue event
Immature unripe
Improvident carelesse
Ireefull angry
Judicious understanding
Indulgence sufferance

Im-

Imprudent ignorant
Illustrate to make plain
Inamoured in love
Immutable unchangeable
Ineffable unspeakable
Include shut in
Ignoble of base birth
Interpret to expound
Insolent proud
Incur to run into
Invective speaking against
Indignation anger
Immaculate unspotted
Incommodious hurtfull
Instinct an inward motion
Intricate doubtfull
Improbable not to be proved
Interrupt to let
Induce to move to
Impediment hinderance
Incommunicable not to be imparted
Insolerable insufferable
Intercept to prevent
Impenetrable not to be pierced
Insist to stay upon
Indecent not comely
Interdict to forbid
Imperious desiring rule
Infallible not deceivable
Institute to appoint
Intimate to signifie
Intermission breaking off
Implore desire with tears
Impertinent not pertaining
Implacable not to be pleased
Insult to triumph
Incompatible insufferable
Instable inconstant
Individual not to be parted
Inspire to breath into
Inculpable without fault
Incomprehensible not to be conceived
Insensible not to be perceived
Incredulous hardly to be believed.
Inseperable not to be divided
Intentive earnestly bent
Integrity pureneſſe
Insensibly without feeling
Indisposition backwardneſſe

L

Linguist skilfull in tongues
Lenity gentleneſſe
Labyrinth full of windings
Loyall obedient truly
Languishing pining
Literature learning
Laudable worthy of praiſe
Lascivious wanton
Lustre brightneſſe

M

Mollifie to make ſoft
Maxime a principle
Mutable changeable
Manifeſt open
Metamorphosis changing of shape
Magnificent sumptuous
Mitigate asswage
Mentall belonging to the minde
Malecontent discontent
Maturipe
Mirrour glaſſe
Metaphor similitude
Muſes goddeſſes of learning
Menace to threaten
Morality civill behaviour
Multiplicity variety
Magitians sorcerers, witches
Melancholy griefe, sadneſſe
Merits deſert.

N

Nuptiall belonging to marriage
Notion inward Nuncu

Nuncupatory declaring
Native where one is born

O

Oppofite contrary
Odious hateful
Original first beginning
Obscure dark
Object a thing set against
Oratory eloquent speech
Obsequious serviceable
Officious dutifull
Obdurate hardned
Omit to let pass
Opprobrious reproachful
Obliged bound to
Occurrences occasions
Ominous signifies good or ill luck
Operation effect
Observant dutifull
Odoriferous smelling sweetly
Ornament adorning
Ordained appoynted

P

Propitious favourable
Ponderous weighty
Period end of a sentence
Prolix tedious
Persist to continue
Paragon pattern or example
Prostrate to fall on the ground
Perplexity trouble
Placable easy to please
Progress going forward
Position a question disputed
Paradox a strange speech
Project a plot
Prefixed set before
Patronize to defend
Promiscuous confused
Perfidious traiterous
Polish to make faire
Prohibit to forbid
Pretermit to pass over
Permanent continuing
Precipitate to cast down
Prosecute to follow after
Prejudice hinder
Permission sufferance
Procrastinate to delay
Perspicuous clear
Perscription limitation
Participate to partake
Personate to counterfeit a person
Probable proved true
Perpetuity continuance
Phantasie imagination
Peculiar proper
Pathericall full of passions
Perfections gifts of nature
Perfumes sweet smels
Passionate truly loving
Perpetual everlasting.

R

Rigorous cruell
Repulse to drive back
Rusticall unmannerly
Reject to cast away
Reduce to bring back
Revolve to determine in the mind
Resemblance likeness
Ratifie to confirm
Resigne to give to another
Repell to call back again
Repute to esteem
Resplendent shining bright
Ridiculous to be laught at
Reserve to keep
Real substantial
Reiterate to repeat again

Re-

Reſpite to defer
Remit to forgive
Refractory obſtinate
Reaſſume to take again
Remunerate reward
Reliques the remainder
Reference pointing at
Regall Princely
Retributions reward
Refulgent ſhining
Reflection caſting back
Reputation credit, good name
Reflect to look, caſt an eye
Remain to continue conſtant
Reprovable to be blamed
Rarities things hard to be found

S

Supreame higheſt
Splendent gliſtring
Succeed to follow
Structure building
Serenity calmneſs
Sympathy fellow-feeling
Suppoſition thinking
Solicite to move
Succinct ſhort
Suſpence a doubt
Sable black or mournful
Submiſs lowly
Superiority above another
Select choſen out
Subſequent following
Spacious large
Suſtain to ſuffer
Seduce to deceive
Sublimity height
Survive to out-live
Soveraign higheſt authority
Scruple a doubt
Superfluous needleſs
Symmetry due proportion of parts
Senſuall brutiſh
Stupifie to aſtoniſh
Simplicity plainneſs
Subſiſt to abide
Society fellowſhip
Servile ſlaviſh
Suſpicious doubtfull
Sutable agreeable

T

TResſes locks of haire
Tranſcendent climbing over
Timorous fearfull
Triumphant rejoycing in victory
Tedious troubleſome
Tranſform to change
Terrene earthly
Tranquillity quietneſs
Tolerable may be ſuffered
Tragicall ſorrowfull
Temporize to ſerve the times
Tranſparent may be ſeen
Tenent opinion

V

UNiverſall generall
Unanimity of one mind
Vitall lively
Variable changeable
Value eſteem
Vulgar common
Undervalue diſcommend
Vigorous ſtrong and luſty

W

VVReath Garland or Crown

A ſhort Table of delightfull Fictions of the Heathen-Poets, with other uſefull Collections out of ancient and modern Hiſtories.

Of Gods.

Apollo the god of Learning, and of the Muſes, *Diſſolving.*

Æolus, the bluſtring god of windes, *Various.*

Bacchus, the god of wine, and good fellows. *To bowl.*

Cupid, the god of Love, the ſon of *Venus*, whom the Poets deſcribe blinde, with a bow in his hand, and two arrowes of different effects; the on tipt with gold, to cauſe Love; the other with lead, to force Diſdain.

Demogorgon, and *Tellus*, gods of the earth.

Faunes, gods of the woods and Forreſts.

Glaucus, a fiſher-man turned into a Sea-god.

Harpocrates, the god of ſilence.

Hercules, for his twelve Labours adored as a god, *Brightneſſe of the aire.*

Janus, an Italian King, for his extraordinary knowledg of times and ſeaſons, was pictured with two faces and deified.

Hymen, the god of marriage *From a Membrane.*

Jupiter, the Planet, whom the Poets faigned to be the god of heaven. A *helping Father.*

Mars, the god of war. *From men.*

Momus, the Critical god,

Morpheus, the ſleepy god. *From counterfeiting the viſages and geſtures of men.*

Mercury, the god of eloquence, A meſſenger to the gods. *The care of Marchandize.*

Neptune, the Sea-god. *From covering.*

Nereus

Nereus, a god of the Sea, called *Grandævus*. From ſwimming.

Pan, the god of ſhepherds, and the carer for their flocks. *Penates* the houſhold gods.

Sapho, one that taught birds to cry; *The great god Sapho*; for which he was deified.

Priapus the god of gardens. *Laſcivious.*

Saturn, and *Pluto*, gods of hell. *Tilling riches.*

Serapis, the Egyptian god, worſhipped in the form of an Ox.

Sylvanus, the god of the woods.

Vertumnus, the Spring, deified:

Vulcan, the lame blackſmith, husband to *Venus*; the god of fire.

The goddeſſes.

Ægeria, the goddeſſe from whom *Numa Pompilius* is reported to have received his laws.

Aſtrea, and *Themis*, the goddeſſes of juſtice. *Amongſt the gods lawfull.*

Bellona, the goddeſs of war.

Cybele, called *Rhea. Berecinthia*, the mother of the gods.

Diana, the goddeſs of chaſtity. *Jupiters daughter.*

Egeria, the pregnant goddeſſe of the womb. *From bearing.*

Flora and *Chloris* goddeſſes of flowers.

Feronia, the goddeſs of the woods.

Phebe and *Juventa*, the goddeſſes of youth.

Juno, the goddeſſe of riches, *Iupiters* jealous wife: *From helping.*

Laverna, the goddeſſe of thieves. *From making clean.*

Lucina, the goddeſs of birth.

Mnemoſyne, the mother of the goddeſſes called the Muſes. *Memory.*

Murcia the goddeſſe of idleneſs. *Sluggiſhneſs.*

Minerva or *Pallas*, the goddeſſe of the Arts and ware *Threatning.*

Nemeſis, the goddeſs of revenge. *Diſtribute*
Parca, the goddeſs of the deſtinies. *Sparing.*
Pomona, the goddeſs of fruit. *Apples.*
Proſerpina and *Ops*, the goddeſs of hell; ſometimes the unconſtant Moon is called *Proſerpina.*
Pytho, the goddeſs of eloquence.
Venus, the delightfull goddeſſe of love and beauty
Voluptia, the goddeſs of riots or pleaſures,
Veſta, the goddeſs of chaſtity; *The earth. From clothing.*

The graces.

AGlaia, *Thalia*, *Euphroſyne*, the daughters of *Jupiter*, and *Venus*: they were painted holding hands in a ring, to ſignifie the truth of friendſhip, and pleaſantneſs of converſation. *Cheerfulneſs, flouriſhing, joy.*

The Furies.

ALecto, *Megara*, *Tiſyphone*, three ſnaky-treſſed ſiſters, that puniſhed offenders. 1. *Not idle* 2. *Envy.* 3. *Revenge of murther.*

The Deſtinies, three ſiſters.

CLotho puts the Wool on the diſtaff; *Lacheſis* draws the thred; *Atropos* cuts it off. 1. *To ſpin* 2. *To allot.* 3. *Inexorable*; *not turned.*

The Judges of Hell.

Æacus, *Minos*, *Rhadamanthus.* To beat.

The Heſperides.

Eglé *Arethuſa*, *Heſperethuſa* the three ſiſters, who had an Orchard of golden Apples, kept by a Dragon, which *Hercules* ſlew, and took away the Apples. 1 *Splendor*, 2 *Vertue.*

The nine Muſes.

CLio, *Melpomene*, *Thalia*, *Euterpe*, *Terpſicore*, *Erato*, *Calliope*, *Urania*, *Polymnia*. 1 Glory. 2 Singing. 3. Flouriſhing. 4 Delighting. 5 Delighting in dancing. 6. Loving. 7 A good voyce. 8 Beauty. 9 Preſident of praiſe.

Nymphs

Nymphs of the woods.

Dryades and *Hamadryades.* From Oakes.

Nymphs of the Meadows.

Limonides. Meadows.

The Nymphs of the Sea.

Neris the goddeſſe of the Sea, with her Nymphs. *Cimothea, Amothea, Dixamine, Creſis, Cymodoce Zantho,* with many others. *Neris* from ſwimming.

The ſeven Stars

Ambroſia, Eudor, Paſithoe, Coronis, Plexauris, Pytho, and *Tithis.*

Naiades, fairies of the water. *From flowing.*

Nappea, fairies of the woods. *From the groves.*

Of Beaſts

The *Beaver* highly eſteemed for his skin.

Bucephalus, Alexanders great horſe. An *Oxe-head,*

Bores of Pannonia, the cruelleſt of all others.

Chamaleon, a ſmall beaſt, lives by the ayr: it is ſo tranſparent, that it changeth it ſelf into any colour it ſets on. A *little* Lion.

The *Crocodile,* by the river *Nilus* in Ægypt, a beaſt of 30 foot in length: a woman for her faigned tears is compared to this beaſt. *Affraid of ſaffron,*

Ermin, a ſmall beaſt, whoſe rich Fur is worn of Princes.

Hiena, a beaſt that hath the voice of a man, which in the night cals, and if he come to her, kils him. *From gaping.*

Libard, a ſpotted beaſt, the male of a Panther.

Lynx, a ſpotted beaſt like a wolfe, of ſo perfect a ſight, that it is ſaid to look thorow a Wall.

Panther, a cruel beaſt, of a ſweet ſmell, and of a fair ſpotted skin, with which ſhe allureth other beaſts to her; but leſt her head ſhould affright, ſhe hideth it, that ſhe may the more eaſily prey upon them. *Of all beaſts moſt fair.*

Pegaſus

Pegaſus, the horſe of the Muſes. *From a fountain.*

Rinocere, a beaſt as big as an Elephant. A *horn in his noſe.*

Salamander, a ſhort venomous beaſt, which lives in the fire, and at length, through its extream cold, puts it out.

The *Tyger*, a ſwift beaſt: thoſe of Hyrcania are the moſt cruell.

Of birds.

HAlcyon, by ſome called Kings-fiſher; a bird that builds her neſt in the ſea, when it is a ſign of fair weather. *Hatching her eggs in the Sea.*

Griffin, a four-footed cruell bird.

Harpies, monſtrous devouring birds: *Virgil* ſings of four of them, *Aello, Ocypote, Cilene, Thiella.* Stealing.

Ibis, a ſtrong bird that devoureth Serpents.

Oſtrich, a huge bird that ſwalloweth and digeſteth iron: her feathers are our beſt plumes.

Pelican, a melancholly bird that wanting food, feeds her young with her own blood.

Phœnix a rare bird of *Arabia*, which buildeth her neſt in a Cynamon-tree, with the twigs of Frankincenſe, and other Spices: She lives ſix hundred years: with the laboring of her wings in the Sun, ſhe ſetteth her neſt on fire, and there conſumeth in it; out of whoſe aſhes there grows a worm, and out of that worm another Phœnix.

Philomela, the raviſhed raviſhing Nightingall, that ſings her ſad ſtory ſo prettily. *Lover of melody.*

Stork, a famous bird for mutuall love to its parents; this bird builds in countryes where there are no Kings.

Turtle Dove, a bird famous for conſtancy: if the male or female dye, the other ever liveth ſingle.

Of fiſhes.

CAntharis, an admirable chaſte fiſh.

Cephalus: a fearfull fiſh. which by hiding of his head

head thinks he is ſafe. *From a head.*

Dolphin, the ſwifteſt of fiſhes, and loving'ſt to man.

Polype, a fiſh that hath many feet, often changing The inconſtant are reſembled to this fiſh.

Remora, a ſmall fiſh that ſtayes the ſhip. *From ſtaying*

Sargus, an adulterous fiſh, that ingenders with the Goat.

Scolopendra, a fiſh which taken with the hook, vomits outs his bowels, looſeneth the hook, and then ſwalloweth them againe.

Sturgeon, a fiſh whoſe Scales are turned backwards: it ſwims againſt the ſtream.

Torpedo, a Crampfiſh, that benummeth the hands of thoſe that touch it.

Of ſtones.

A *Damant*, vulgarly called the Diamond, the hardeſt and moſt precious of all ſtones; which is ſofrned by Goats blood, being warmed, and ſteeped in it.

Bezar ſtone of great eſteem in Phyſick: *Not yielding.*

Chryſolite a ſtone that ſhineth brighteſt in the morning *Shining like gold.*

Jaſper, a tranſparent ſtone of divers colours: it ſhews farieſt in ſilver

The *Load-ſtone* is coloured like unto ruſty iron: it hath a ſecret vertue, not only to draw Iron to it ſelf, but alſo to make Iron, on which it is rubbed, to draw Iron too: it loſeth this vertue, if the Diamond be joyned with it, or if it be rubbed with Garlick.

Obelisk, it is a great ſtone, large beneath, and riſing ſtil higher, ſmaller & ſmaller to the top *Pyramidis* like

Saphire, a ſtone, of clear ſky-colour, by nature cold.

Topaz, a precious ſtone, which put into boyling water it preſently cooleth.

Of Trees.

THe Coral tree groweth in the bottom of the ſea: there are two ſorts, red & white; the red it the beſt, either

either of them taken into the aire, instantly grow hard.

Ebony, a black tree that beares neither Leaves nor Fruit.

Mandrake, a tree that beareth apples: the bark of it, is cold in the fourth degree.

Myrtle, a tree of *Venus*. 'Tis low, and groweth in hot Countries.

The *Pine tree*: of these, Ships are made; for that this tree is not subject to worms, or rottennesse, but is green all the year; the shadow of it suffers no plant to grow near it.

Sycamore, a shady tree that bears fruit four times a year. *From fruit like a Fig, and leaves like a Mulbery.*

Of Rivers and Wells.

Acheron, one of the Rivers of Hell *From flowing with troublesom waters,*

Alpheus, the river where *Hercules cleansed Augeus*, his stable.

Athamus, a river in Thessaly, whose water sets wood on fire

Cocytus, a river in hell. *Mourning.*

Helicon and *Aganippe*, Wells consecrated to the Muses. *Made by a Horse.*

Cylla and *Charibdis*, Two dangerous Sea-gulphs, in respect of contrary winds.

Styx, a river of hell. *To make sad.*

Tiber, a famous river of Rome.

Avernus, a Lake dedicated to *Pluto*, the supposed entrance into hell. *Killing Birds*

Phlegeton a river of hell. *Burning.*

Danubius, a famous river of *Europe*; it rises out of the hill *Arnobe* in Germany. It receives 60. Rivers in it.

Ætna, a Hill in Italy, whence riseth horrible smokes and great flames of fire, and sometimes burning stones in great numbers are cast out of it.

Alps, the high mountains that divide Italy and France.

Of

Of Serpents.

Amphisbena, a two-headed Serpent.

Asp, a venemous Serpent, whose bite is deadly; famous for *Cleopatra* the Egyptian Queen's death, who applied two of them to her breſt, to die more inſenſibly.

Baſilisk or *Cockatrice*, the King of Serpents; it breaketh ſtones, and blaſteth all plants with its breathing; and frighteth away all other Serpents with its hiſſing: if it be touched with a long pole, or ſpies one afar off, it kills; they breed in the hot ſands of Aſia. The onely ruine of this ſerpent is the Weaſel.

Hydra, the monſtruous Serpent of the lake of Lerna; that having one head chopt off by *Hercules*, immediatly two grew again. *From the water.*

Scorpion, a moſt venemous Serpent, that eats her own (young.

Viper, a ſerpent that ingenders by putting his head into the females mouth, which ſhe bites off; her young eat their paſſage thorow her. *From bringing forth with the death of the Female:*

Of Mermaids.

THe moſt famous were *Parthenope*, *Lygia*, *& Leuſia*: they are ſo called, becauſe their upper parts are like Maids, their lower like fiſhes. With their ſweet ſinging, they allure Mariners till they fall aſleep, and then they kill them.

Of Monſters.

Cerberus, the dog of hell, that had three heads. A *devourer of fleſh.*

Chimera, which with the monſter *Solinus*, was ſlain by *Bellerophon*. A *Goat.*

Gorgon, a fearfull Monſter with one eye.

Meduſa, a monſter whoſe golden hairs *Minerva* turned into adders, and cauſed thoſe that beheld her, to be turned into ſtones.

Minotaure, half a man, and half a bull. This monſter was ſlain by *Theſeus.*

Centaures, monſters ſuppoſed to be halfe men, half horſes.

Argus

Argus, the keeper of *Io*, that had a hundred eyes; he was ſlain by *Meraon*.

Satyrs, monſters that had the bodies of men, but all hairy; their legs and feet were like Goats, they inhabited in woods: The Poets deſcribe them to be luſtfull and ſavage. *Libidinous.*

Sphinx, a monſter, that ſlew all that could not diſſolve her riddle; the meaning thereof being unfolded by *Oedipus*, ſhe threw her ſelf from a high rock, and brake her neck.

Men famous or infamous.

Cyclôpes, the ſons of *Vulcan*, that was faigned to make weapons for *Jupiter*; *From having but one eye in the middle of their forehead.*

Achilles, a moſt valiant captain amongſt the Greeks that ſlew *Hector* and *Troilus*, but was himſelfe at laſt ſlain in the Temple, where he intended to marry *Polyxena*, by her brother *Paris*, who ſhot him in the heel, where he was onely vulnerable. *From easing of grief.*

Æneas, the ſon of *Anchiſes* and *Venus*, a moſt famous Trojan. *Praiſe.* *Curtius*, who for his countries good, caſt himſelfe into a gaping cave of the earth.

Cyrus, a Prince of ſo excellent a memory, that he could call his Souldiers particularly by their names.

Hector, one of the nine worthies, that ſo long preſerved Troy, was ſlain by *Achilles*. *From preſerving the city.*

Mutius Scævola, that ſaved his life by the patient toleration of the burning of his hand.

Perſius, that delivered *Andromeda* from the Seamonſter, and after married her.

Cæſar, the Roman Emperor that vanquiſht *Pompey*, whoſe Motto was, *Veni, vidi, vici.* He was ſlain in the Senate houſe by *Brutus* and *Caſſius*.

Scipio, that brave commander, who ſubdued *Hannibal*, with many other Kingdomes.

Pompey, that choſe rather to die, then to crave of *Lucullus*. *Zorzello*,

Zorzello, ſaying that the gods had made him to give not to crave.

Themiſtocles and *Ariſtides*, that were both angry with themſelves, that in 20 years no man ever envi'd them.

Theſeus, that Worthy, which ſlew the *Minotaure*.

Scylla, that famous Captain, that was paſt intreaty for trifles, but eaſie in weighty matters.

Hepheſtion, a Captain that *Alexander* dearly loved,

Fabius and *Marcellus*; the one was held to be the ſword, the other the buckler of *Rome*.

Paris, that ſtole *Helena*. A carpet-Captain.

Sopyrus, that by cutting and mangling himſelf, ſaved Babylon from the fury of the King *Darius*.

Auguſtus, a wiſe & mercifull Roman Emperor. *Happy Titus* the Roman Emperor, who having over-ſlipt one day in not gratifying ſome one or other, would bewail himſelf, ſaying he had loſt that day.

Tiberius the Roman Emperor, that wore a Laurel, to protect him from thunder and lightning.

Veſpaſian; the mild and temperate Roman Emperour. A miracle of courteſie.

Octavian, a Roman Emperour, who when he was angry, would read over the Greek Alphabet before he would put any thing in execution.

Xerxes, a puiſſant Prince, that loſt the greateſt Army by a handfull of men, that ever was raiſed.

Atlas, King of Mauritania, who for his skill in Aſtrologie, was faigned to hold up heaven.

Gyges, that had a ring to go inviſible with.

Jaſon, who in his youth bore away the golden Fleece.

Philip, King of Macedone, that had a skull ever on his Table, and a boy every morning to put him in mind that he was but a man.

Priamus, King of *Troy*, that loſt both his Kingdom and life. *Sardanapalus*, a leight Prince, that habited himſelf in womans apparel, and carded and ſpun amongſt them, *Abuſſon*.

Zorpaſſ

Zoroastes, the Bactrian, a famous Magitian, the first inventer of that Art.

Ajax, the famous Grecian Captain, that slew himself, because *Ulysses* got *Achilles* armour from him.

Busiris, a cruel tyrant, that sacrificed strangers to *Jupiter*.

Dionysius, a tyrant that was called the Monster of nature

Lycaon, whom *Jupiter* for his cruelty to strangers turned into a woolf.

Nero, a cruel tyrant that thought none chast: he ript up his mother, to see where he lay, and spurned his own wife *Poppea*, big with child, into another world.

Phaleris, a bloody tyrant, that caused a Bull to be made to torment men in.

Polycrates, that for grief that he was never unfortunate, hanged himselfe. *Very strong.*

Thersites, a most deformed person, of Cynical and most dogged conditions.

Nestor, that lived 300 years; a most wise man.

Amphion, one that by his naturall eloquence caused rude people to lead a civil life.

Roscius the Orator, famous for his gesture.

Tully the Orator, famous for his eloquence.

Demosthenes, an incomparable Greek Orator. *The strength of the people*

Simon, a perfidious fellow, that betrayed Troy.

Gnatho, a notorious flatterer.

Sophocles, a learned Athenian Tragical Poet..

Ixion, whom the Poets faign continually to run a wheel in hell.

Sisyphus, the Emblem of vain labour, whom the Poets feign contiually to roll a stone to the top of a hill, which being almost up, doth tumble down again.

Tantalus, an emblem of a worldy miser, feigned to thirst in hell, yet stands up to the chin in a river, & to die for hunger, yet hath apples bobbing at his mouth.

Architas

Architas, who through his great skill, made an Iron Dove to flye in the ayr.

Flamo, who firſt invented the Sea-mans Dyal.

Endymion, that found out the courſe of the Moon, and therefore is feigned to be the man in the Moon.

Oedipus, that diſſolved the riddle of *Sphinx*. *Swel-ing feet.*

Staphylus, who firſt mingled wine with water.

Titius, the firſt inventer of Rhetorick.

Ulyſſes, the firſt inventer of ſhooting at birds: a famous eloquent Grecian.

Milo, famous for his gluttony, that bred a Calf up to a Bull, and then eat it himſelf.

Orpheus, the excellent Harper, that with his Muſick drew after him wild beaſts, woods, and mountains; and, which is more, by it thought to have got his wife home.

Apelles, that famous painter, who left the picture of *Venus* unperfect, which none durſt undertake to finiſh after his death.

Xeuxis that ſo cunningly painted a boy carrying grapes, that birds came and pickt at them, as if they had been very grapes; which *Xeuxis* beholding, in anger ſaid; if he had made the boy as lively as the grapes, the birds durſt not have come ſo near them.

Anaxagoras, the Philoſ. that was never ſeen to laugh.

Copernicus, a Philoſopher, that affirmed that the Earth turns round, and the Heavens ſtand ſtill.

Crates, the Philoſopher, that to better his ſtudy threw his wealth into the Sea.

Democritus, the laughing Athenian Philoſopher, that gave away his wealth.

Damon and *Pythias*, two Philoſophers, that offered to ſuffer death one for another.

Diogenes, the Cynical ſevere Philoſopher.

Gymnoſophiſts, Philoſophers that lived naked and ſolitary in the Indian woods.

Heraclitus,

Heraclitus, the Philoſopher, that never had tutor: he alwayes wept.

Menippus the Philoſopher, that having loſt his goods, hanged himſelf.

Pythagoras the Philoſopher, that held tranſmigrations.

Plato and *Seneca*, the two divine Philoſophers; the laſt took his name from chuſing his own death.

Socrates, the moſt wiſe philoſopher, that had the ſcold *Xantippe* to his wife.

Stoicks, a ſect of Philoſophers, that held that wiſe men were free from all paſſions. *From the Gallery, where they uſed to diſpute.*

Paracelſus, a Chymicall Phyſitian that did admirable but violent cures.

Galen and *Hippocrates*, two moſt famous Phyſitians.

Homer, the chief of Greek Poets, that was blind.

Ariſtophanes, the Greek Poet, whoſe heart, when he was ript up, was found to be hairy.

Lucan, a Spaniard, a moſt famous Poet.

Juvenal, a Satyricall Poet. *Pindarus*, a Lyricall Poet

Tyreſias, the Poet, who by killing two ſnakes, knew both ſexes.

Zoilus, the father of all envious Poets: he railed againſt *Homer*.

Cacus, a famous thief, ſlain by *Hercules*.

Prometheus, who for ſtealing fire from heaven, to put life into men, was tyed by *Jupiter* to *Caucaſus*, where the Poets feign a Vulture gnawes his heart continually. *Foreſeen.*

Icarus, for whom his father *Dædalus* made waxen wings, to flye with, was drowned in a part of the Sea neer Creet, ſo called by his name.

Phaeton, the ſon of *Apollo*, whom he permitted to ride in his chariot: he ſet the world on fire. *From light.*

Antemon, the abſolute coward, that would never goe out of doores without a braſen Target before him.

Cataline

Cataline, the famous Roman Conſpirator.

Charon, the ferry-man of Hell. (Throat.

Bellerophon, that brought Letters to cut his owne

Ariſtarchus, one that wrote 200 Books.

Oreſtes, that for ſlaying his mother, was haunted with the furies to death.

Ovid, *Virgil*, *Horace*, three moſt excellent Roman Poets.

Marcus Craſſus, a private Roman, that dyed worth eight hundred two and fifty thouſand pounds.

Cato Vticenſis, who becauſe he would not ſee the calamity the Common-wealth was like to fall into, ſlew himſelf.

Philoxenus, a Paraſite, that wiſhed that his neck were as long as a Crane's, that he might feel the more pleaſure in ſweet meats and drinks.

Joſeph Scaliger, skilled in thirty languages.

Linceus that could ſee ſhips 130 miles off, and number them.

Acteon the hunter, that for ſeeing *Diana* bathing her ſelf, was turned into a Hart, and torn to pieces by his own dogs.

Valerius, that loved his Maſter ſo well, that he ſuffered himſelf to be ſlain in his bed for him.

Antipodes, a people that live under us, whoſe feet are againſt ours. *Cannibals*, thoſe that eat mans fleſh.

Cimmerians, a people which for halfe a year together ſee not the Sun.

Lacedemonians, a people that firſt found out the uſe of ſword, ſpear, and helmet.

Scythians, people that firſt invented bows and arrows

Thracians, that firſt found out the pleaſures of hawkings and hunting.

Myrmidons, a moſt warlick induſtrious nation, that accompanied *Achilles* in the Trojan wars.

Pygmies, a little Indian people, of a cubit in length, that war with the Cranes.

Adonis

Adonis, the darling of *Venus*, ſlaine by a Bore, turned into a flower. *Atis*, a ſweet boy, beloved of *Cybele*.

Ganymede, a Trojan boy, whom *Jupiter* loved, and carried into heaven with him, & made him his cup-bearer.

Narciſſus, a fair boy, who being in love with himſelf, was turned into a flower.

Spurina, a boy, that every one for his beauty made love to; which was ſo troubleſome and diſtaſtfull to him, that he poyſoned himſelf.

Maids and women, famous, or infamous.

Echo, a Virgin rejected of her love; the pined into a voyce, which ſhe reverberates upon every hollow.

Hero the fair, that drowned her ſelfe for *Leander*, who endured the ſame fate, in attempting to ſwim to her.

Sappho, that drowned her ſelf for love of a fair boy.

Sylla, that ſtole her fathers purple hair from him, out of the love ſhe bore to *Minos*, who by that means overcame him; but he, loathing her treachery, forſook her; which cauſed her to drown her ſelfe.

Thisbe, that ſlew her ſelfe for the love ſhe bore to *Pyramus*: both ſhe and her ſweet-heart were turned into a Mulbery tree.

Atalanta, the ſwift chaſte Maiden Huntreſs, that *Hippomanes* ſo neatly won in his arms imbraces, by the ſlight of the three golden Apples.

Cleopatra, the famous Egyptian Queen, that put Aſps to her breſt, that ſhe might die for her *Anthony*.

Caſſandra, the daughter of *Priamus* king of Troy, to whom *Apollo*, upon the promiſe of her Maiden-head, gave the gift of prophecy; but ſhe not keeping her word, he added to it this property, That ſhe ſhould never be believed, though ſhe predicted truth.

Ipbis, a faire Virgin, who by the prayers of her mother, was transformed into a man.

Salmacis, a Nymph that loved *Hermaphroditus* ſo dearly, that upon requeſt to the gods, ſhe grew into one body with him.

Nyctimene

Nyctimene, that for lying with her own Father, was turned into an Owl. *From night.*

Philomela, raviſhed by *Tereus*, turned into a Nightingale.

Andromeda, the wife of *Perſeus*, whom *Minerva* turned into a Bear.

Weeping *Niobe*, who for preferring her ſelf before *Latona*, had fourteen of her beautifull Children ſlain, and was afterwards her ſelf turned into a ſtone.

Lucretia, a chaſte Roman dame, that ſlew her ſelf becauſe proud *Tarquin* had raviſhed her.

Penelope, the chaſt wife of *Ulyſſes*, that had ſo many woers in his abſence.

Helena, that was raviſhed at nine years of age by *Theſeus*, ; yet afterward cornuted *Menelaus*, and run away with *Paris*; for whoſe rape, the Trojans ſuſtained a war of ten years.

Meſſalina, the inſatiable wife of *Claudius*, the Emp.

Leda, with whom *Jupiter* accompanied in the form of a Swan; ſhe laid him two eggs, the one called *Caſtor*, the other *Pollux*; two brothers, afterwards turned into Stars.

Rodopis, a noted Thracian whore.

Omphale, the Lydian Queen, whom *Hercules* ſerved at the diſtaff to obtaine her love.

Tuccia, a veſtal Virgin, who being accuſed for Fornication, cleared her ſelfe by carrying water in a ſieve.

Medea, a Sorcereſs, by whoſe means *Jaſon* got the golden Fleece. *Lamiæ*, Witches ſo called.

Thymele, a woman that firſt taught to dance.

Xantippe, the ſcolding wife of *Socrates* the moſt wiſe Philoſopher. *Cornelia* a chaſt noble Roman Lady,

Amazons, war-like women in Scythia, that in their infancy cut off one of their breſts, that it might not hinder them in martial exploits: *Penthiſilea* was their Queene.

Viager

Virago, a ſtout woman of moſt manly courage.

Semiramis, the wife of King *Ninus*; who after his death her ſon being young, took upon her the government, and performed many admirable things above her Sex; but at laſt falling into all manner of beaſtly and ſenſuall luſt, ſhe indeavoured to lye with her Son, for which unnaturall attempt he ſlew her.

Eurydice, the wife of *Orpheus*, who running from the raviſher *Ariſteus*, was ſtung in the heel by a Serpent, of which ſhe dyed.

Alceſte, that dyed to ſave her husbands life.

Pandora to whom *Pallas* for her chaſtity gave the gift of Prophecy. *Æmilia*, who out of the love ſhe bore to her husband, fancied his Paramor.

Artemeſia, famous for the Royal Sepulchre ſhe built for her husband.

Evadne, a vertuous woman, that at the Solemnization of her husbands Funeral, out of the love ſhe bore to him, burnt her ſelf, to mingle her aſhes with his.

Valeria, a chaſt Marron, who being asked why ſhe married not another husband, anſwered, her firſt was ſtill alive with her.

Pompæa Paulina, the wife of *Seneca*, who when ſhe heard of the tyrant *Nero*'s ſentence of death on her husband, deſperately opened her own veins, determining not to ſurvive him, whom ſhe loved ſo dearly.

Paula Romana, after her husbands death, was ſo far from being perſwaded to a ſecond, that ſhe was never known from that time to eat or drinke in company of any man.

Antonia, a beautifull woman, who to avoid the temptation of ſuitors after the death of her husband, married her ſelf to the ſtrictneſs of one chamber, to which her younger ſiſter being a vowed Virgin, had confined her ſelf: thus in the one, the heat of her youth was extinct; and in the other, the ſolitude of her widow-hood was waſted.

Finis